



NO. 21

CAPTAIN

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# AERO

COMICS

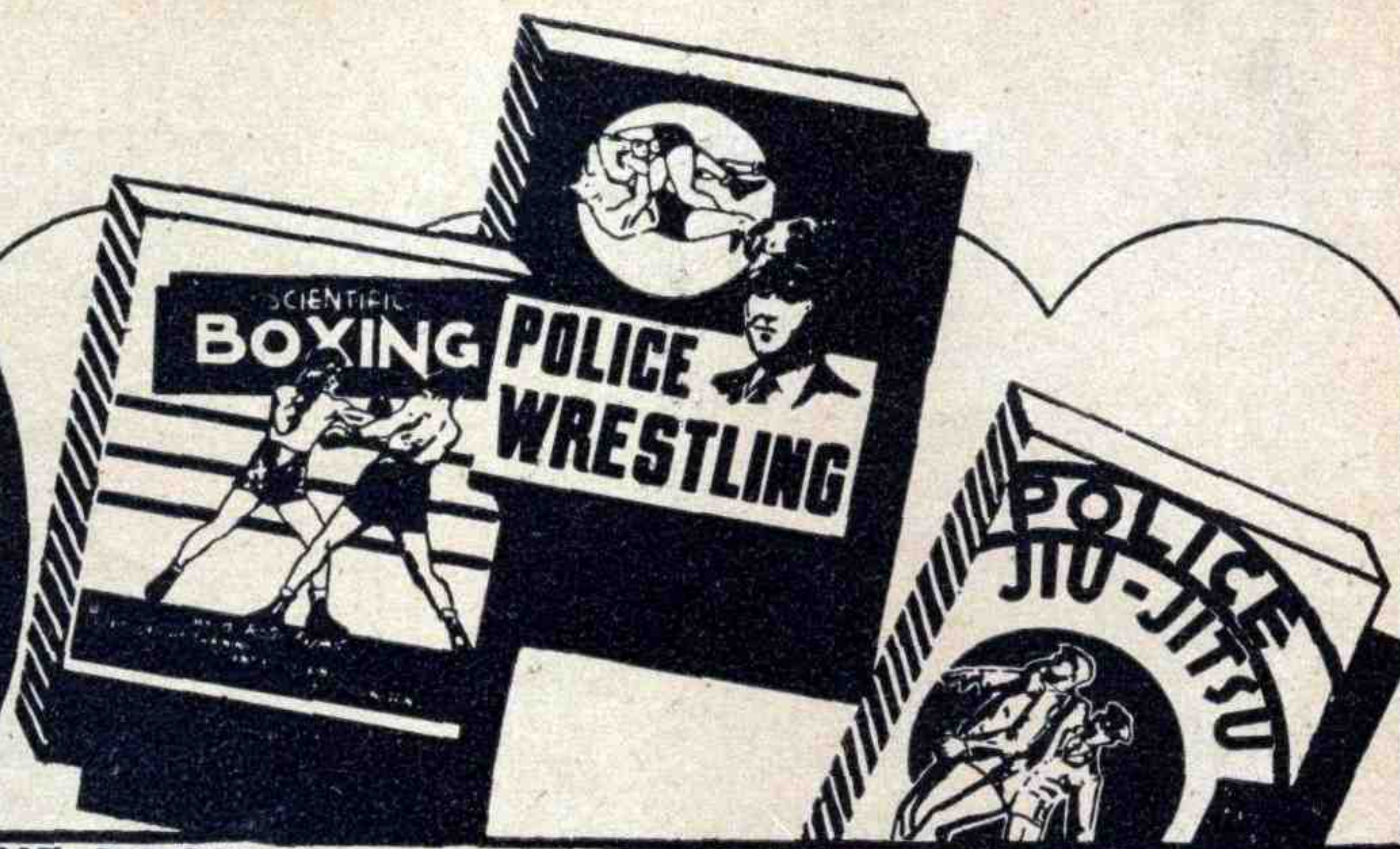






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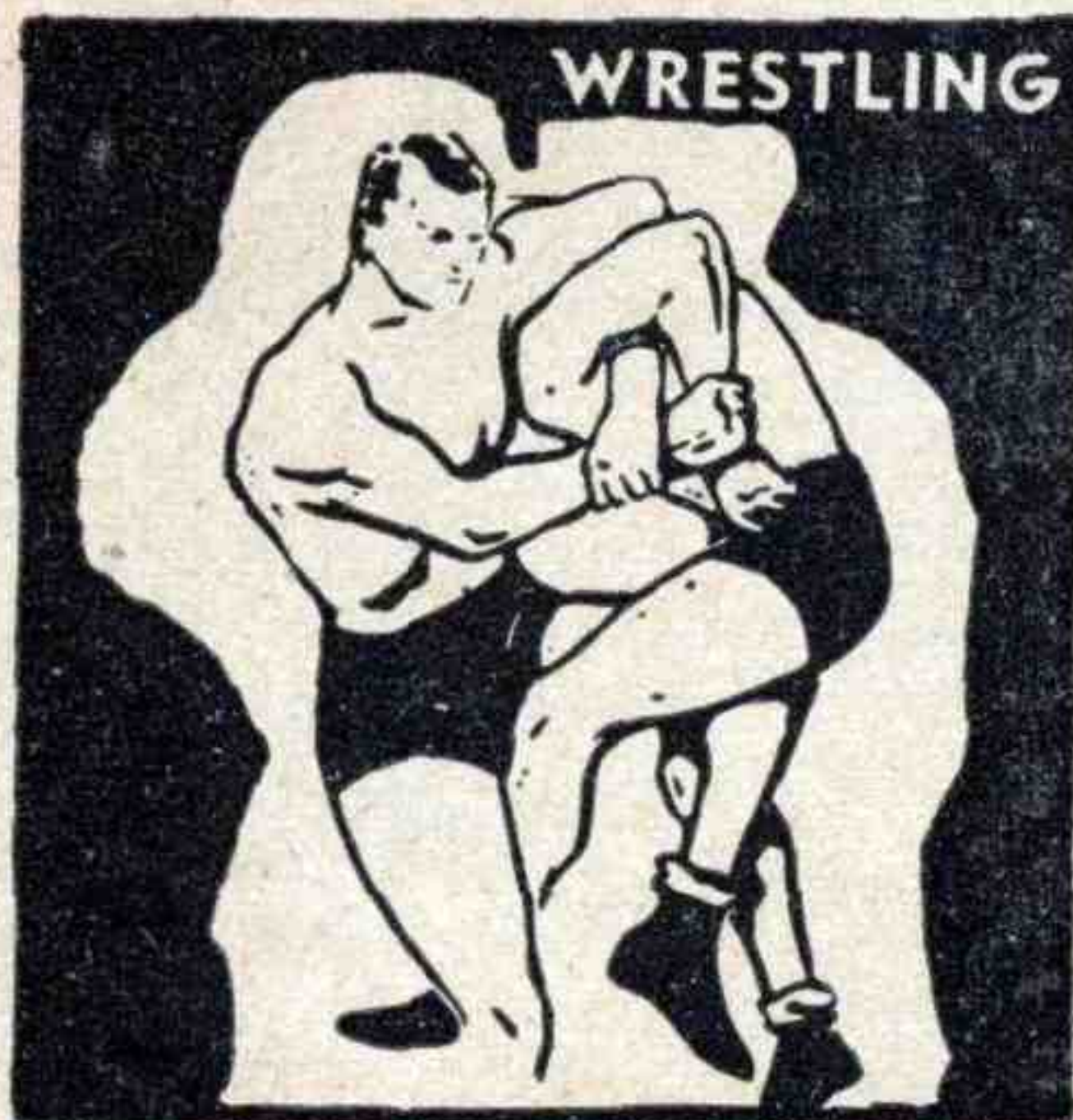
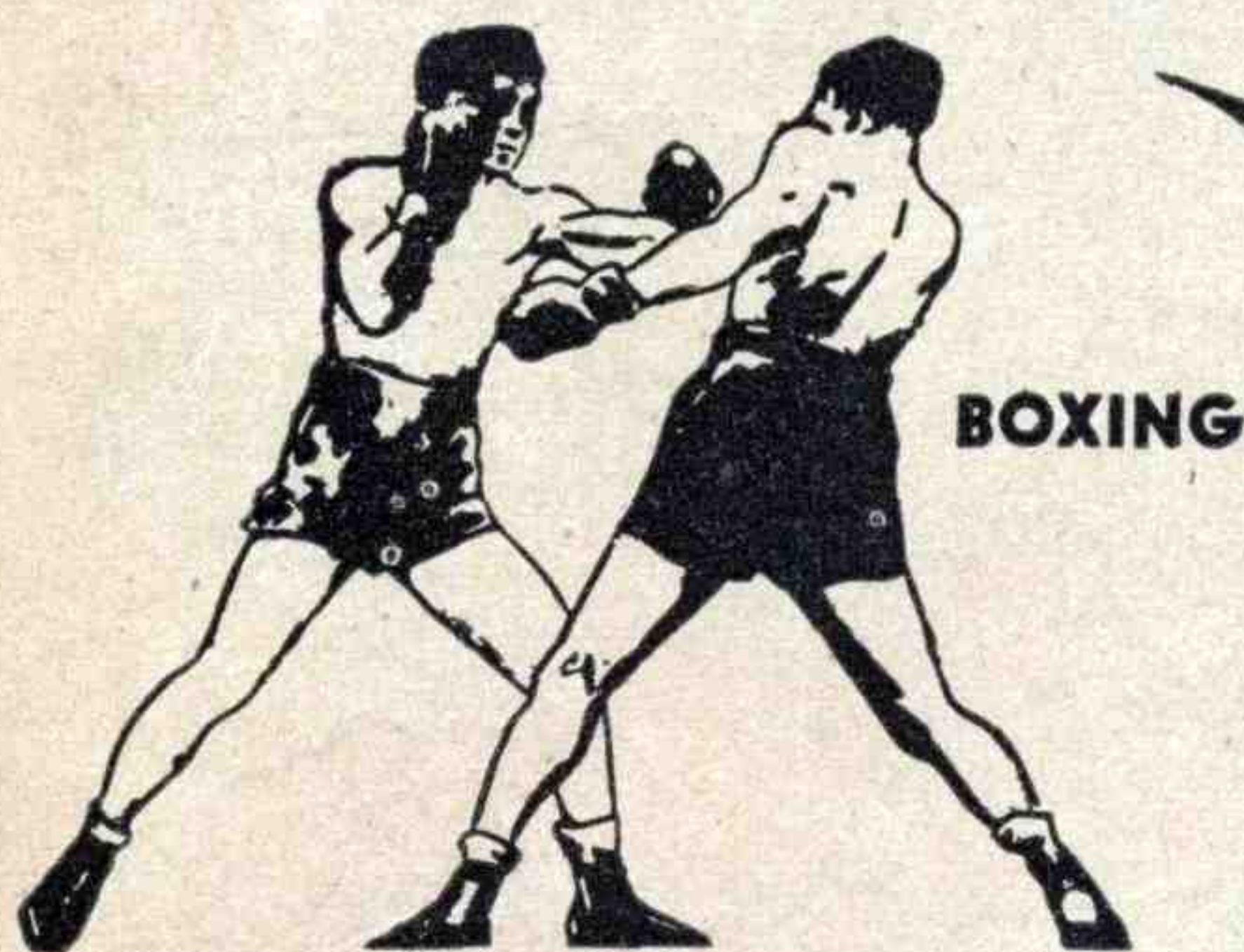




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# Captain AERO

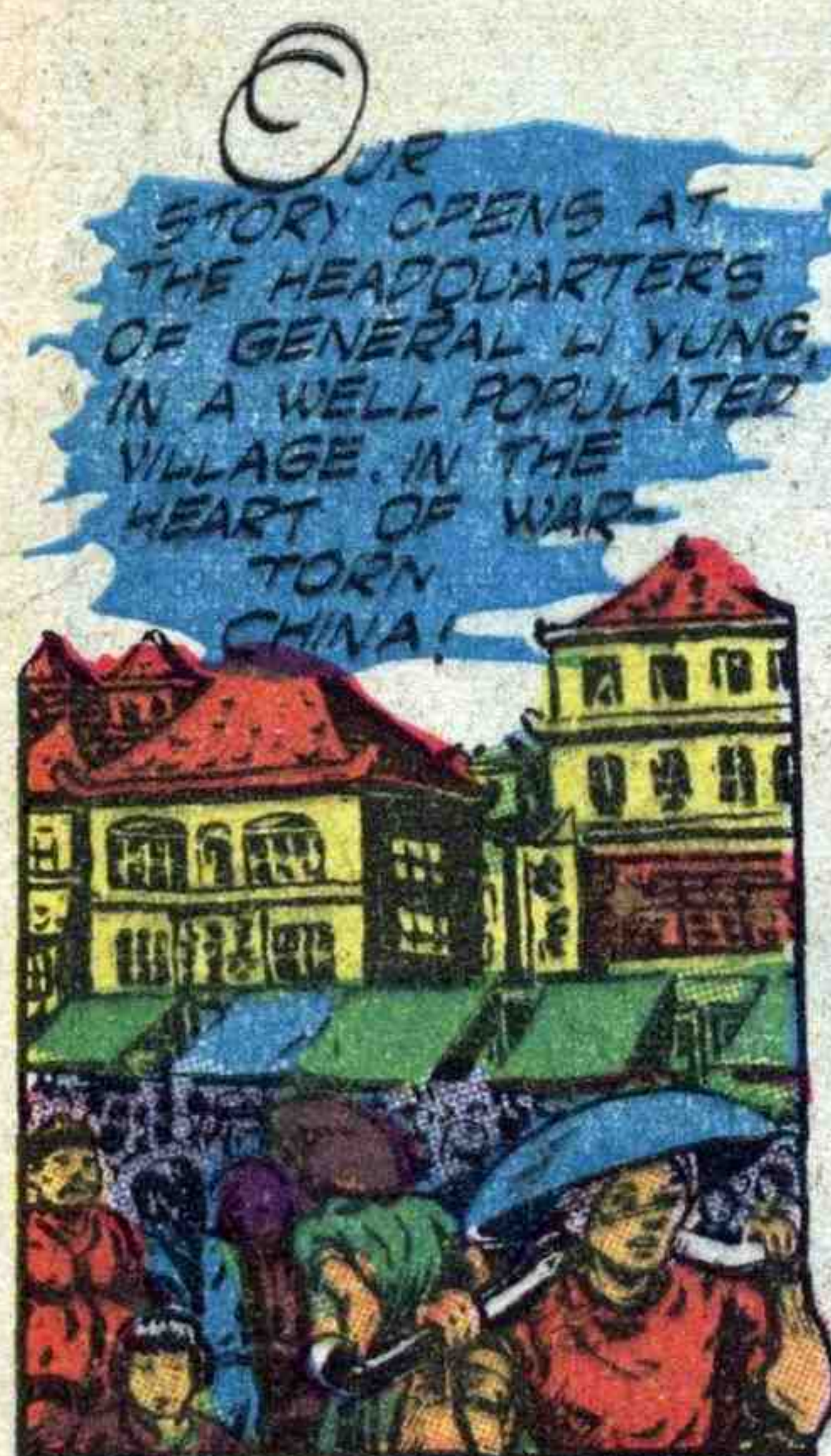
by CHAS. M.  
QUINLAN

"KING  
of the  
AIR!"



IT WAS A  
CLEVER PLAN,  
WORTHY OF A  
CLEVER ENEMY, BUT  
WHEN CAPT. AERO  
MADE IT BACKFIRE,  
IT MADE SHORT-  
LIVED THE MURDER-  
OUS INTENTIONS  
OF THE  
**JAPANESE  
SANDMAN!**





OUR STORY OPENS AT THE HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL YUNG IN A WELL POPULATED VILLAGE IN THE HEART OF WAR-TORN CHINA!

EVERYTHING IS QUIET, GENERAL YUNG, THE PATROLS HAVE ALL RETURNED, AND REPORT NO SIGNS OF ENEMY TROOPS!



STRANGE - MANY WEEKS HAVE PASSED SINCE WE ESTABLISHED OURSELVES HERE, AND YET WE HAVE NOT BEEN ATTACKED! IT DOESN'T SEEM REASONABLE!



PERHAPS THEY ARE **AFRAID!** WE ARE NO LONGER WEAK - AND CAN BEAT THEM EASILY!



COMPLACENCY IS THE PARADISE OF FOOLS! SEND OUT THE RELIEF PATROLS, WE CANNOT AFFORD TO BE CAUGHT OFF GUARD!



WE HAVE LEARNED THAT THE JAPANESE ARE A TENACIOUS AND TRICKY ENEMY - THIS KNOWLEDGE HAS BEEN OBTAINED AT GREAT COST --- THEY HAVE BEEN INACTIVE TOO LONG - I FEAR THEIR ATTACK MAY COME SOONER THAN YOU THINK, AND IN A MANNER WE LEAST EXPECT!



IT SEEMS GENERAL YUNG HAS REASON FOR HIS MISGIVINGS. FOR, AT THAT VERY MOMENT, ABOUT A MILE OUTSIDE OF THE CHINESE ARMY PATROL AREA!

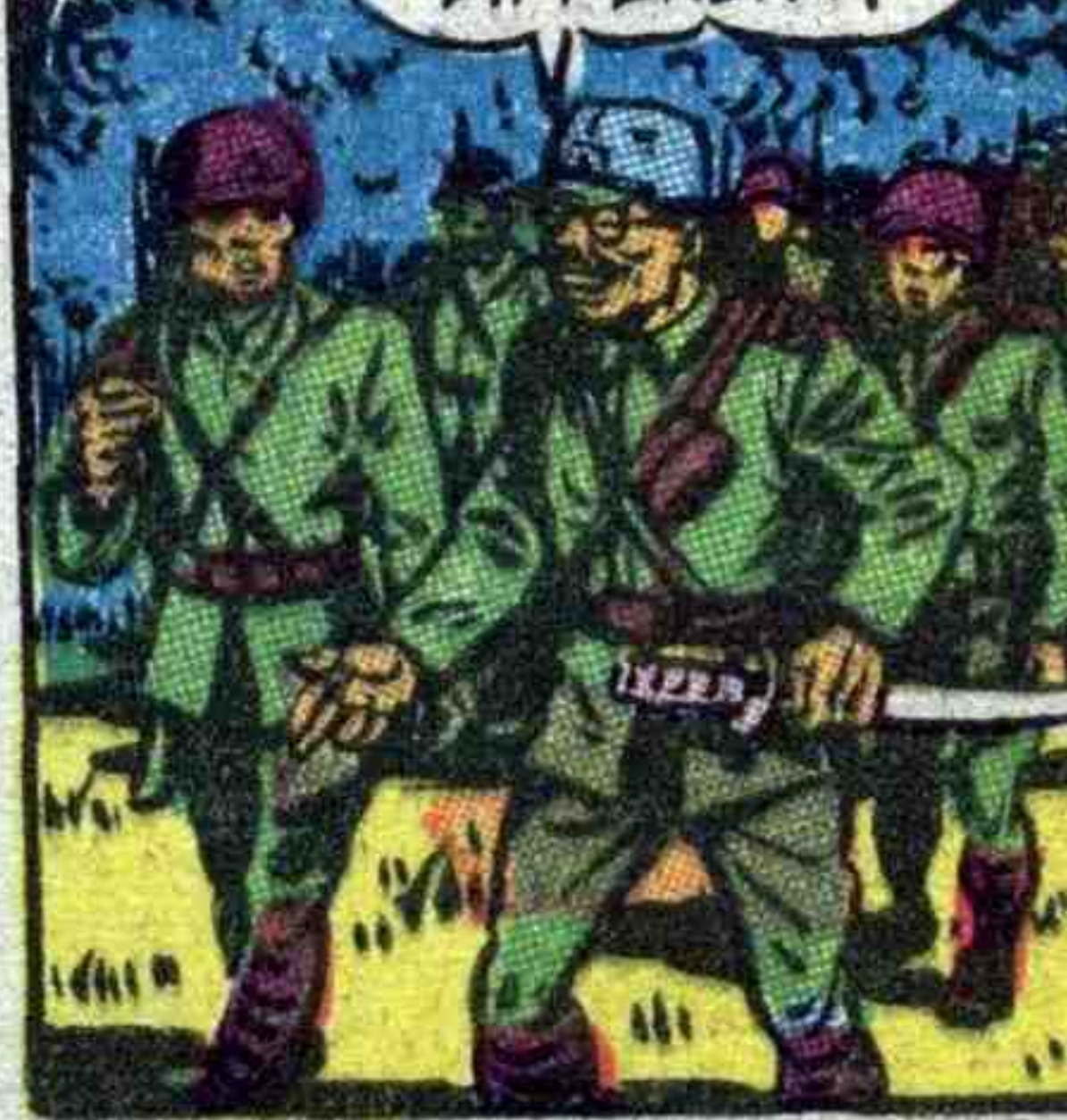
BUT MOST HONORABLE COMMANDER, HOW CAN A FORCE AS SMALL AS OURS CAPTURE SUCH A WELL DEFENDED TOWN?



TUT-TUT -- FEAR NOT, SERGEANT! THIS IS NOT A SUICIDE ATTACK! - THE TOWN WILL BE TAKEN WITH NOT A SINGLE LOSS!

BUT HOW CAN THAT BE? THEY ARE MANY - WE ARE FEW - AND EVEN WHEN WE OUTNUMBERED THEM, WE SUFFERED GREAT LOSSES!

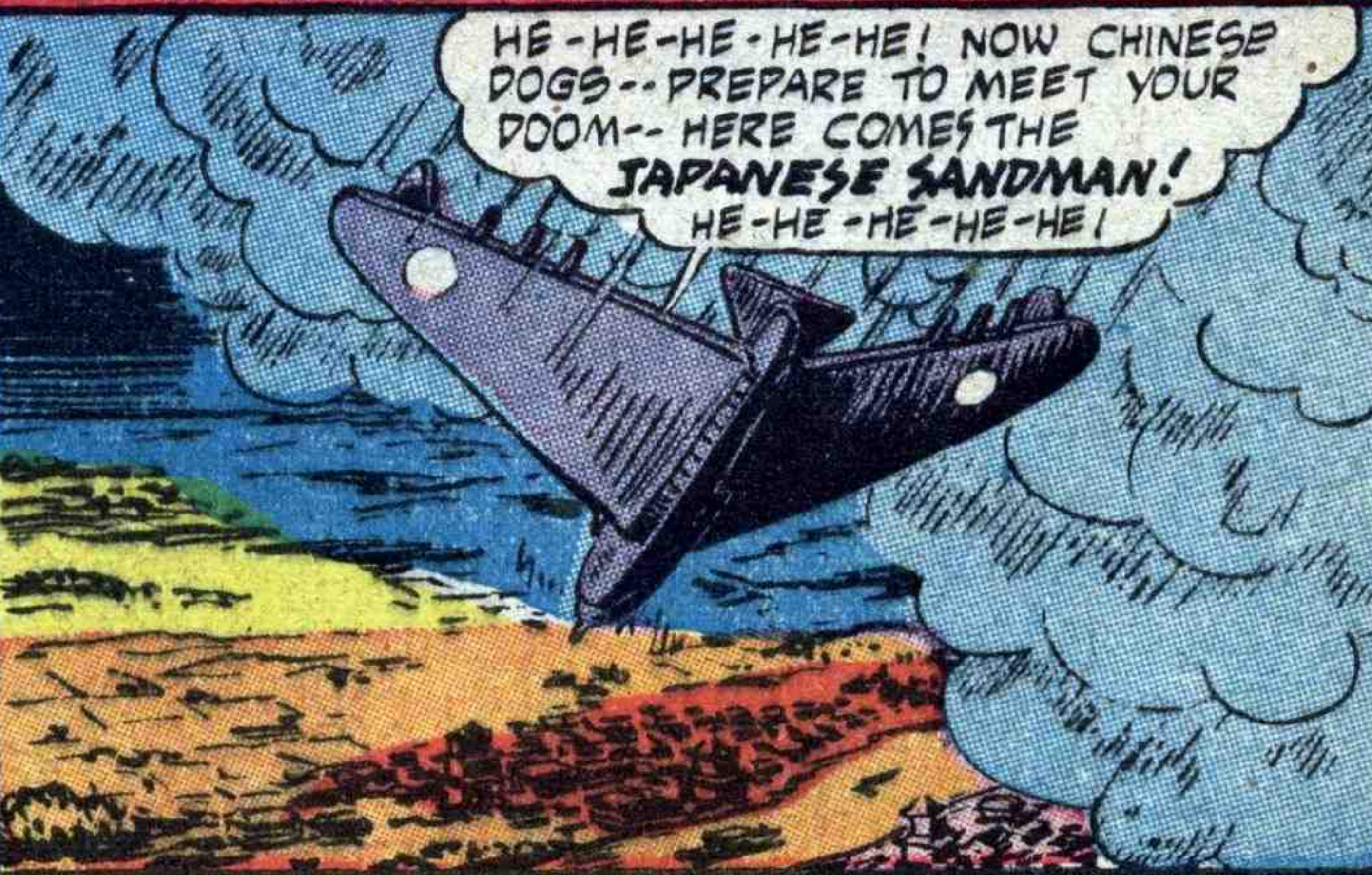
TRUE, BUT THIS ATTACK WILL BE DIFFERENT! HE-HE-HE - MUCH DIFFERENT!



YES! HE-HE-HE -- MUCH SPORT IS IN STORE FOR US! WE WILL WALK BOLDLY INTO THE TOWN -- AND **SLAUGHTER** THE HELPLESS DOGS AT OUR PLEASURE! AHA, THE TIME IS ALMOST AT HAND!



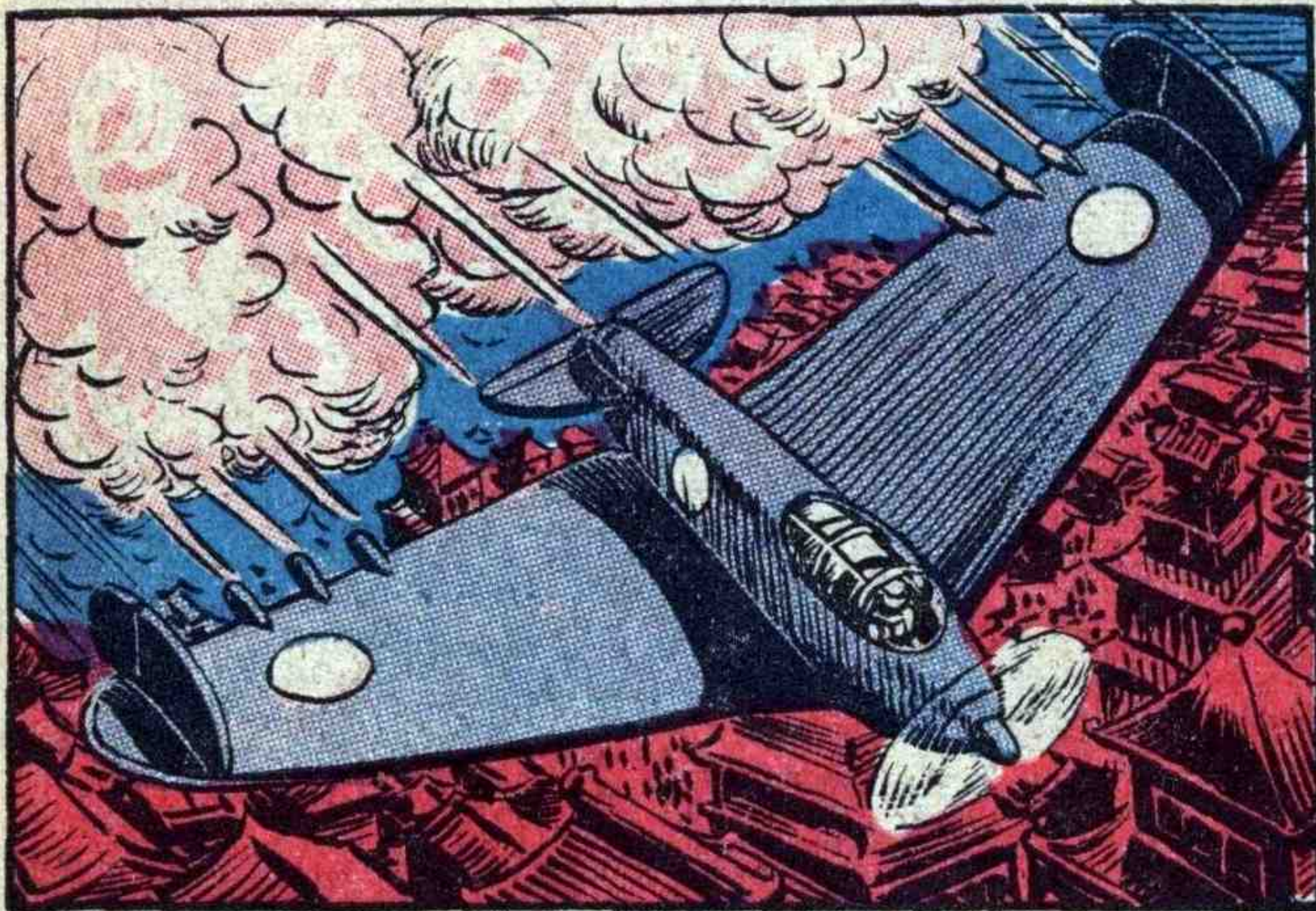
AS THE GRINNING JAP COMMANDER GAZES INTENTLY AT HIS WRIST-WATCH --- HIGH OVERHEAD A WEIRD BAT-LIKE PLANE, BEARING THE RED BALL INSIGNIA OF JAPAN, EMERGES FROM THE COVER OF A HEAVY CLOUD AND DIVES SOUNDLESSLY UPON THE UNSUSPECTING TOWN!



HE-HE-HE-HE-HE! NOW CHINESE DOGS -- PREPARE TO MEET YOUR DOOM -- HERE COMES THE **JAPANESE SANDMAN!** HE-HE-HE-HE-HE!



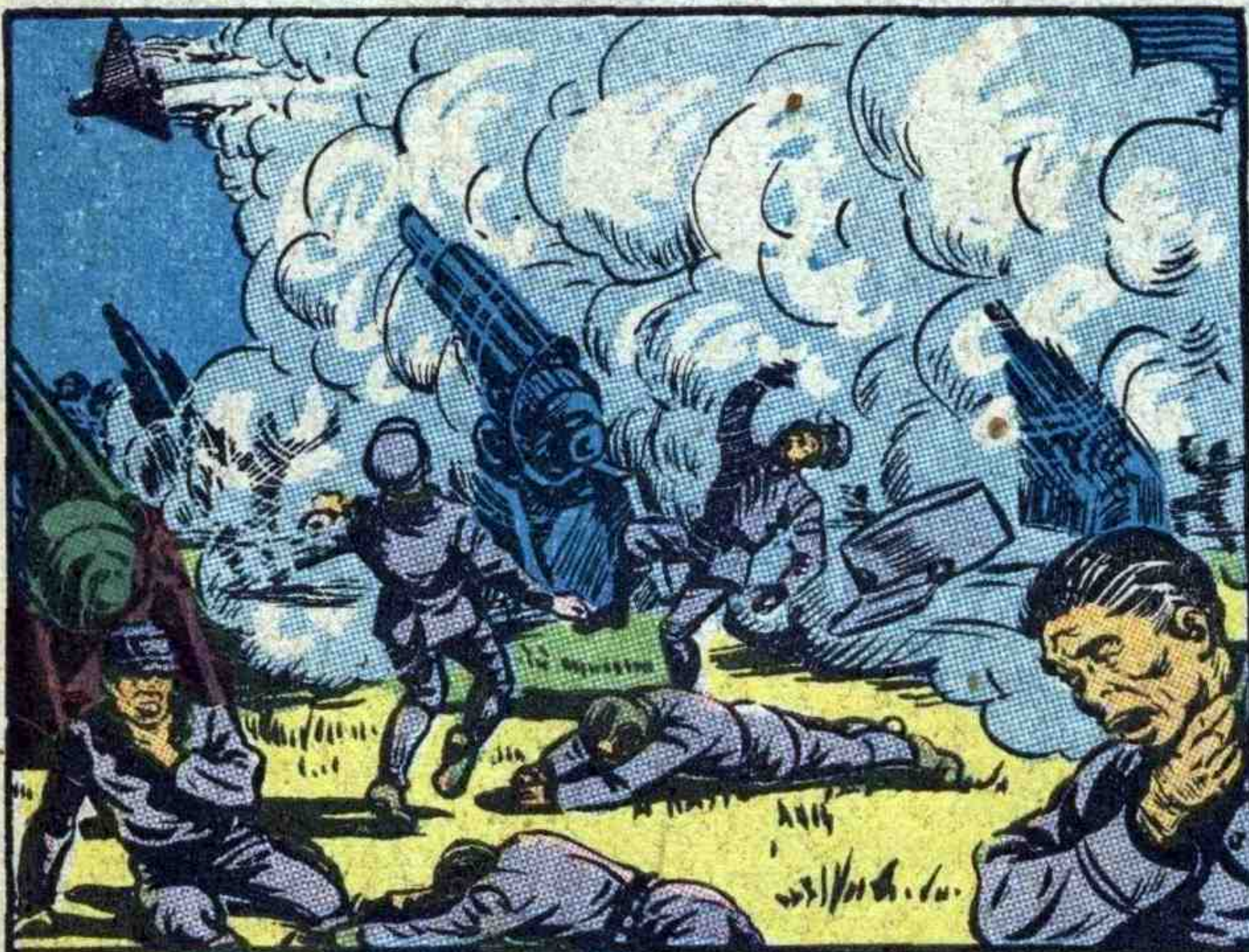
EMITTING A SHARP HISS, LIKE THE SOUND OF ESCAPING STEAM, IT SWOOPS LOW OVER THE ROOFTOPS, BELCHING DENSE CLOUDS OF THICK GREEN SMOKE!



AS THE SMOKE SETTLES TO THE GROUND THE PANIC STRICKEN POPULACE CLUTCH AT THEIR THROATS AND COLLAPSE!



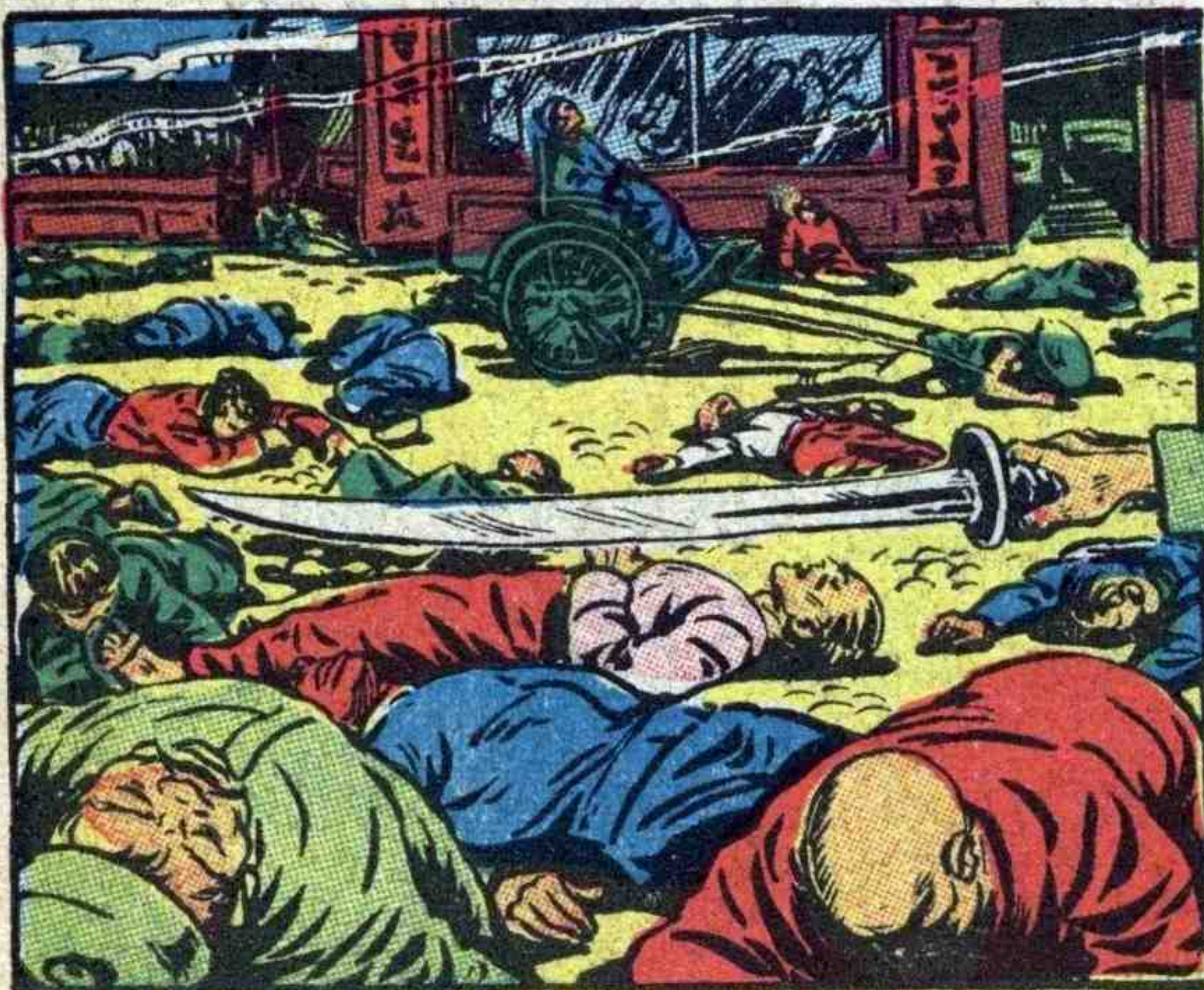
THE CHINESE ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNNERS RUSH TO THEIR GUNS, BUT BEFORE THEY CAN GET INTO ACTION THEY TOO, SUCCUMB!



LOOK AT THEM FALL, HE-HE-HE-HE-HE! HE! SLEEP, STUPID ONES! SLEEP! IT IS THE **JAPANESE SANDMAN** WHO WILLS YOU TO SLUMBER! HE-HE-HE-HE-EEE!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE GREEN HAZE LIFTS, REVEALING A HIDEOUS SCENE OF HORROR AND DISASTER!



AND, AT THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE TOWN, THE SMALL JAP FORCE JUBILANTLY MOVES IN!

LOOK! THE GAS IS LIFTING!! IT IS SAFE FOR US TO ENTER, COME! FORWARD TO VICTORY! **BANZAI!**





DASHING INTO THE STRICKEN TOWN, THE BRUTAL JAPS VENT THEIR HATE ON THE UNCONSCIOUS CHINESE!



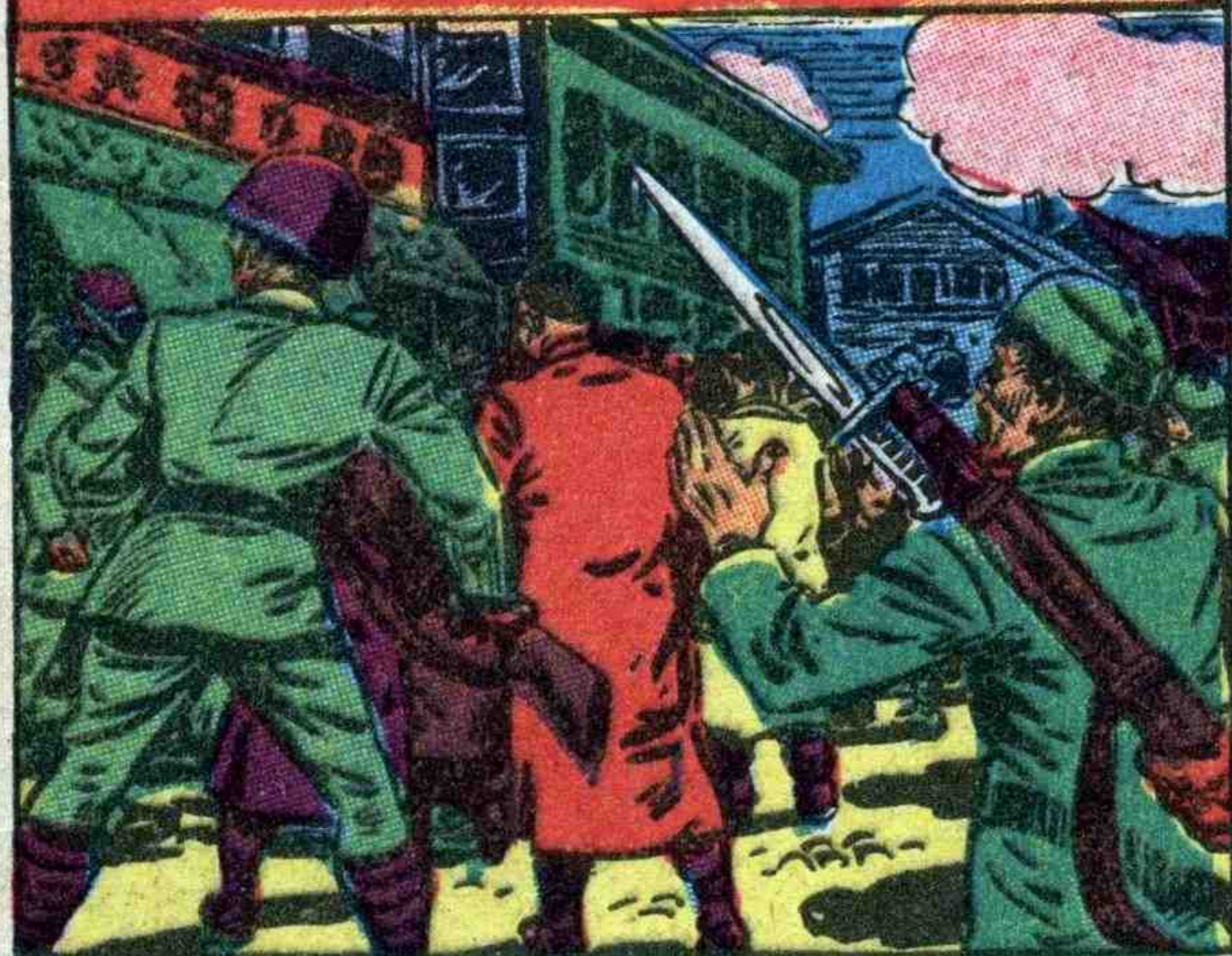
DIE! USELESS DOG OF A CHINESE!

AS THE CIVILIANS AND SOLDIERY FALL VICTIM TO THE BLOOD-THIRSTY BARBARIANS--THE JAPANESE SAND-MAN LANDS TO INSPECT HIS HANDIWORK--



MUST HURRY TO CHINESE HEADQUARTERS AT ONCE! NO DOUBT CAPTAIN SUKI HAS ALREADY ARRESTED THE GREAT GENERAL YUNG! HE--HE--HE--

FINALLY, THE EFFECTS OF THE SLEEPING GAS WEARS OFF, AND, AS THE HAPLESS SURVIVORS SLOWLY RECOVER, THEY ARE HERDED TOGETHER IN SMALL GROUPS--



THOSE STILL SUFFERING FROM THE GAS ARE BRUTALLY BEATEN --



AS GENERAL YUNG AND HIS AIDES SUFFER THE IGNOMINY OF CAPTURE, THE SANDMAN ARRIVES--

YOU WILL PAY FOR THIS VIOLATION OF THE GENEVA RULES OF WARFARE--! THE ALLIES, TOO, WILL USE GAS!



YOU ARE WRONG-- GENERAL, WE HAVE VIOLATED NONE OF THE GENEVA RULES--

WE JAPANESE ARE TOO SMART FOR THAT-- THE RULE SAYS, "NO NATION ENGAGED IN WAR SHALL USE POISON GAS, AND WE OBEY-- OUR GAS ONLY PUTS PEOPLE TO SLEEP--THUS I HAVE POWER TO BE THE JAPANESE SANDMAN!

HE IS RIGHT, GEN. YUNG! THE GENEVA CONFERENCE MADE NO MENTION OF A SLEEPING GAS!





AND BESIDES WHO IS GOING TO INFORM YOUR ALLIES OF THE MANNER IN WHICH YOU WERE DEFEATED--ALL WHO SUFFERED IT'S EFFECTS ARE EITHER DEAD OR OUR PRISONERS--



MEANWHILE, AT A FORMER FLYING TIGER BASE, ABOUT FIFTY MILES AWAY!

SO LONG, SKIPPER! "CHOP" AND I ARE HOPPING-OFF TO KEEP OUR DINNER DATE--

OKAY, AERO! GIVE MY REGARDS TO GENERAL YUNG!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, AERO'S GREAT MYSTERY SHIP ROARS INTO THE AIR!

WHEN WE'RE ABOUT 10 MINUTES OUT, I'LL RADIO THE GENERAL!



TEN MINUTES LATER!

CAPTAIN AERO CALLING HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. YUNG, AERO TO GEN. YUNG --

CAPTAIN AERO?

NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE HIM!



BUT IT IS --AND HE IS COMING HERE! HE WILL KNOW THAT SOMETHING IS AMISS, WHEN I DO NOT ANSWER HIS CALL--HE WILL THEN RADIO HIS HOME BASE, AND I NEED NOT TELL YOU WHAT WILL HAPPEN!

VERY CLEVER, GENERAL YUNG! BUT YOU **ARE** GOING TO ANSWER HIM--OR WOULD YOU RATHER WE CHOP YOUR HEAD OFF?



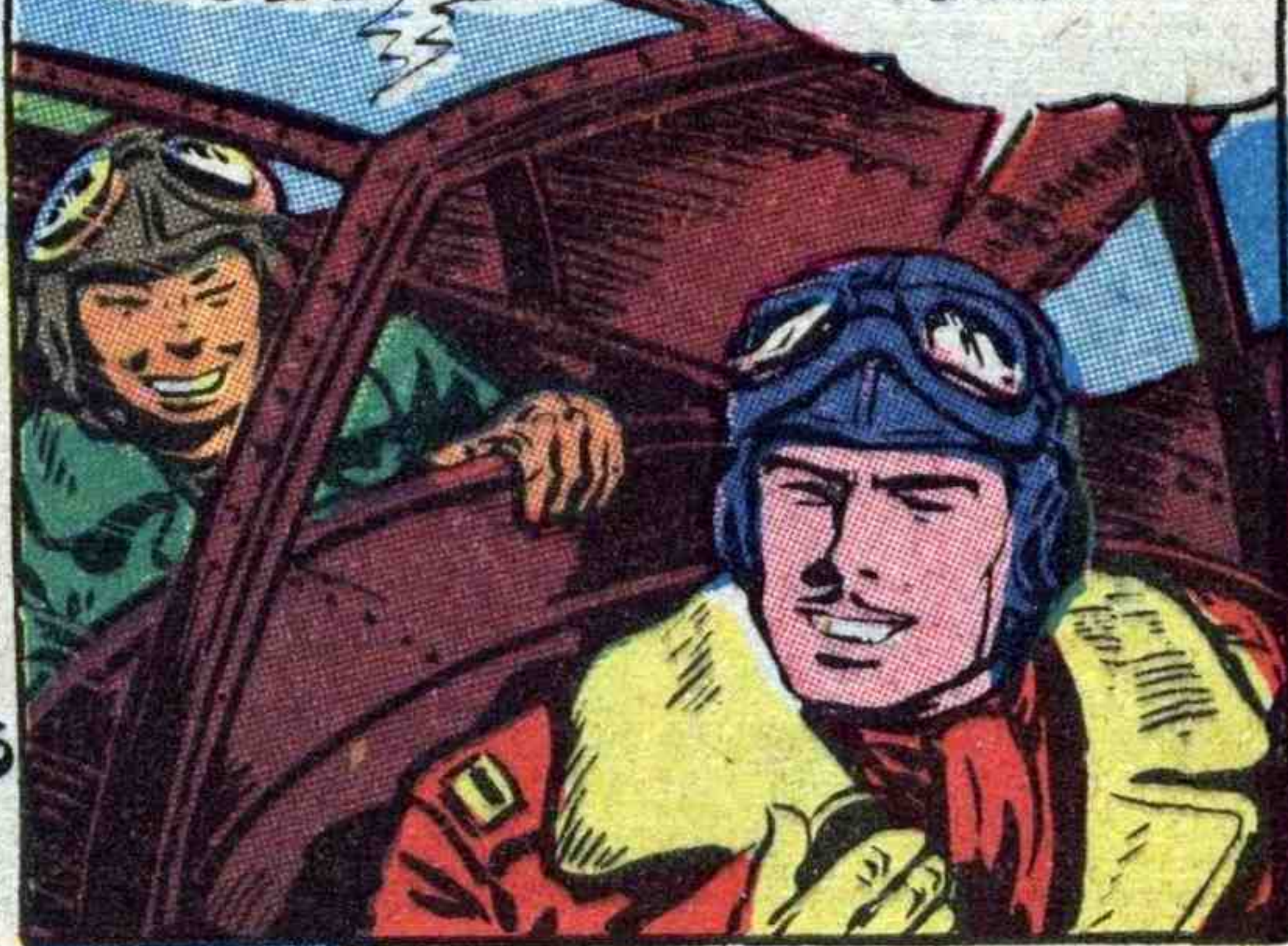
VERY WELL, SANDMAN-- YOU WIN! I WILL TALK TO HIM--TO SAVE MY **HEAD** I MUST BETRAY MY **FRIEND**!

AND REMEMBER, GENERAL YUNG-- **NO TRICKS** PLEASE!



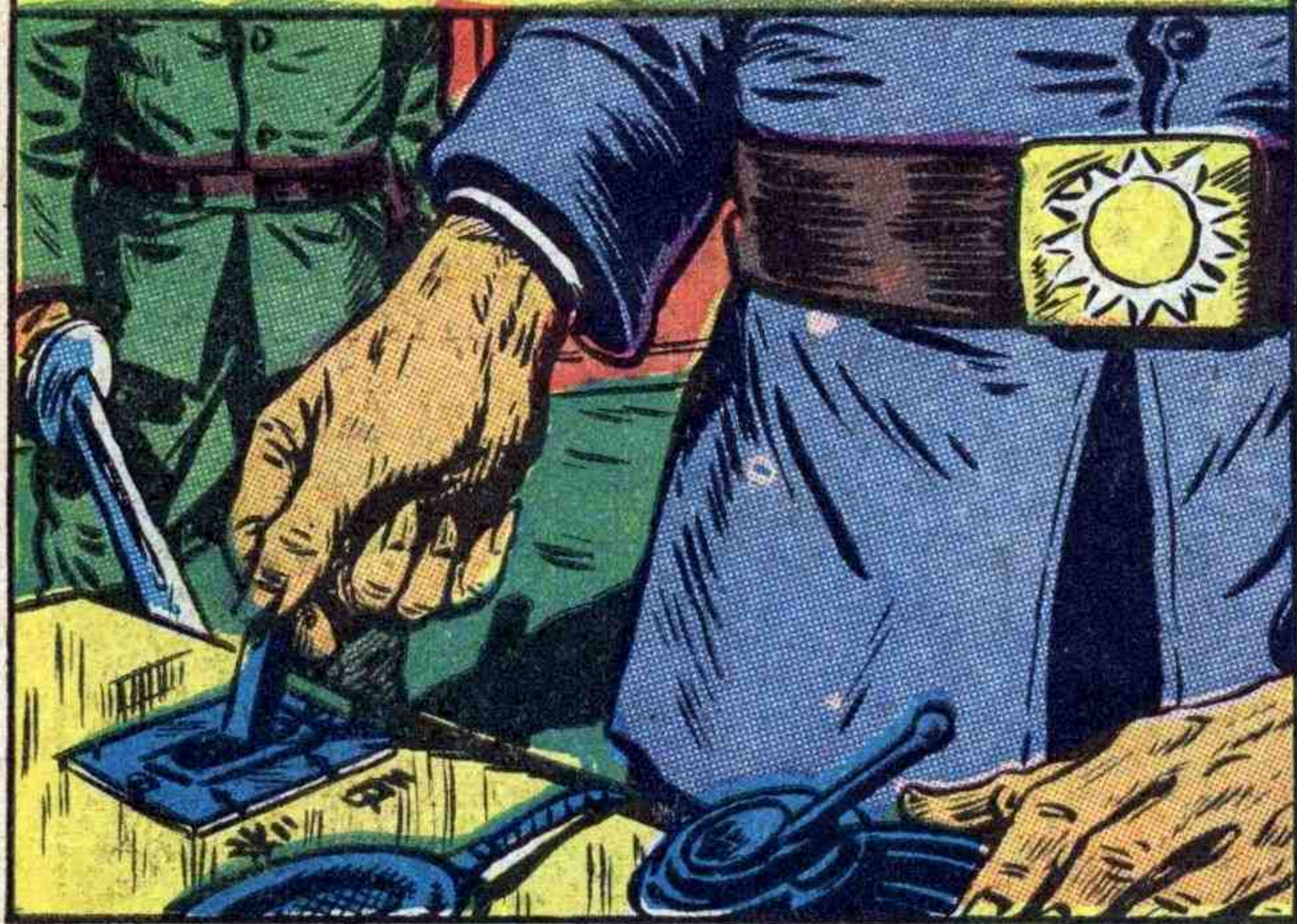
HELLO, CAPTAIN AERO! GEN. YUNG SPEAKING-- IT IS ALL CLEAR FOR YOU TO COME IN--I HAVE NOTIFIED ANTI-AIRCRAFT BATTERIES TO HOLD FIRE---

OKAY, GENERAL! I'LL BE SEEING YOU! PUT THE SOUP ON --ALL SET CHOP WE'RE GOING DOWN---





BUT, UNNOTICED BY THE SUSPICIOUS JAPS, THE CHINESE COMMANDER, IN TURNING THE SWITCH OFF, WITH A QUICK MOVE SIMULTANEOUSLY THROWS IT BACK ON AGAIN--



HE-EE-HE-E-E-- WELL DONE, GEN. YUNG--LIKE ALL CHINESE, YOU ARE **COWARD**--JAPANESE WOULD NEVER BETRAY FRIEND TO SAVE SELF, BUT IT MATTERS NOT-- YOU ARE TO DIE ANYHOW--AS SOON AS STUPID CAPT. AERO LANDS, AND BECOMES OUR PRISONER--BOTH OF YOU WILL SUFFER--DEATH BY TORTURE--HE-HE-EE! TIE HIM UP, CAPT. SUKI!



GEN. YUNG'S PLAN TO WARN AERO WORKS, AS, OVER THE RADIO COMES THE SNARLING VOICE OF THE TREACHEROUS JAPANESE--

BOTH OF YOU WILL SUFFER DEATH BY TORTURE--HE-HE-HE--TIE HIM UP CAPT. SUKI!

WHAT THE--**LISTEN!** CHOP SUEY THEY'VE TAKEN THE TOWN AND CAPTURED THE GENERAL!



THIS CALLS FOR STRATEGY! THEY'LL BE EXPECTING ME TO COME IN FROM THE SOUTH--SO--



AND AERO'S PLANE ZOOMS AT TERRIFIC SPEED STRAIGHT UP INTO THE SKY--

FLYING HIGH OVER THE TOWN, HE CUTS HIS MOTOR, FEATHERS HIS PROP, AND, UNSEEN AND UNHEARD, DROPS SWIFTLY DOWN FROM THE NORTH!



THE AMAZING SHIP COMES TO A STOP IN A SMALL CLEARING WHERE NO ORDINARY PLANE WOULD DARE TO LAND!

C'MON, CHOP, OLD BOY! FROM HERE ON, WE'RE GOING TO BE COMMANDOS



DODGING THROUGH TORTUROUS ALLEYS, AND SICKENING SCENES OF CARNAGE, THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE BACK DOOR TO GEN. YUNG'S HEADQUARTERS--

OH-OH--A SENTRY--I'LL FIX HIM!



THE JAP GUARD NEVER KNOWS WHAT HIT HIM!







LOOK AT THAT POOR OLD CHINESE WOMAN-- THE DIRTY RATS! I'LL BET SHE NEVER HAD A CHANCE!



AS AERO AND HIS LITTLE ALLY MOUNT THE STAIRS THE JAPANESE SANDMAN IS FAST LOSING PATIENCE--

WHERE IS HE? HE SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED AT LEAST TEN MINUTES AGO!



HM, THEY'RE GETTING IMPATIENT--WELL, WE CAN'T KEEP THEM WAITING! REMEMBER CHOP **COMMANDO STUFF!** EVERYTHING GOES NOW!



WITH THE FURY OF AN AVALANCHE, THE INTREPID DUD BURST UPON THE STARTLED GROUP--

**CAPTAIN AERO!**



AERO'S MIGHTY FISTS GRASPING HEAVY 45'S MAKE SHORT WORK OF THE JAPANESE AS CHOP DOES HIS SHARE WITH A FLYING TACKLE--!



WITHIN A MINUTE, EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL--

THERE YOU ARE, GENERAL YUNG, NOW--WHILE CHOP AND YOUR LIEUTENANT BIND THESE BIRDS, FOR THE LOVE OF CONFUCIUS, TELL ME HOW THIS HAPPENED!



WE OUTNUMBERED THEM BY TEN TO ONE, AND THOUGHT WE WERE SECURE, BUT THEY FOOLED US-- THAT ONE, WITH THE FUNNY SUIT ON, CALLS HIMSELF, THE JAPANESE SANDMAN-- HE HAS A PLANE THAT POURS A POWERFUL SLEEPING GAS-- WHEN WE BECAME UNCONSCIOUS, THEY JUST MARCHED IN AND TOOK OVER!



-- A SLEEPING GAS, EH? HM-- DARNED CLEVER, THESE NIPS! KNOCKING OUT THE WHOLE POPULATION! SAY-- WAIT A MINUTE-- THAT GIVES ME AN IDEA-- WHERE IS THIS GAS PLANE NOW?

I PRESUME IT IS ON THE OPEN FIELD AT THE END OF THE STREET, BUT I'M SURE IT'S GUARDED!



**QUICKLY AERO DARTS TO THE RADIO TRANSMITTER--**

I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT--  
--AERO CALLING D-30--  
AERO CALLING, D-30

D-30 TO AERO--  
GO AHEAD, AERO!

LOOK, JOE--TELL  
THE SKIPPER TO  
SEND ME A SHIP-  
LOAD OF AIRBORNES  
ON THE BUTTON! HE  
KNOWS WHERE I  
AM--GET IT??

ROGER!

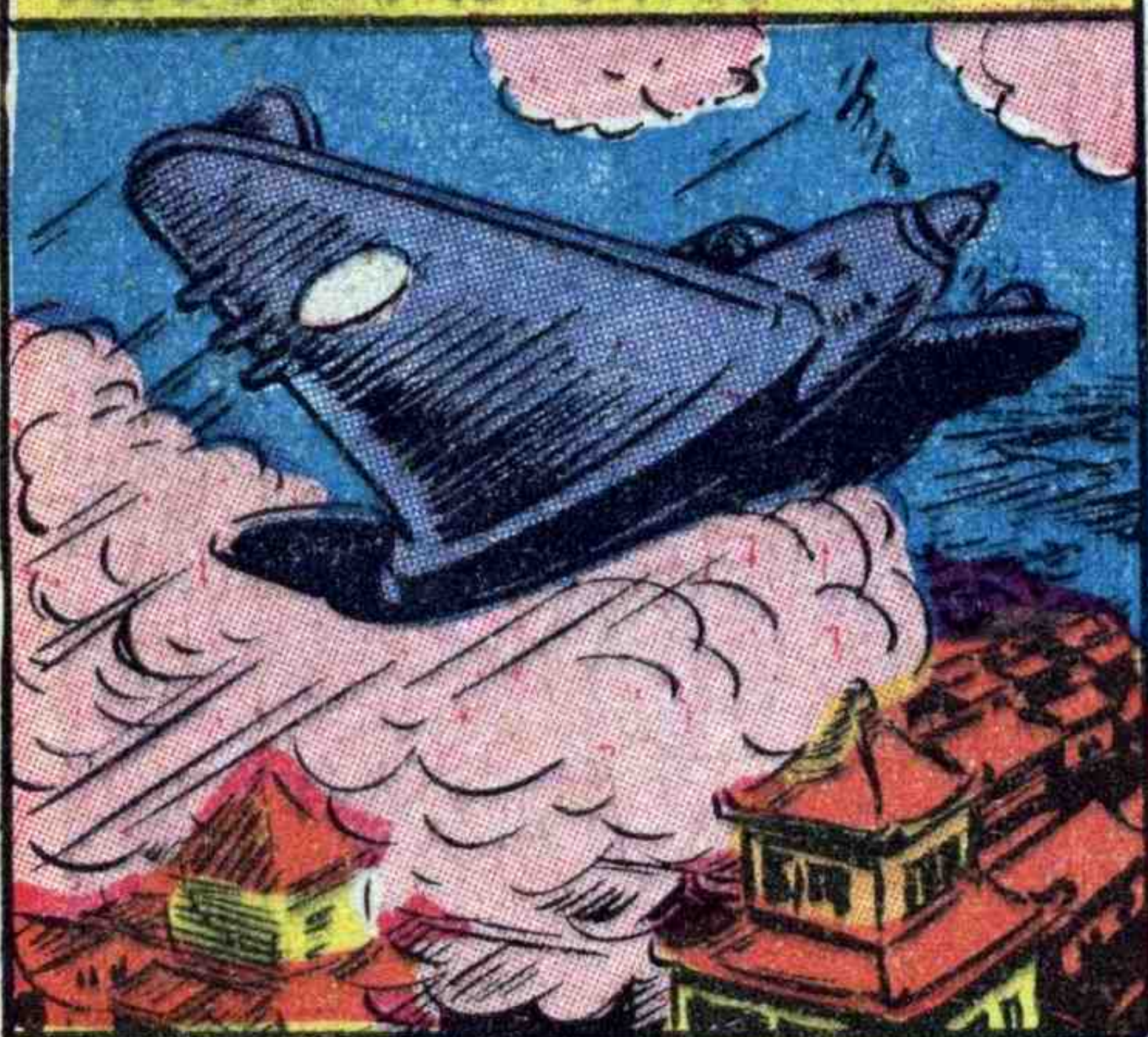
WAIT--CAPT. AERO! WHAT  
ARE YOU DOING?? WHY  
ARE YOU DISROBING  
HIM?

I'M SORRY GEN.  
YUNG. BUT I'M AFRAID  
YOU'RE ALL GOING  
TO HAVE TO TAKE  
ANOTHER NAP--  
--WE'LL CAN YOU  
BEAT TH--? IT'S  
**MAJOR ZERO!**

**A FEW MINUTES LATER, DISGUISED AS  
THE JAPANESE SANDMAN, AERO WALKS  
UNMOLESTED TO THE WEIRD GASPLANE!**



**CLIMBING QUICKLY INTO THE COCKPIT,  
HE MOMENTARILY STUDIES THE CONT-  
ROLS, THEN SUDDENLY HE SENDS IT  
ROARING INTO THE AIR, WITH THE GAS  
TUBES SPRAYING FOR ALL THEY'RE WORTH!**

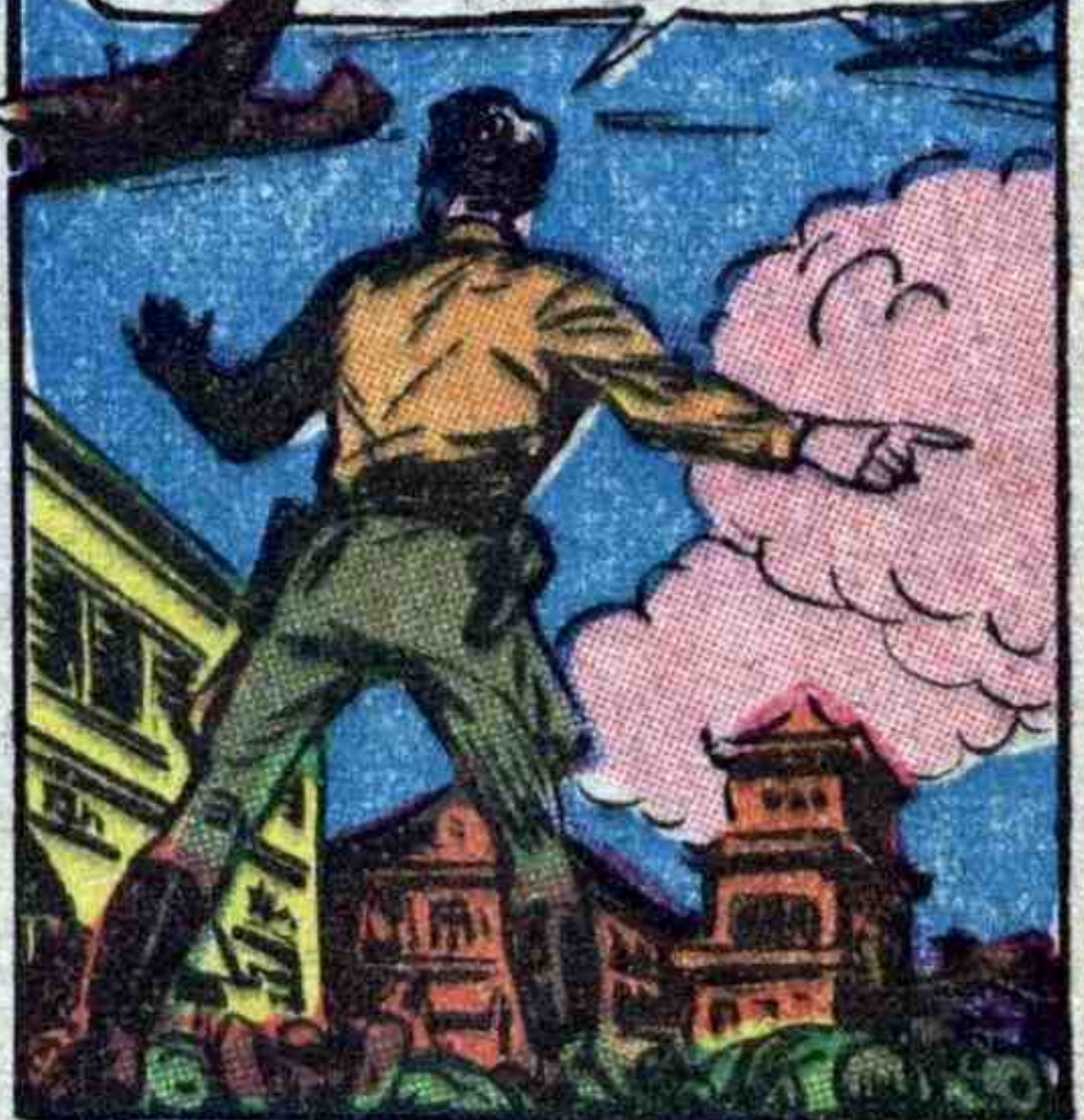


**AGAIN THE CHINESE SUFFER  
THE TORTURE OF CHOKING!  
THIS TIME THE JAPS TOO  
GET A DOSE OF THEIR  
OWN MEDICINE--**



**AND THEN, TWENTY MINUTES  
LATER, AS THE GAS LIFTS,  
THE AIRBORNE TROOPS  
APPEAR!**

HEY! LOOK! THE STREETS  
ARE LITTERED WITH DEAD!  
AND THERE'S **AERO!** HE'S  
WAVING AT US!



**THEY LAND AND THE SOLDIERS DIS-  
EMBARK, AS AERO DASHES TO MEET THEM!**

HURRY! COMB THE TOWN!  
DISARM EVERY JAP AND  
DRAG 'EM INTO THE SQUARE!  
THEY'RE ALL UNCONSCIOUS  
AND CAN'T FIGHT BACK!  
I'LL EXPLAIN LATER!



**LATER-- EXPLANATIONS HAVING BEEN MADE -- CAPT.  
AERO, CHOP SUEY, AND THE SKIPPER WHO FLEW  
THE ESCORT PLANE, ENJOY THE DELAYED HOSP-  
ITALITY OF GRATEFUL GENERAL YUNG!**

YES! IF IT WEREN'T FOR  
CAPT. AERO. THE TOWN  
WOULD STILL BE IN THE  
HANDS OF THE ENEMY  
AND I WOULD PROBABLY  
BE MINUS MY HEAD!

IT WASN'T ANYTHING, GEN-  
ERAL-- I JUST DID WHAT  
I SAW FIT! WHAT ARE  
YOU LAUGHING AT,  
CHOP?

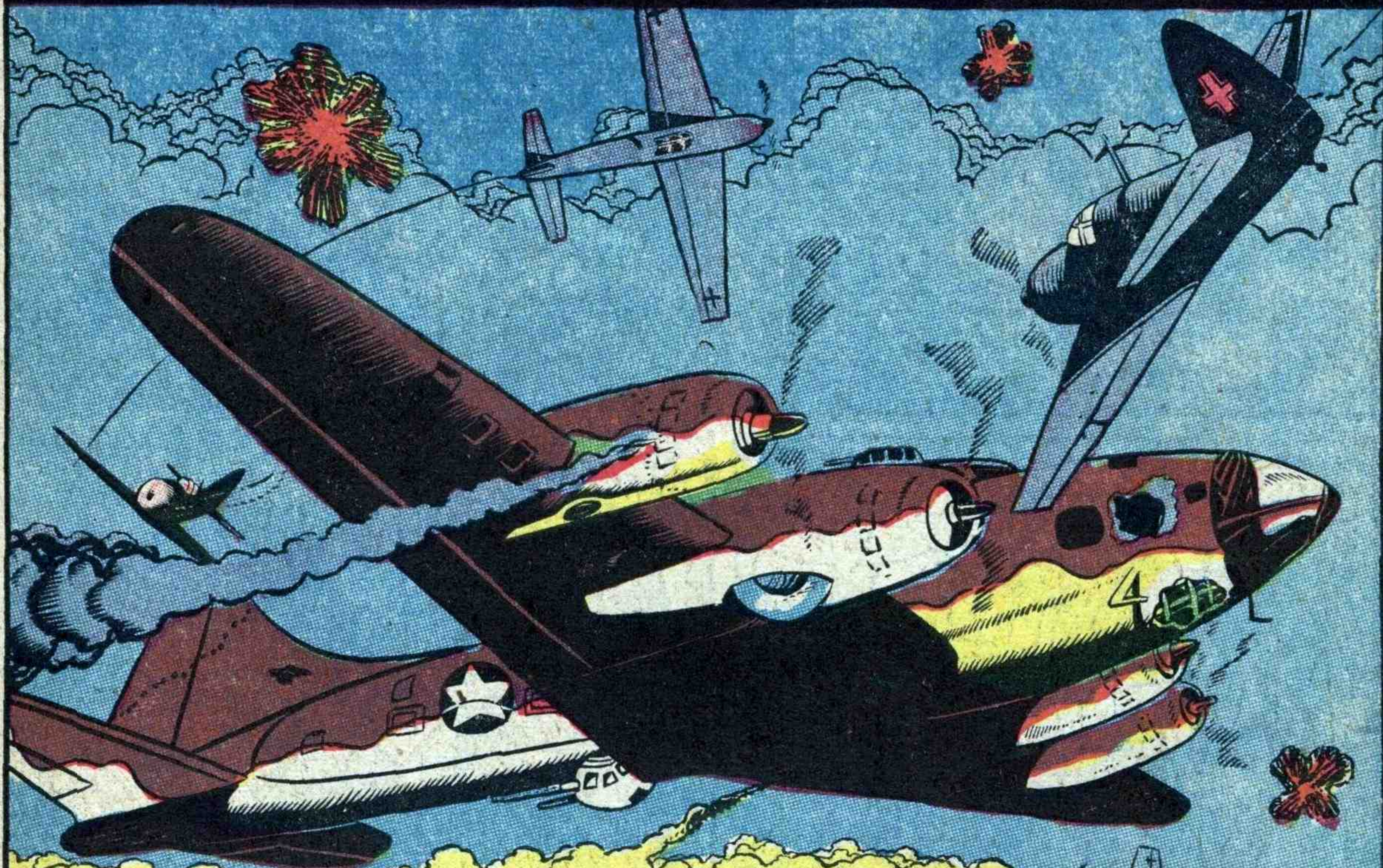
YOU SURE  
LOOKED FUNNY  
IN THAT MAJ.  
ZERO SANDMAN  
SUIT, HA-- HA--!



**FOR THE MOST THRILLING AND UNUSUAL ADVENT-  
URE STORIES "CAPTAIN AERO COMICS!"**



# Next Door to DEATH!



BEING IN TOUGH SPOTS IS NO NOVELTY FOR YANK FLIERS, BUT, LT. WILLIAM C. JOHNSON, OF LEWIS CHAPEL TENN., AND CO-PILOT LT. MATT FARMER OF MANKATO, MINN., WERE RECENTLY PLUNGED INTO THE TOUGHEST SPOT OF THEIR LIVES... THEIR FLYING FORTRESS WAS NEXT DOOR TO DEATH, AND THEY KNEW IT!

BUT WITHOUT A MINUTE'S HESITATION THEY SLAMMED THE DOOR SHUT-- AND THEREIN LIES A TALE--

MANNY STALLMAN

ABOVE FRANKFORT, GERMANY--

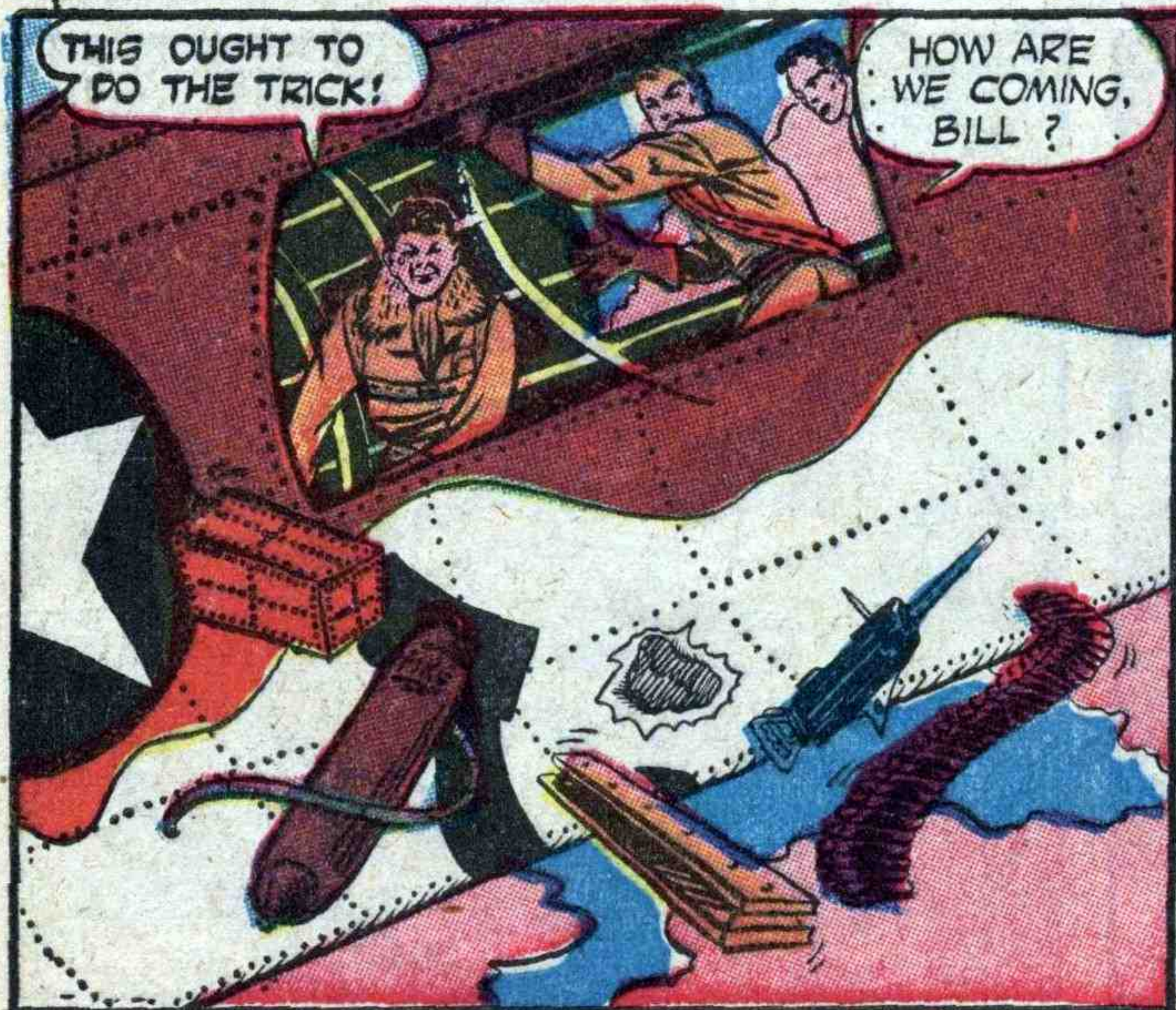
OVER TARGET....!!  
LET 'EM HAVE IT



THEN --











MEANWHILE, SGT. DAVE CAMERON, OF BOOTHWYN, PA. STRUGGLES FROM HIS CROWDED QUARTERS IN THE BALL TURRET!

SAY! WHAT'S COOKING?

PLENTY! WE'RE ABOUT TO CRASH!



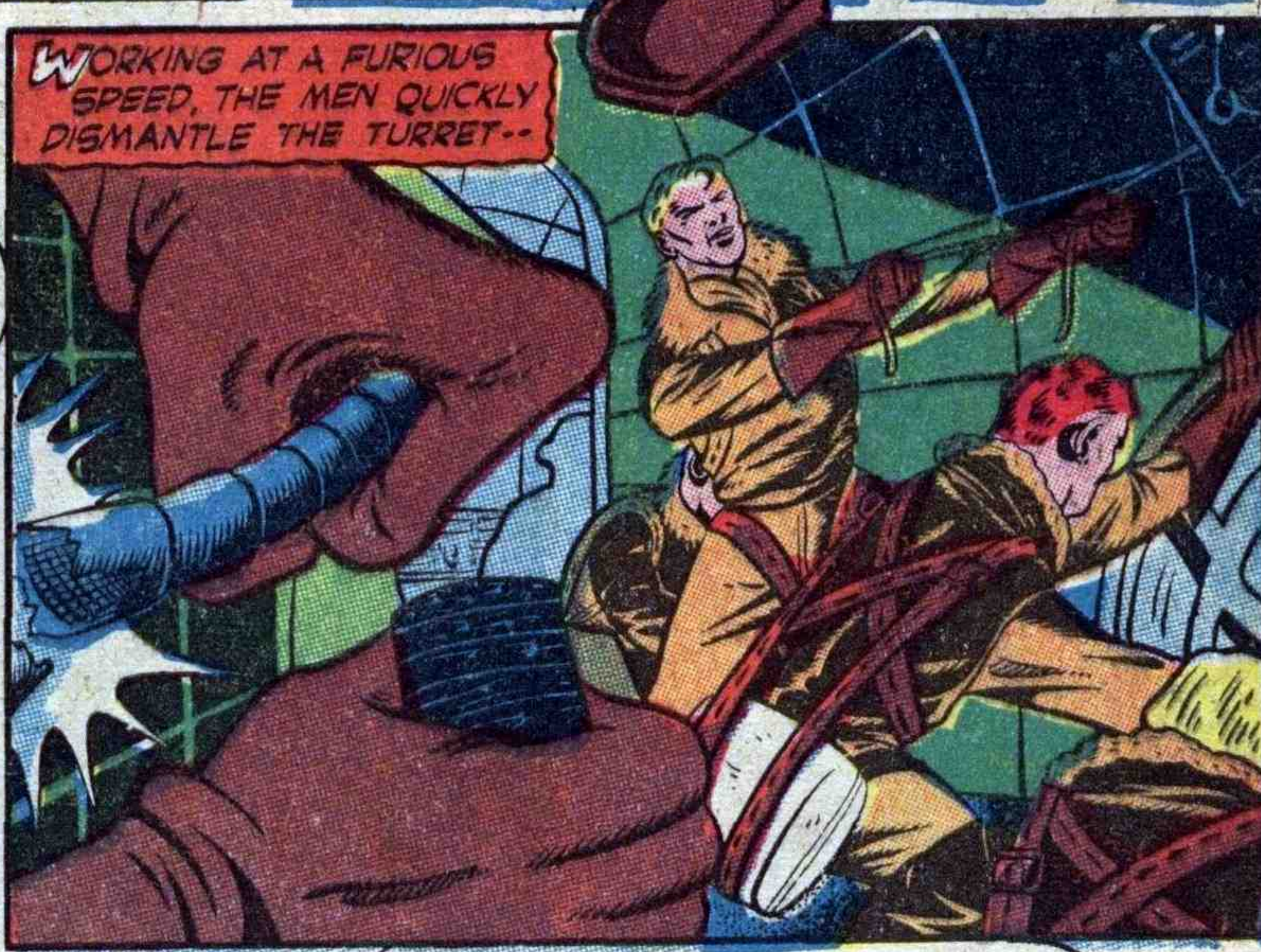
THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S TOSS THE BALL TURRET OVERBOARD--

YOU'RE CRAZY, DAVE! THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

RAY IS RIGHT! IT'D TAKE AT LEAST TWO HOURS TO REMOVE THAT TURRET!



COME ON! CUT OUT THE GAG-- WE'LL DO IT IN LESS TIME THAN THAT!



WORKING AT A FURIOUS SPEED, THE MEN QUICKLY DISMANTLE THE TURRET--



SAY, GLEN! HAND ME A GUNBOLT!

COMING UP! DAVE!

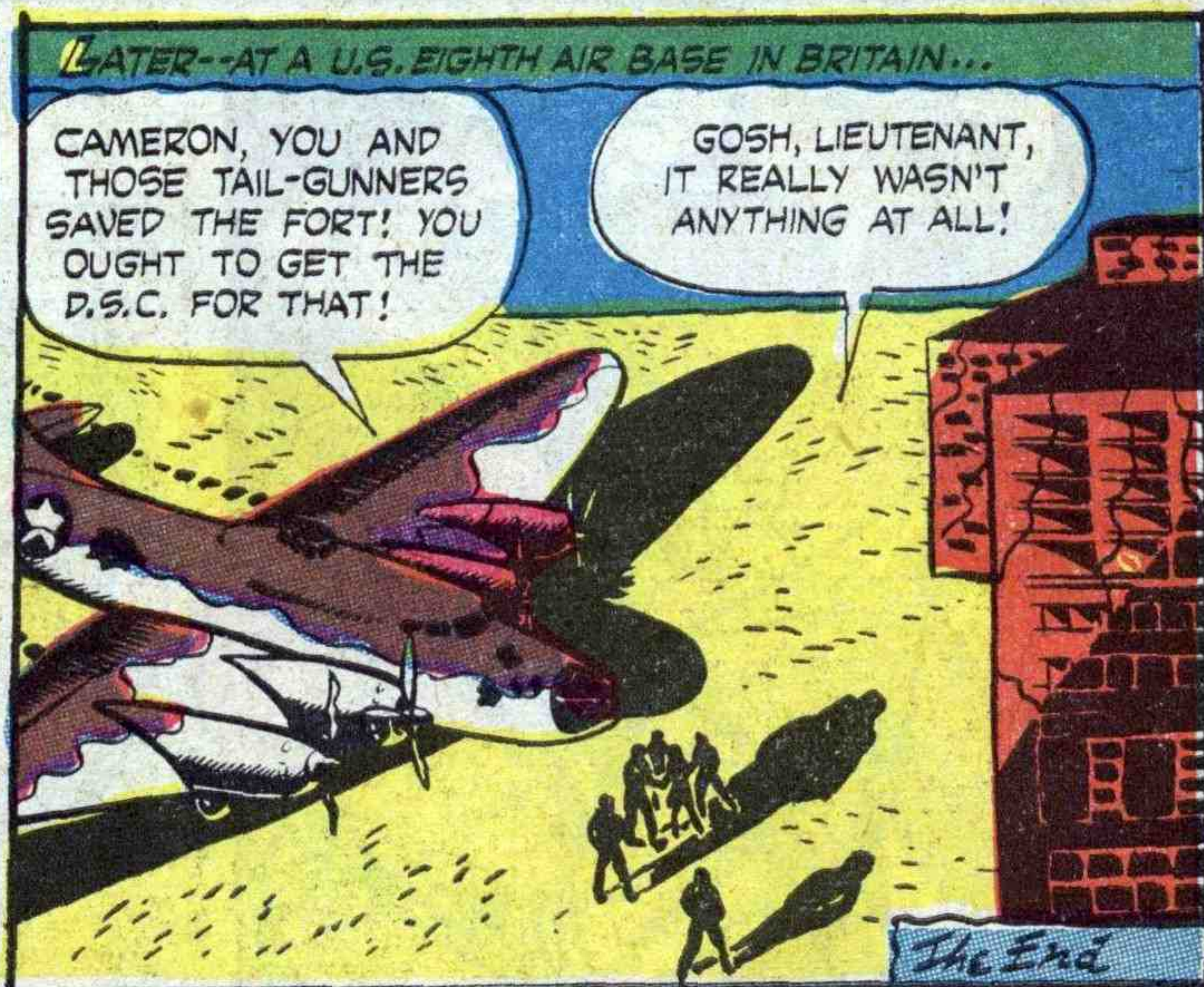
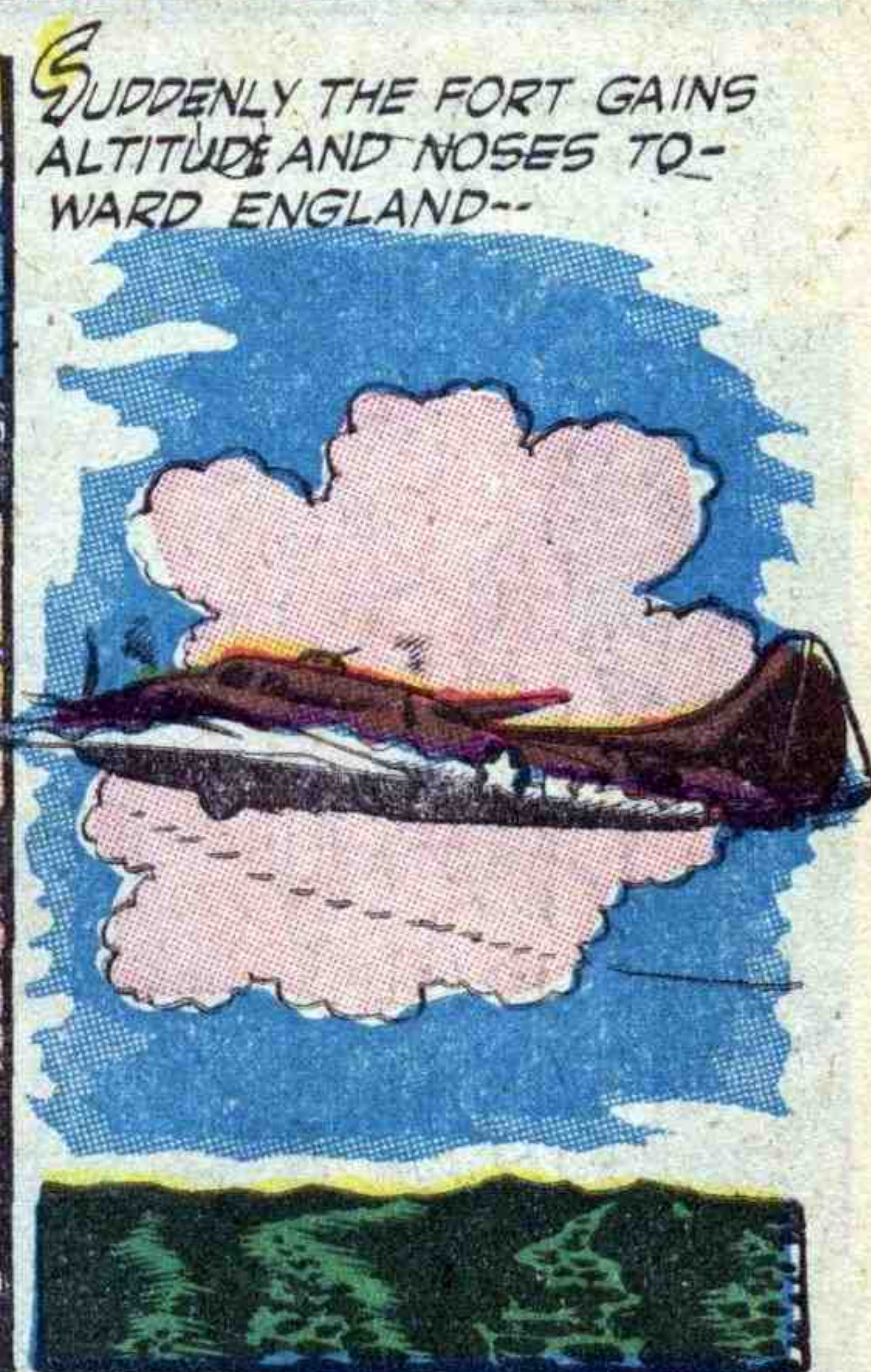
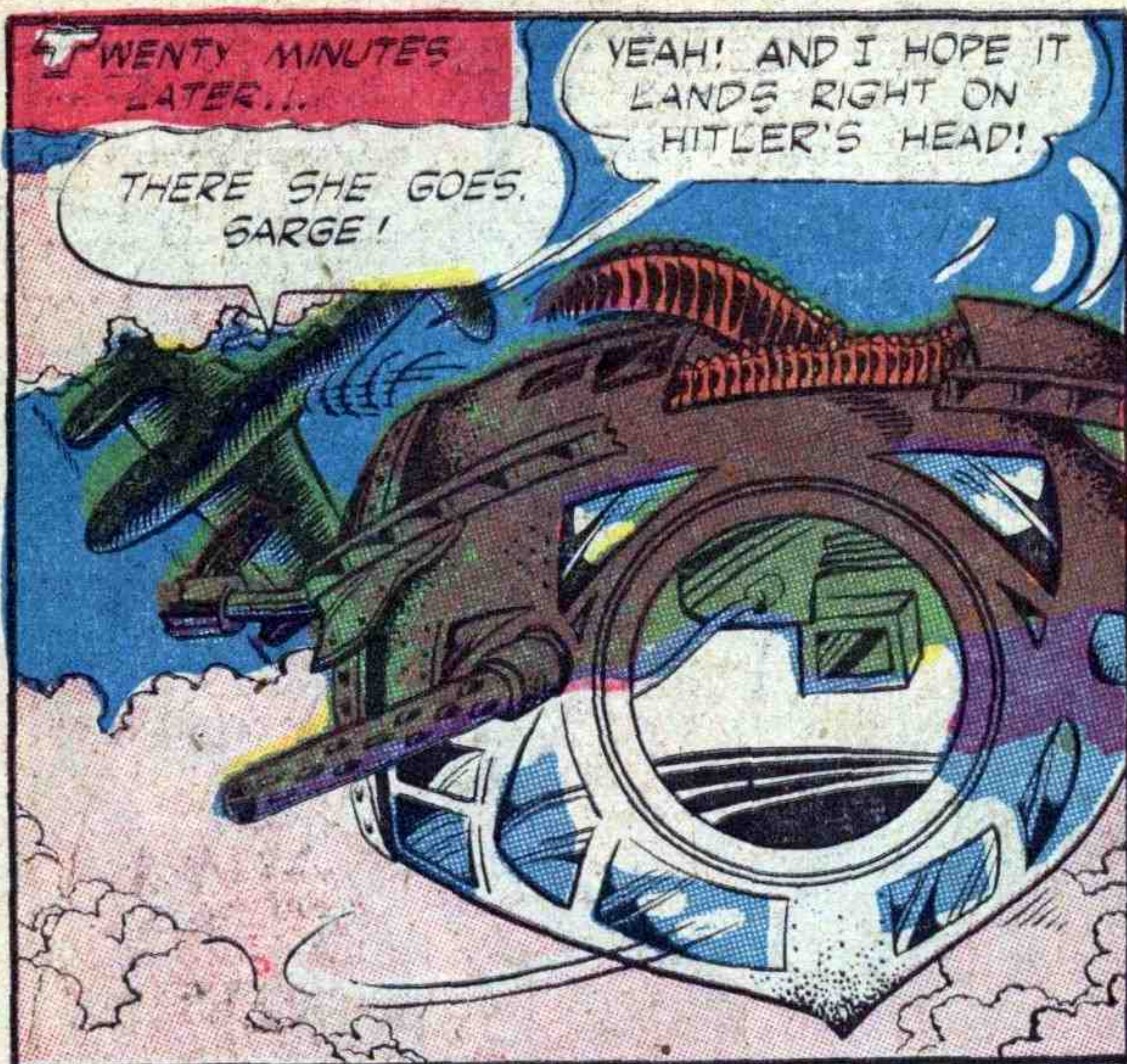


GIVE IT ALL YOU'VE GOT, MEN!

I-IT'S GIVING!!

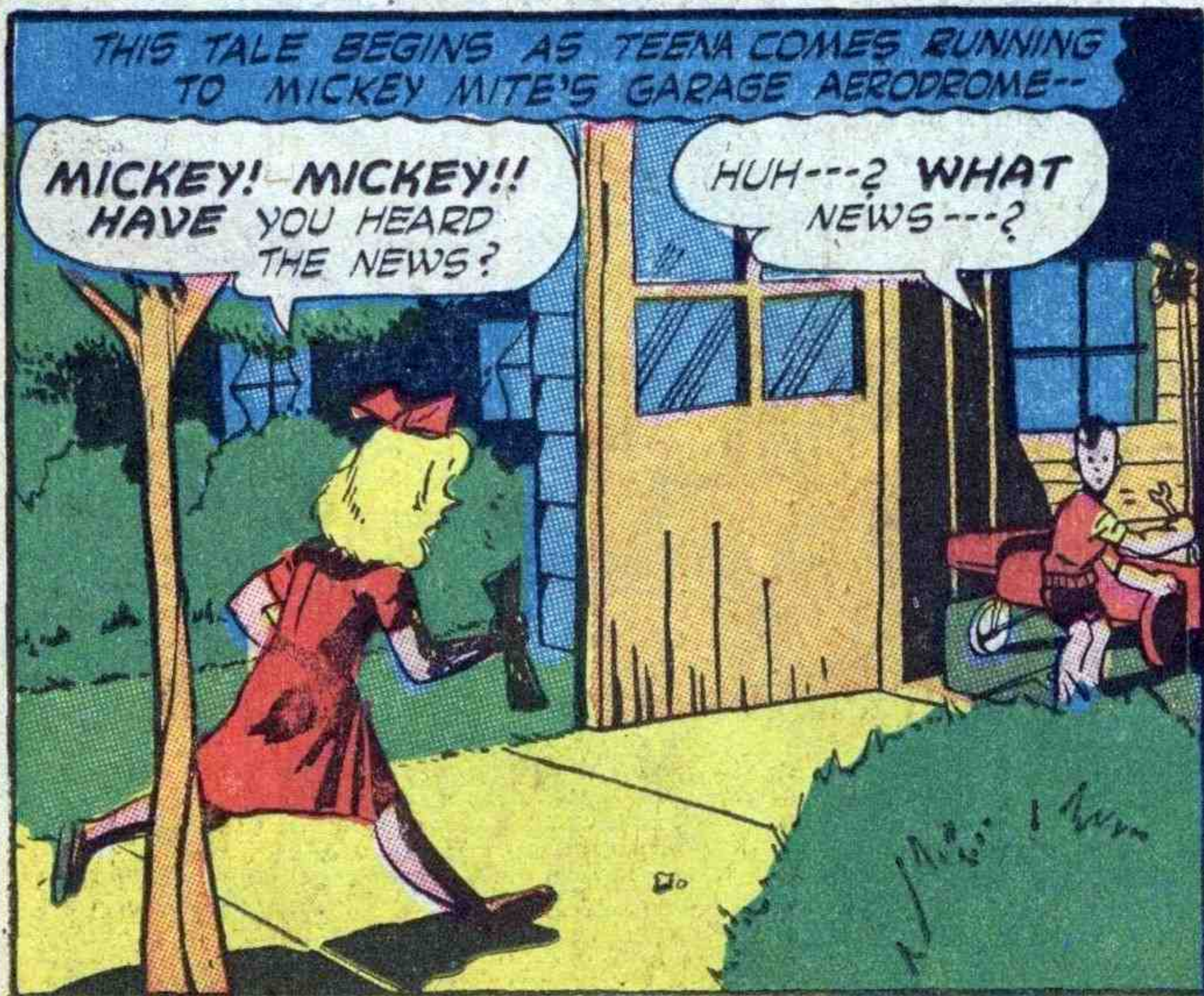
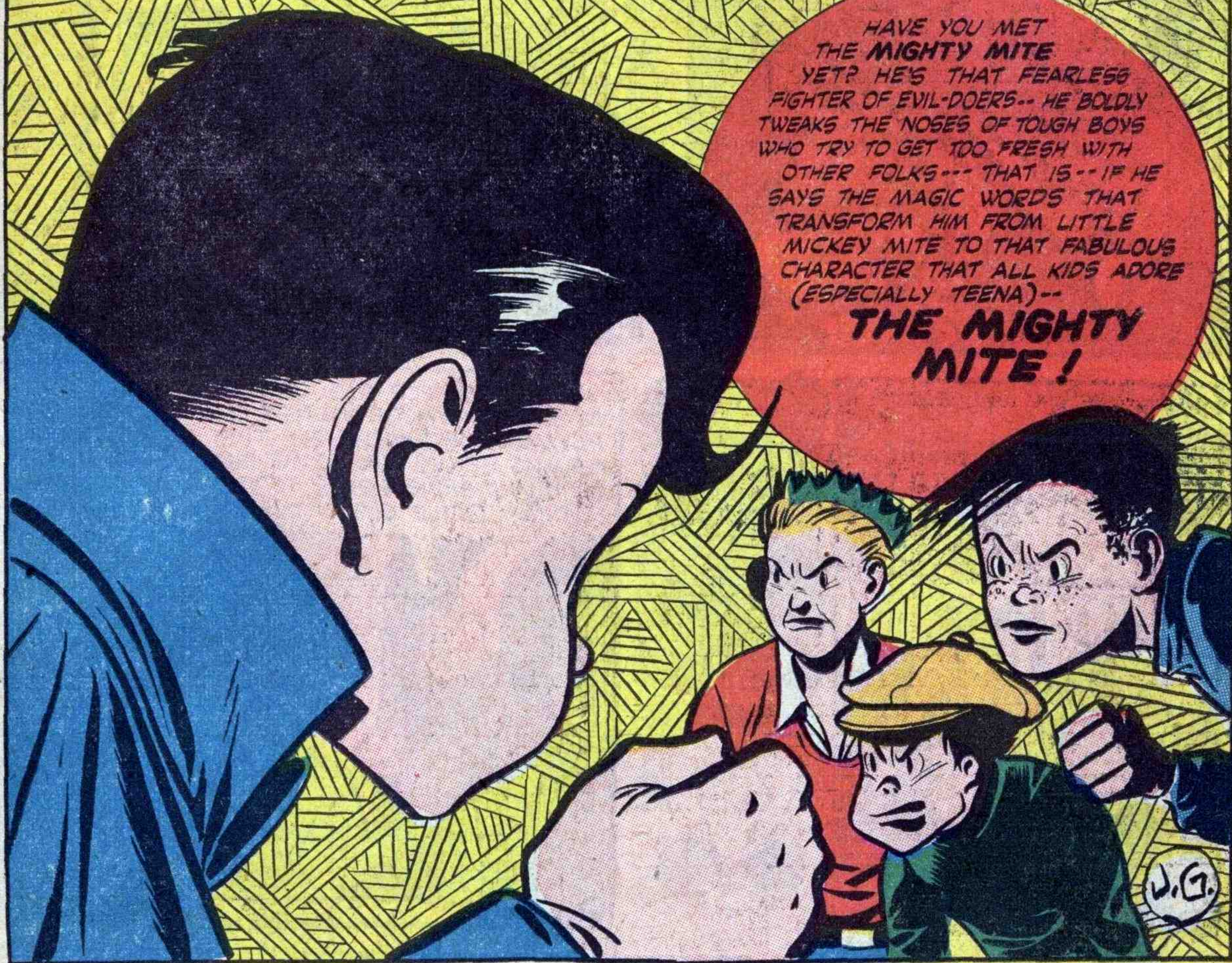
HAIK







# THE MIGHTY MITE





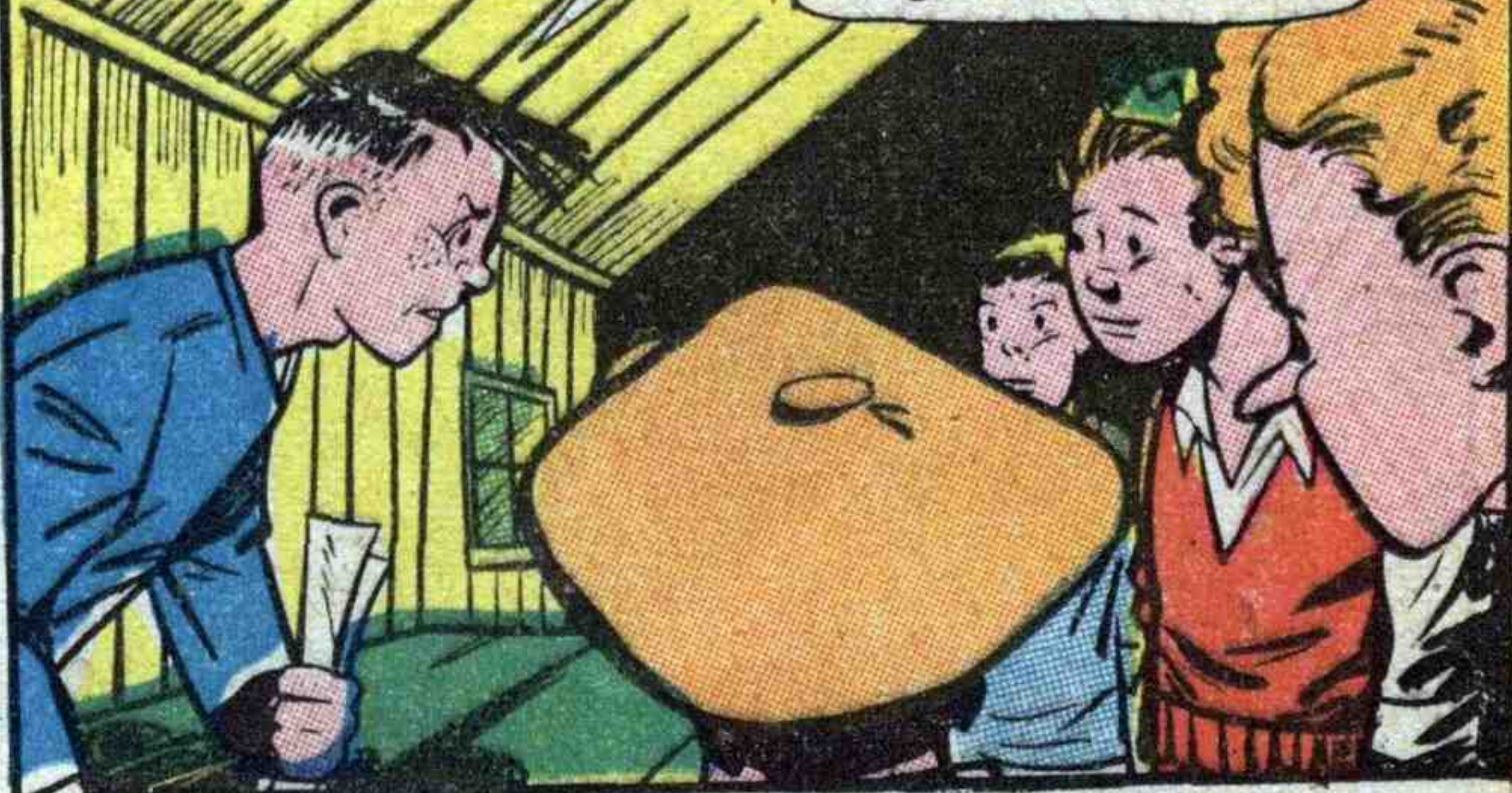
GEE, TEENA-- I OUGHT TO BE A CINC H TO WIN THAT CONTEST--I'VE BEEN WORKING ON PLANS FOR A **SUPER-GLIDER** FOR A LONG TIME-- AND **FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS!** GOSH-- THAT AIN'T HAY--

--AND I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT, MICKEY--!



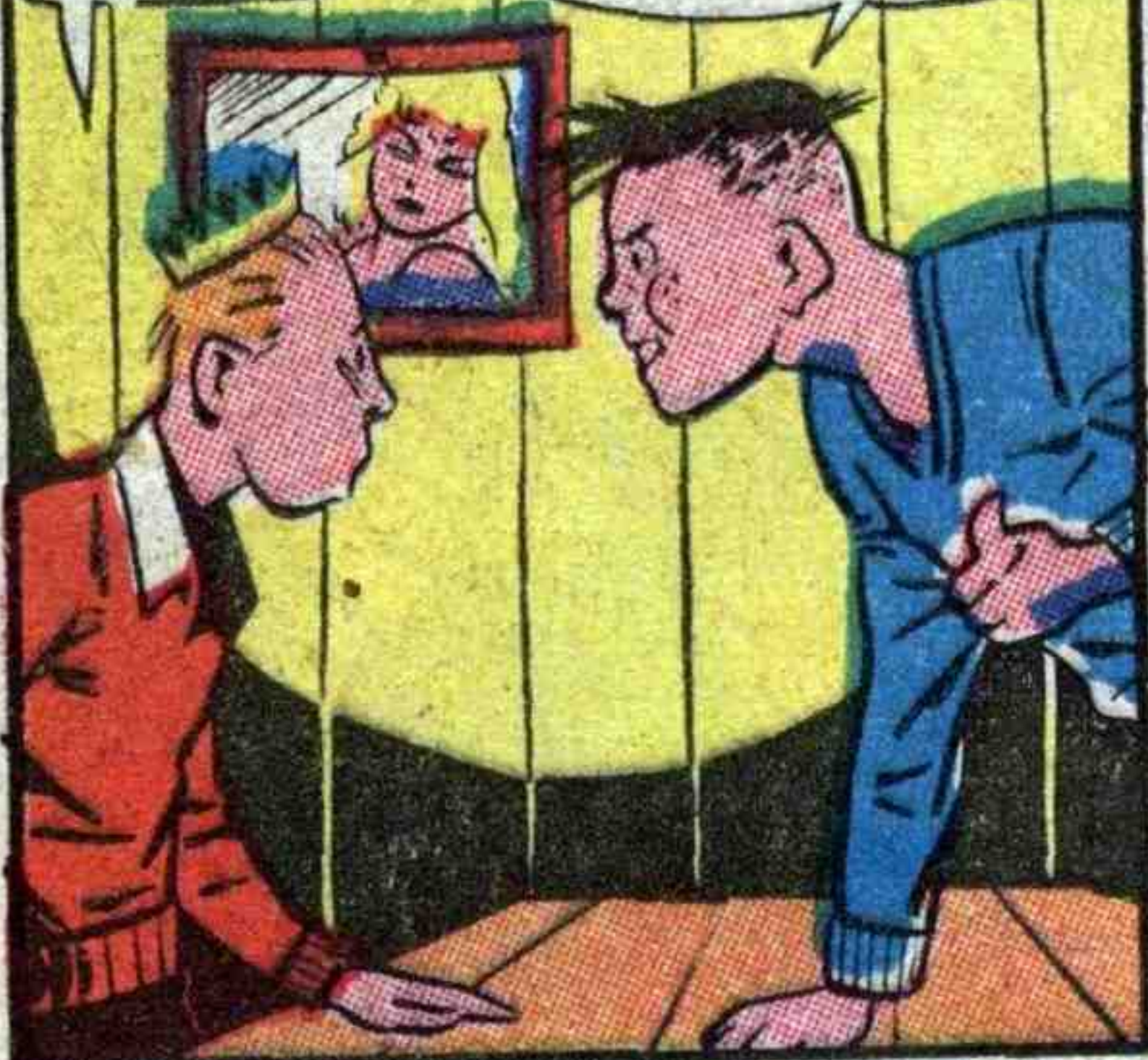
--BUT JUVENILE SKULDUGGERY IS GOING ON AT THE SAME TIME-- LET'S LOOK IN AT "EPECK" O'DONNELL AND HIS GANG OF "LITTLE TOUGH GUYS" AS THEY PLOT IN THEIR "CLUBHOUSE" DOWN BY THE RAILROAD TRACKS--

AND THAT'S THE STORY, FELLAS-- WE JUST GOTTA GET THE PRIZE MONEY--AN' **NOTHIN'** IS GONNA STOP US!



BUT SPECK-- WE WON'T HAVE A CHANCE WITH THAT MICKEY MITE -- HE'S ALREADY MADE A PLANE THAT **FLIES!**

SO WHAT--? WE CAN ALWAYS **STOP** HIM FROM ENTERING THE CONTEST--

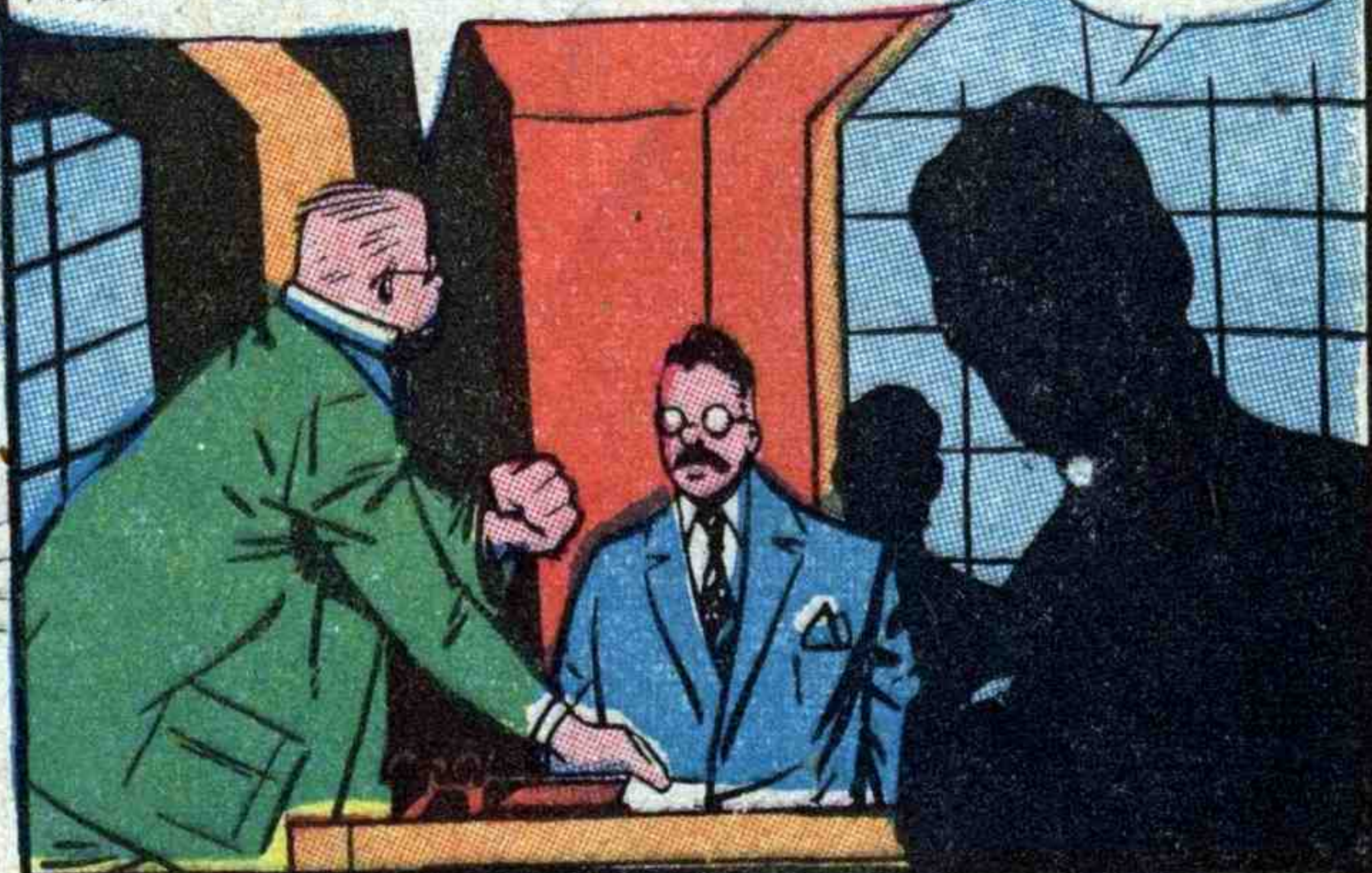


AND IN THE MAYOR'S OFFICE PREPARATIONS ARE BEING MADE FOR THE GALA OCCASION--



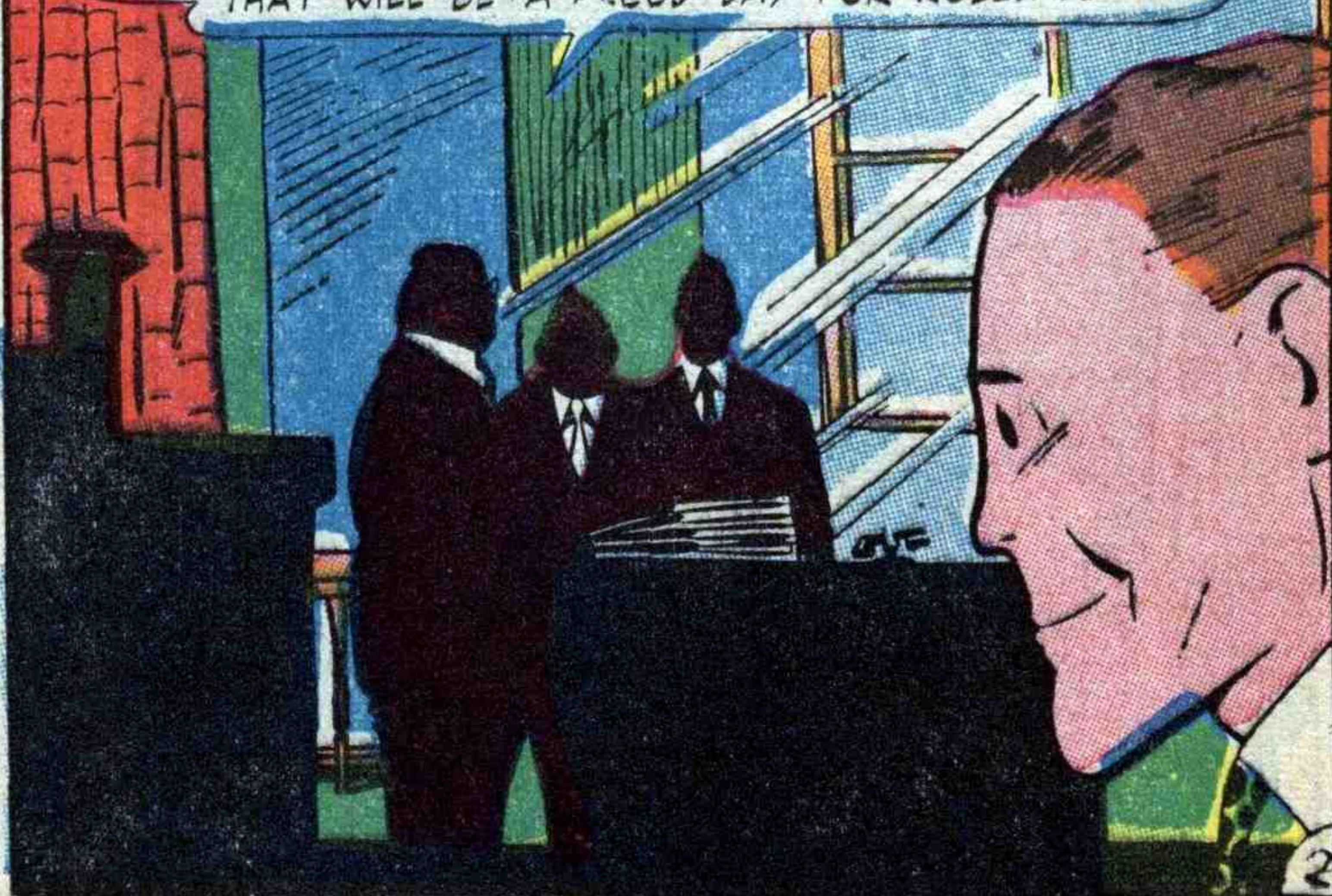
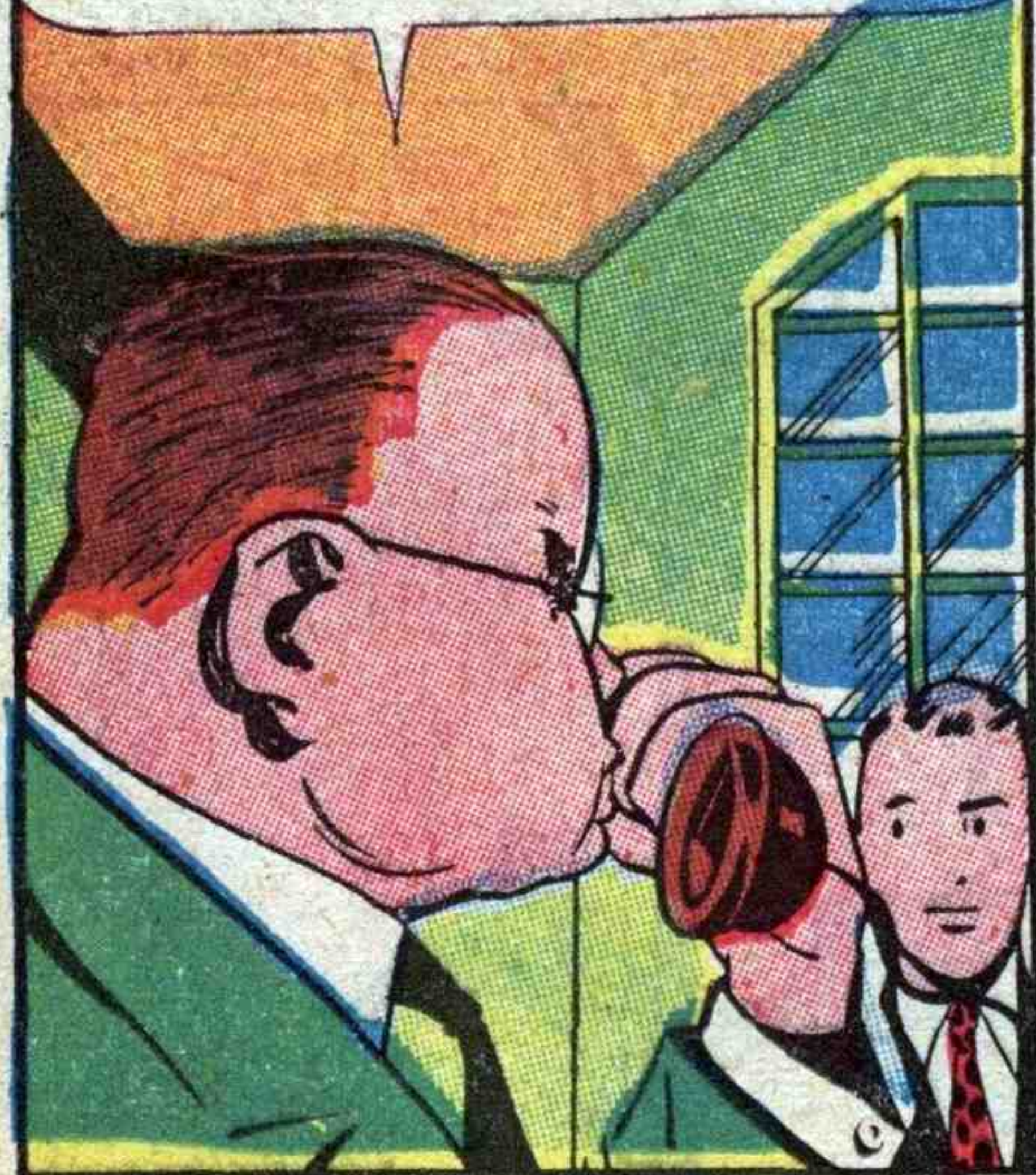
MY PURPOSE FOR THIS CONTEST IS TO STIMULATE MORE INTEREST IN **FLYING...** WHO KNOWS BUT THAT A FLYING GENIUS WILL COME OUT OF IT AND BRING HONOR TO THE FRIENDLY LITTLE CITY OF ROSEDALE--

IMPORTANT TELEPHONE CALL FOR YOUR HONOR--

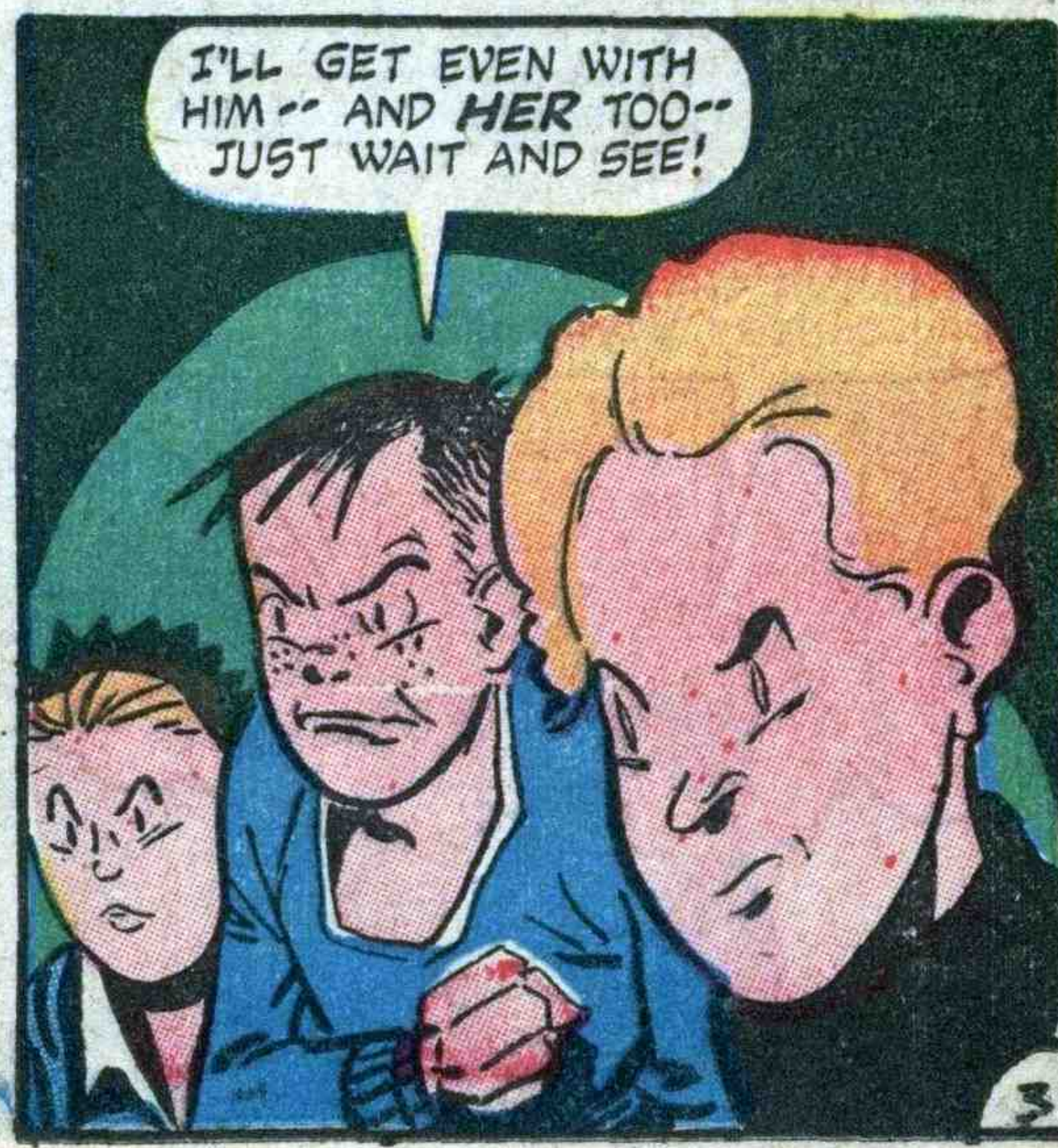
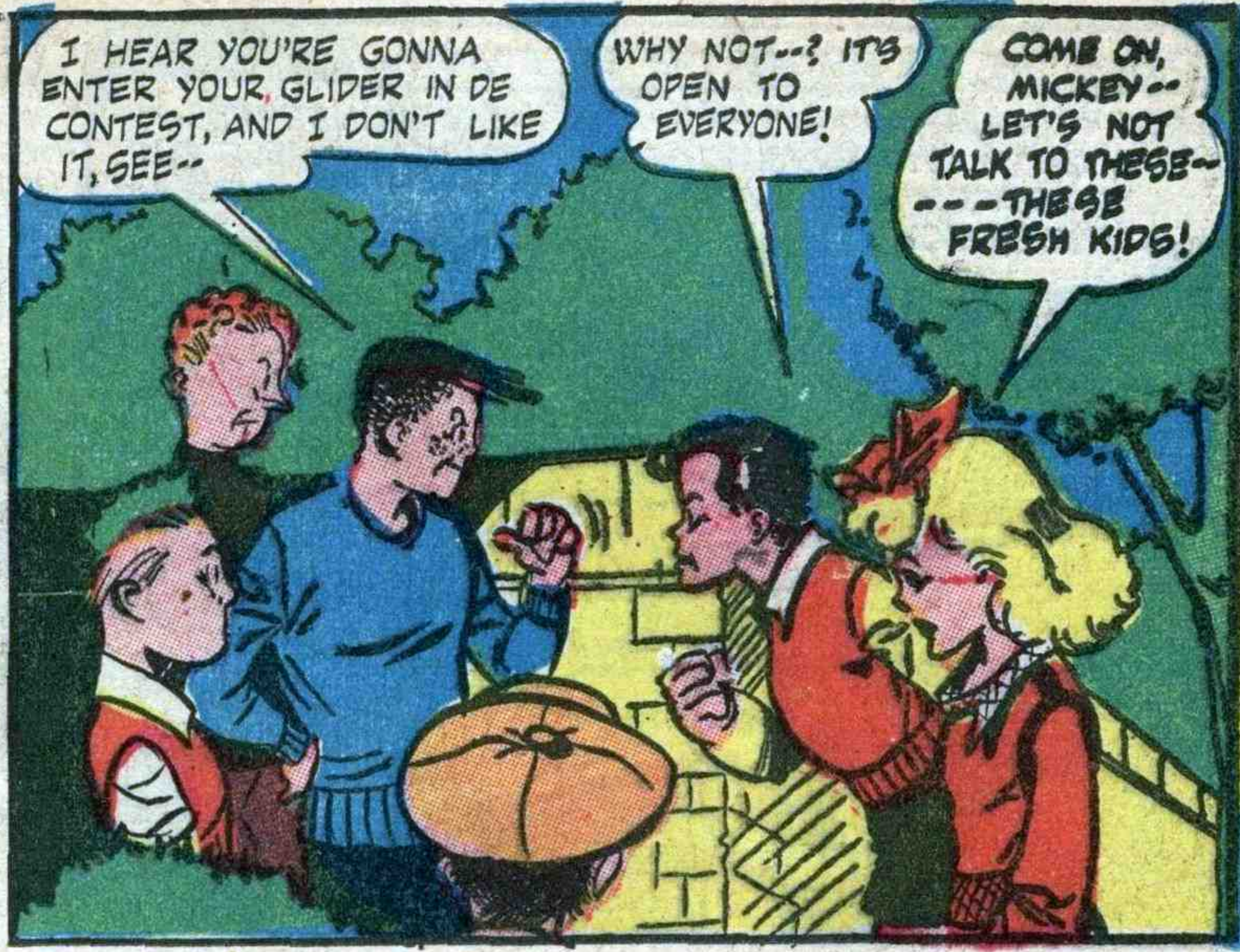


YES--? YES, THIS IS MAYOR GRAPPS! YES-- **WHO? GENERAL WILLIAMS?** WHY--IT'S AN **HONOR** OF COURSE!

DO YOU KNOW WHO THAT WAS? **GENERAL WILLIAMS!** THE COMMANDER OF OUR COUNTRY'S AIR FORCES! HE IS TO BE OUR GUEST OF HONOR AT THE GLIDER CONTEST-- THAT WILL BE A PROUD DAY FOR ROSEDALE --!





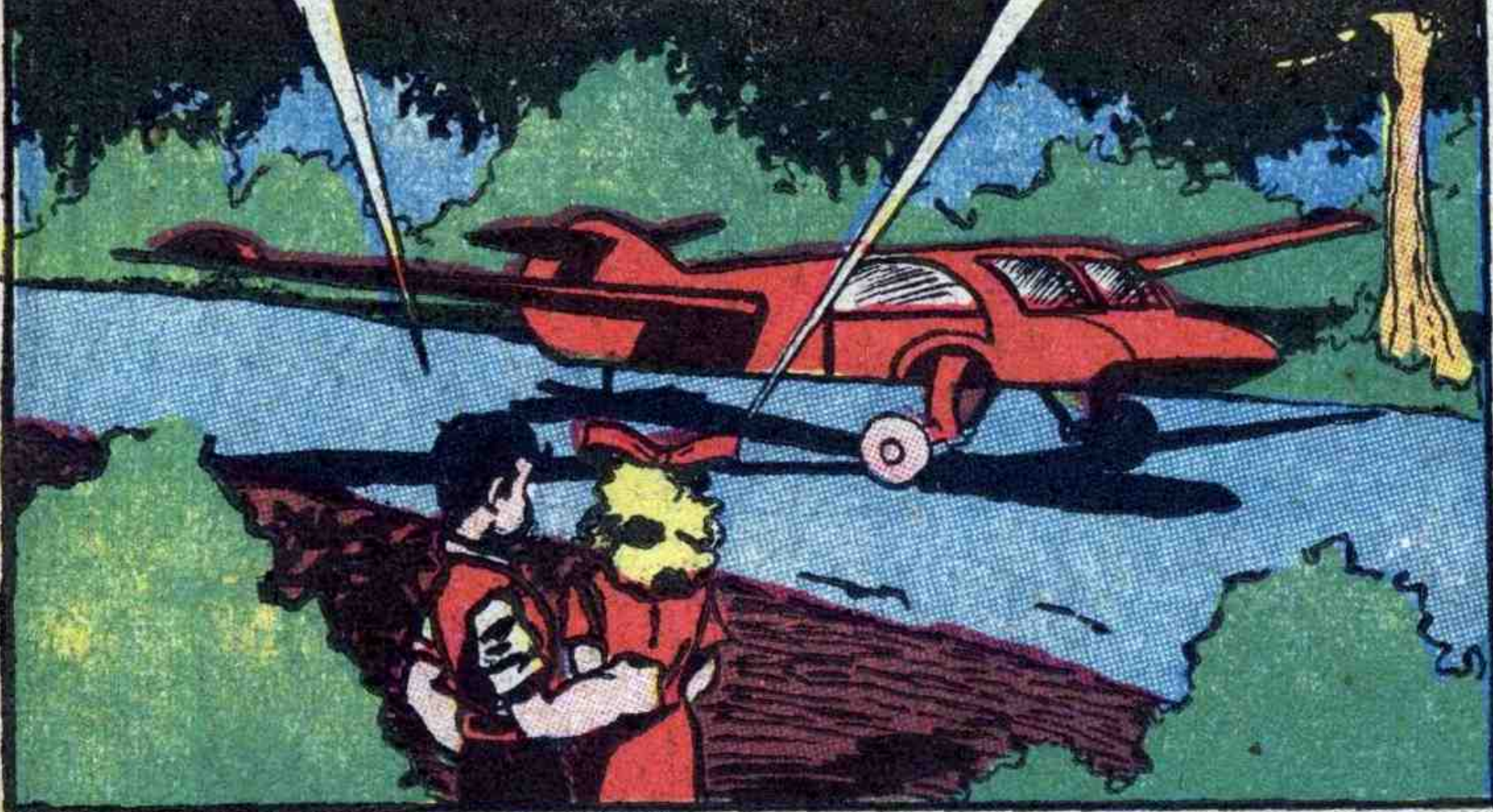




THEN-- THE DAY BEFORE THE BIG EVENT--

WELL, TEENA-- THAT'S THAT--  
THE MIGHTY MITE SPECIAL--  
SHE'S TESTED, AND SHE'S  
**PERFECT!**

HOW WONDERFUL--!  
YOU CAN'T HELP BUT  
WINNING... MICKEY--!



BUT-- THERE ARE SPIES, EVERYWHERE

GOSH-- WAIT'LL I TELL "SPECK"  
ABOUT **THIS** GLIDER...



LATER-- IN "SPECK'S" CLUBHOUSE--

THE BEST GLIDER IN THE CONTEST, EH?  
THAT'S WHAT **HE** THINKS... I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF HIM-- AND  
HIS GIRL FRIEND, TOO!  
I GOTTA LITTLE  
SCHEME I WANT  
YOU GUYS TO WORK  
ON WITH ME--!

WE'RE  
WITH YOU,  
SPECK--  
ANYTHING  
YOU SAY--!



FINALLY-- THE MORNING OF THE CONTEST-- AND EVERYONE  
IN ROSEDALE TURNS OUT TO WELCOME GEN. WILLIAMS OF  
THE ARMY AIR FORCE--

HURRAY FOR  
GENERAL  
WILLIAMS!

WELCOME  
TO  
ROSEDALE!



WHILE ON A HILL OVERLOOKING THE BALL  
PARK, THE GLIDER CONTESTANTS GIVE THEIR  
ENTRIES A LAST MINUTE INSPECTION--

THE CATAPULT THROWS  
THE GLIDER INTO THE AIR--  
THE GLIDER THAT STAYS  
UP LONGEST, WINS!

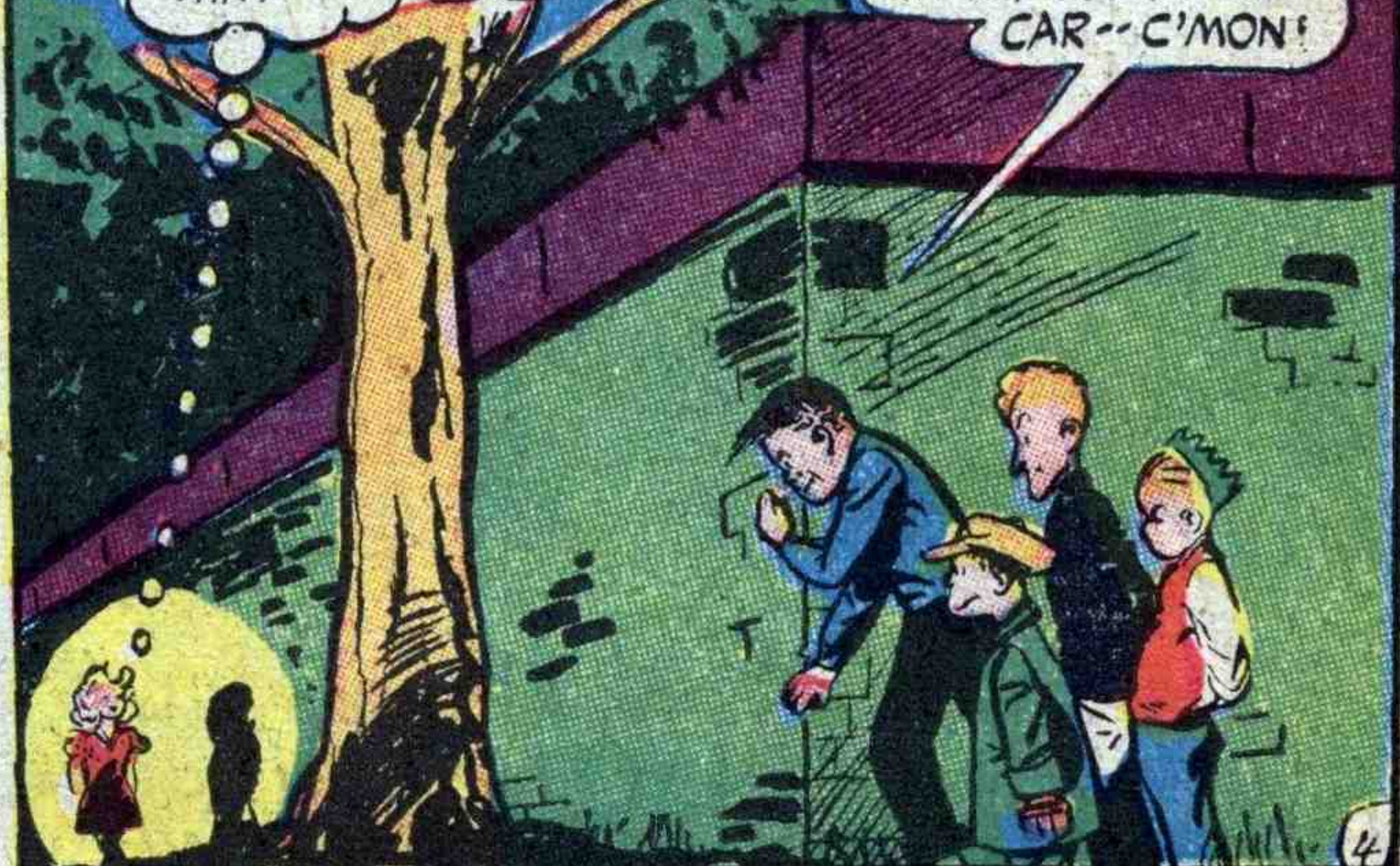
I HOPE TO  
GET AT  
LEAST ONE  
OF THE  
PRIZES--



BUT "SPECK" AND HIS GANG ARE UP TO FRESH TREACHERY--

I HOPE MICKEY LIKES MY  
NEW DRESS-- AND I **DO** HOPE  
HE WINS THE CONTEST--  
I'LL BE **SO** PROUD OF  
HIM--

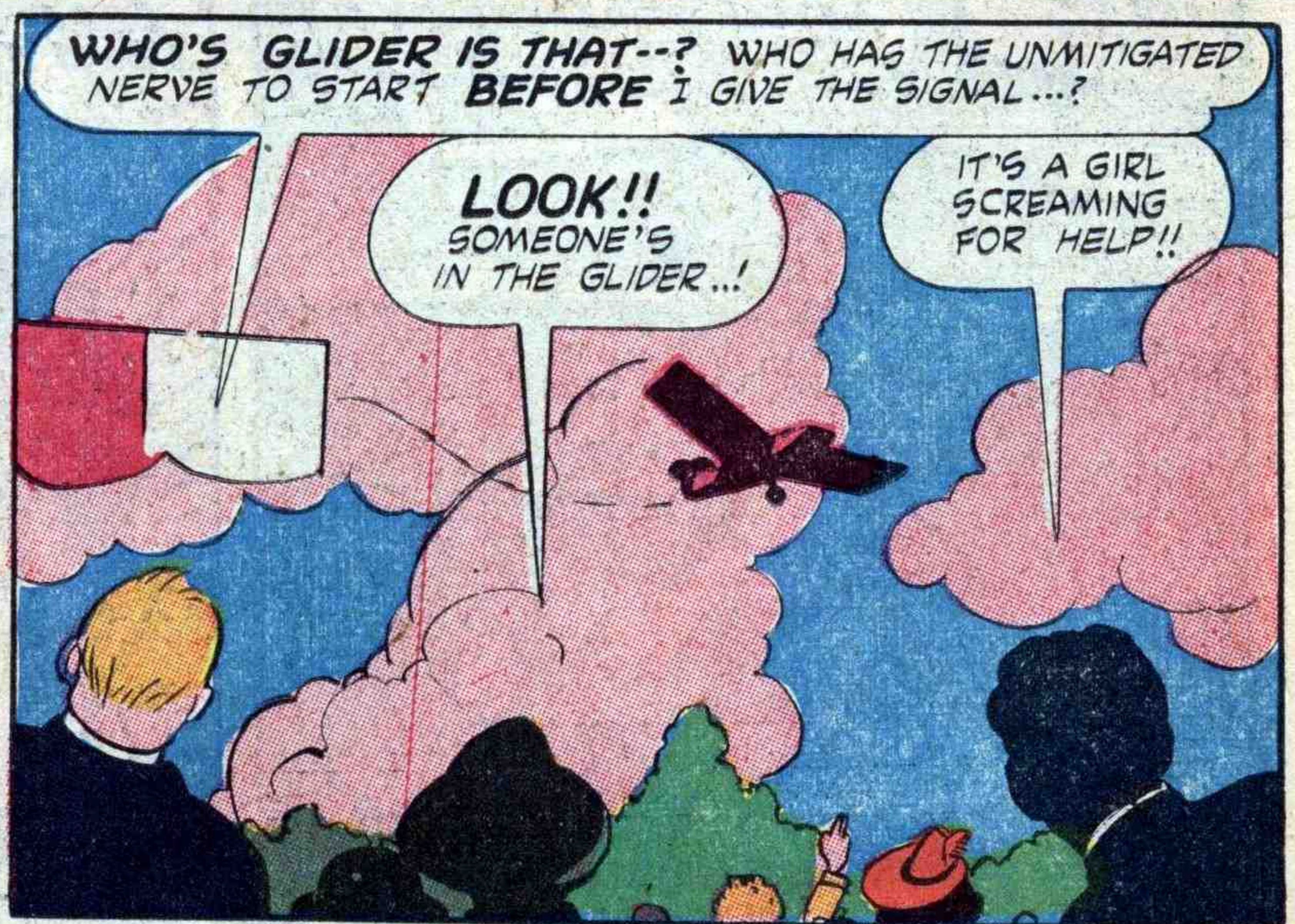
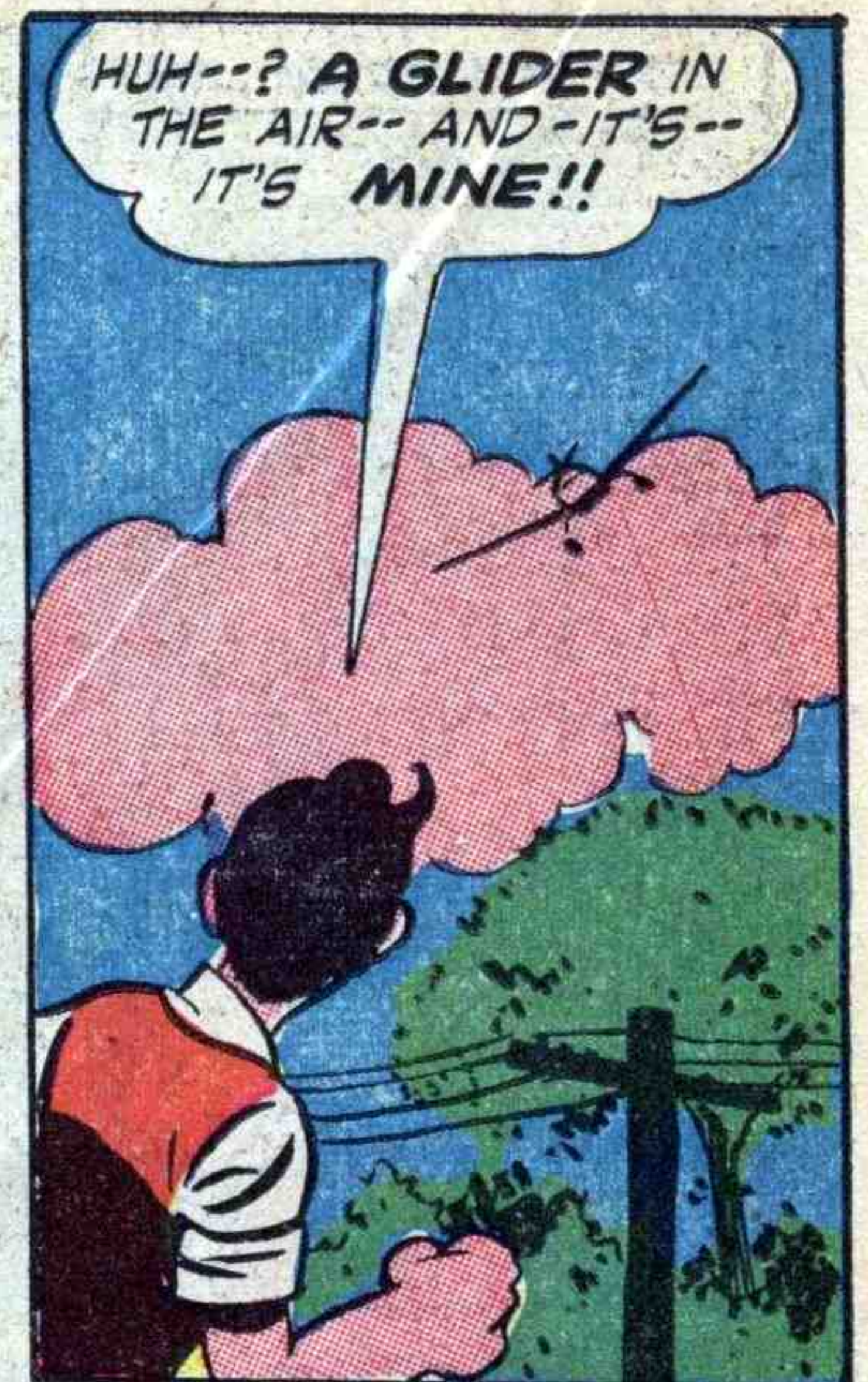
WE'LL **KIDNAP** HER JUST  
LIKE BIG SHOT GANGSTERS!  
THEN WE'LL TAKE HER TO  
THE CONTEST GROUNDS  
IN MY OLD MAN'S  
CAR-- C'MON!



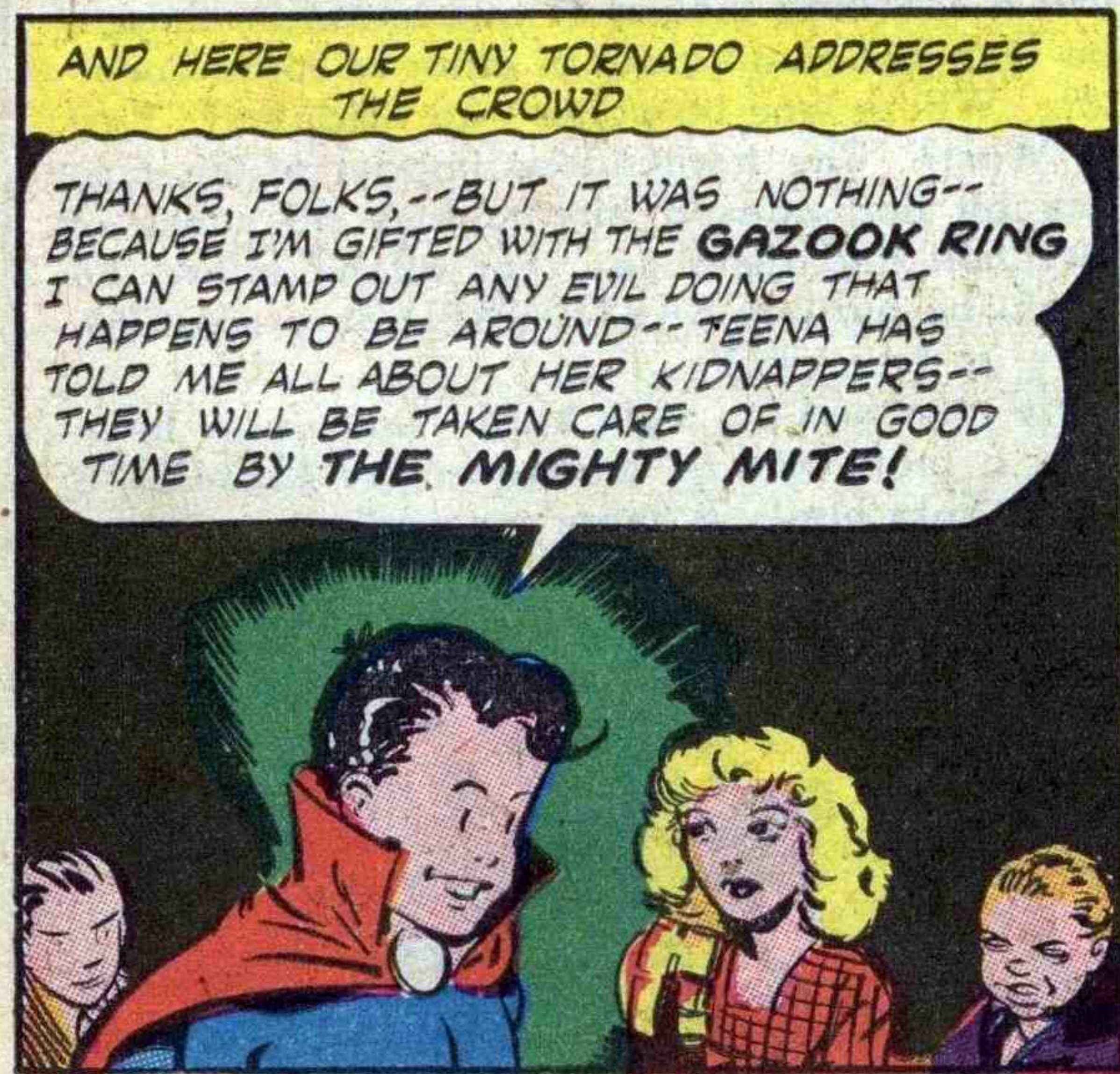
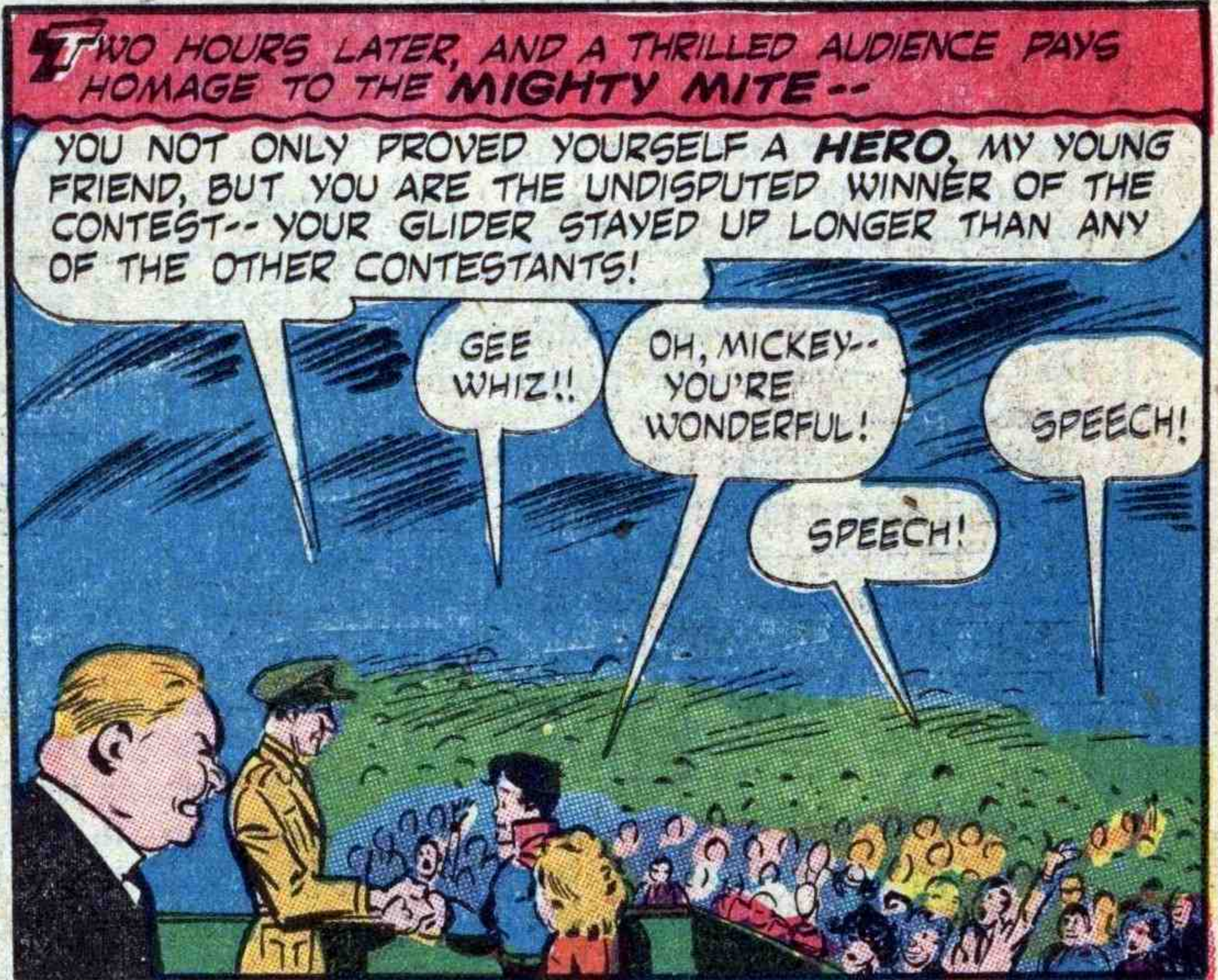
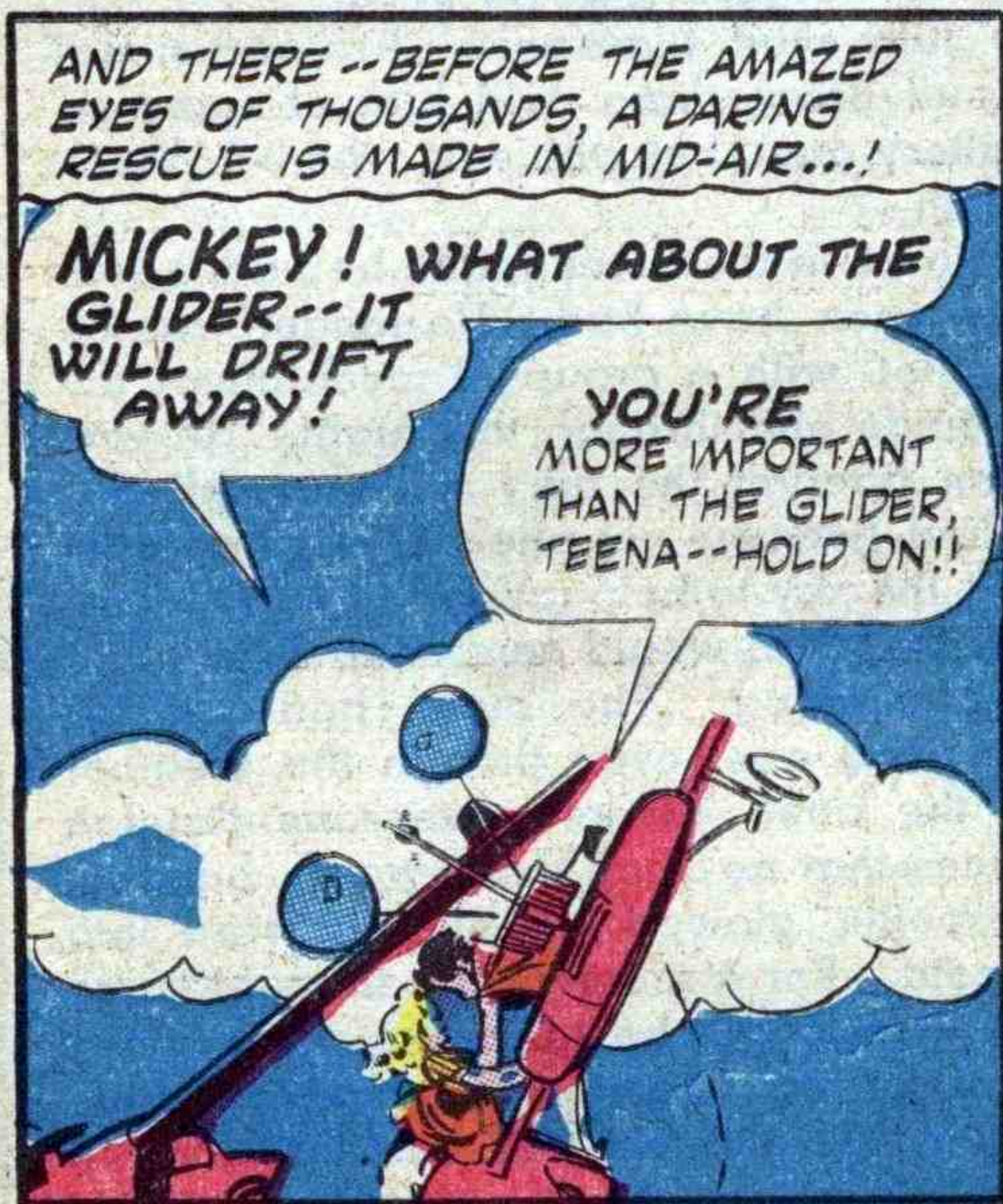
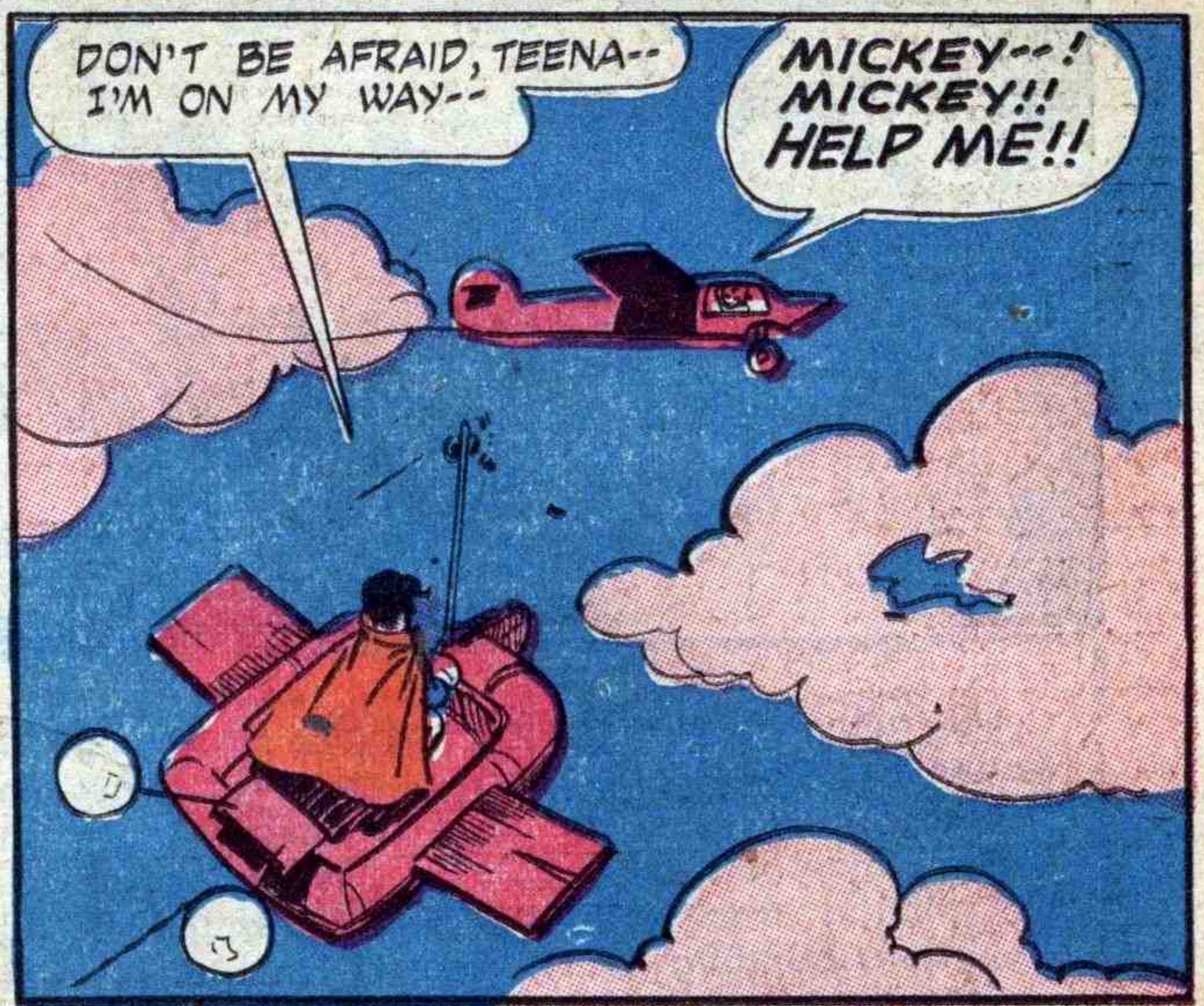
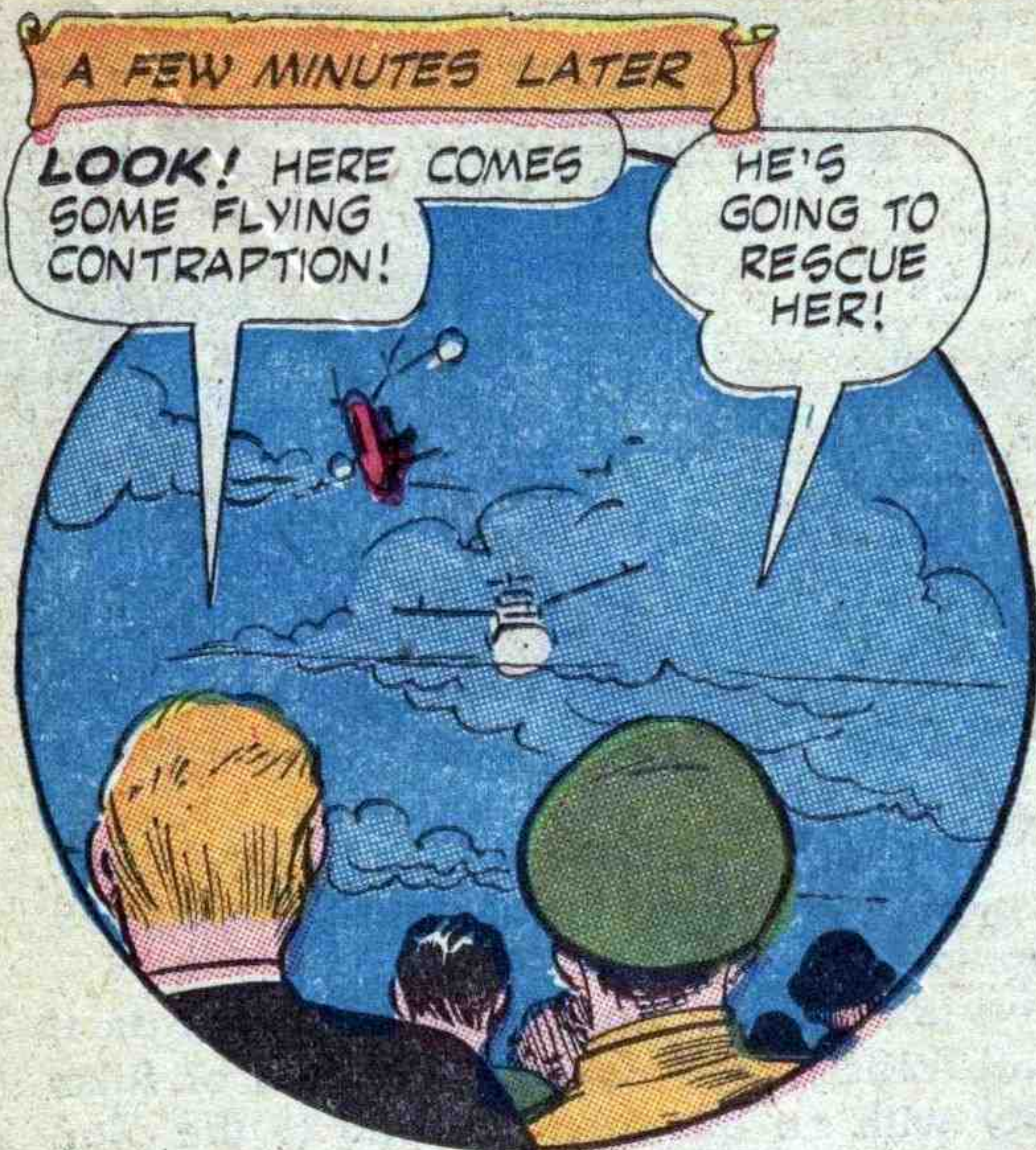














# Song of the Moon



The ack-ack was spilling bubbles of black smoke into the sky before it happened. Lieutenant Blaine climbed high to avoid their sombre blossoms and—POW! There was an ear-splitting crash, and the world seemed to come to a blinding end in front of his eyes.

Something was singing in his brain — not humming, because he instinctively felt that he was in the presence of death, and now the Grim Reaper was roaring lustily at him to join the others who had gone before.

Blaine was hit—and hard. He opened his eyes with difficulty, and shook his head several times to chase the numbness away. He looked forward and discovered with a gray horror that his entire instrument panel had been shot away!

But horror turned to amazement, as he dully realized that even though his ship was hit, he was still alive—still in the air—and still flying in a straight line.

Where? How? What to do? All kinds of thoughts raced through his mind. Here he was in a P-40 with no instrument panel. It was night. He didn't know where he was going and the sounds of the air battle that he was just mixed up in hung in the background, like the dying sound effects of some radio fantasy play.

Everything was gone—altimeter, bank and turn indicators, gas gauge, everything. The controls were intact though. How he managed to be in one piece was one of the war's miracles, he thought.

Miracles? Here was a word that suddenly had new meaning to this combat flyer. If miracles did happen, then he certainly was just on the receiving end of one—but—and here he paused. How could he POSSIBLY get back to his base? Here he was, over an instrumented-charted area, where he had no

knowledge of the position of friend or foe alike, in a plane that was miraculously flying by just flying skill alone.

Lieutenant Blaine felt strange. He felt as if he were riding high on a moonbeam of false security with no beginning or end to the plan of HOW he was going to get back.

Below him was blackness. An occasional orange puff down there, told him of some remote artillery duel, but who was who—? Which was which—?

Riding there in the black night, he had a sensation few men have had. No longer was he a smart pilot, with a group of mechanical devices to guide him through this night. He was driving on through the inky stillness, blind—utterly blind because not one single star would appear in the sky to help guide his way.

If only the moon would come out. . . .

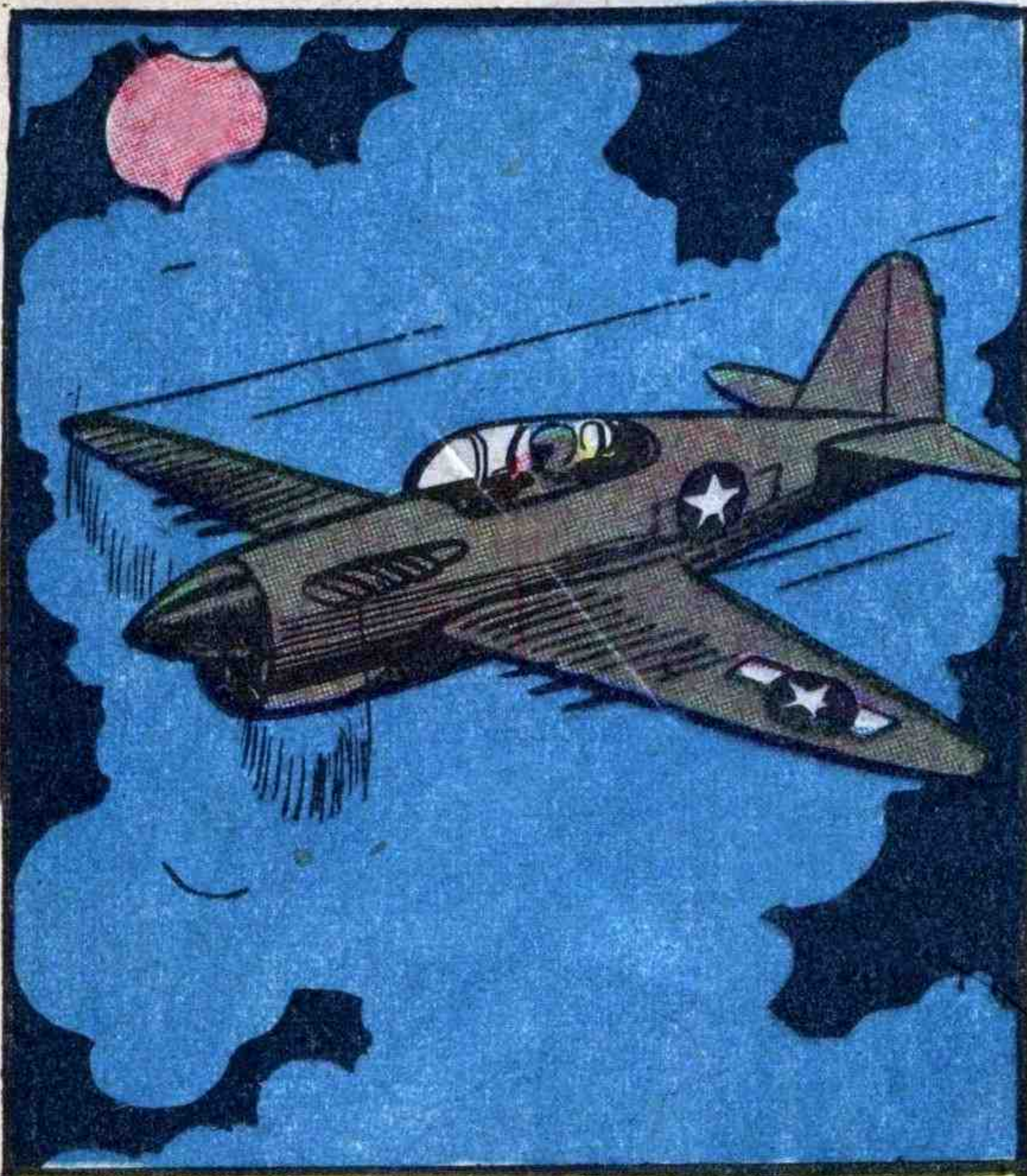
Wishful thinking. The moon had decided to turn in long ago, even though the weather boys at the base assured everyone through their notices that no such thing would happen.

His propeller plowed the ship forward into a black void. For a moment the thought came to him that he might be blind—and not knowing where he was headed for—but no, blue sparks from his exhaust told him that he still possessed his eyesight. He wasn't injured—just a shocking feeling of numbness as though he was just coming out of ether in some hospital. Where was he going—up or down? East or West? The tremendous impact of the ack-ack hit had caused him to lose all sense of direction and distance. For all he knew, he might be hurtling EARTHWARD at a nice 350-mile an hour clip!

He clenched his teeth hard. Lord, how helpless a man can be whenever the ELEMENTS won't help him! If there was only a moon—some light to help him find his way. . . .

**KEEP YOUR FAITH  
WITH them...**





Then he grew panicky. He felt as if he were a diver of Death, in a helpless plane, grinding on into the black night, with no knowledge of how HIGH he was or how low, how much gas, and where he was. He could see it now. The hurtling plane might be skimming over the rooftops now, and then a finale—a terrible ripping, roaring crash, as his life would leave his body.

What good was it to go up? What was up? He might be going down. He might be flying on his side. He might be flying ANY way—every way but upside down.

Lieutenant Blaine settled back in his seat. A calm individual by nature, he argued and reasoned with a trouble-shocked mind.

"No way of knowing," he muttered. "I don't know where or how. All I KNOW is, I'm FLYING. What direction and towards what goal is beyond me. What can I do except wait for the end. Oh—if that moon would only come out. . . ."

Deep thoughts began to stir him. Was this the end of an airman? To be off the ground, and so HELPLESS . . . it was ridiculous. There must be SOME way out. . . .

But no—it was true. Sadly, and bitterly true. He didn't know where he was heading for, and his number was up. What to do now—pray?

Pray? Why not—? If his last thoughts in life were to be worthy ones, why not HOPE for a chance of survival? After all, prayer was hope.

There MIGHT be a chance.

He laughed aloud. What a chance he had! Why, the odds of one in a million were good compared to his chances.

He hoped he wouldn't go crashing into his own lines—his own men—rather if it was to end this way, let his crashing help shorten the war, even if only for a matter of seconds.

He settled back and thought of the huge motor pulling him to destruction. Its reassuring powerful throb was as golden as a chime to his ears, but here it was, a big dynamic giant, just churning the air, and pointed at a sightless goal—the finish—when the blades would be stopped short with an amazed jolt, and go crumpling into shapeless masses as the plane would crash itself into a twisted collection of burning horror.

Fear never entered his heart. At least, . . . felt no fear now. Death seemed a monotonous thing to wait for. There was no glory, no heroics, no fanfare. He was a soldier and had killed. Now, if he were to die, let it be a soldier's death, with no thought of regret, or empty frustration at the opportunity that did not come.

He looked at what he estimated to be the sky. Its sable black sheet seemed to placidly tell him to go—and join the ranks of the other pilots who had gone ahead of him. . . .

Then it happened—the second miracle, and it came in such a wavelength of utter amazement that he was shaken down to his very being.

The moon was coming out!

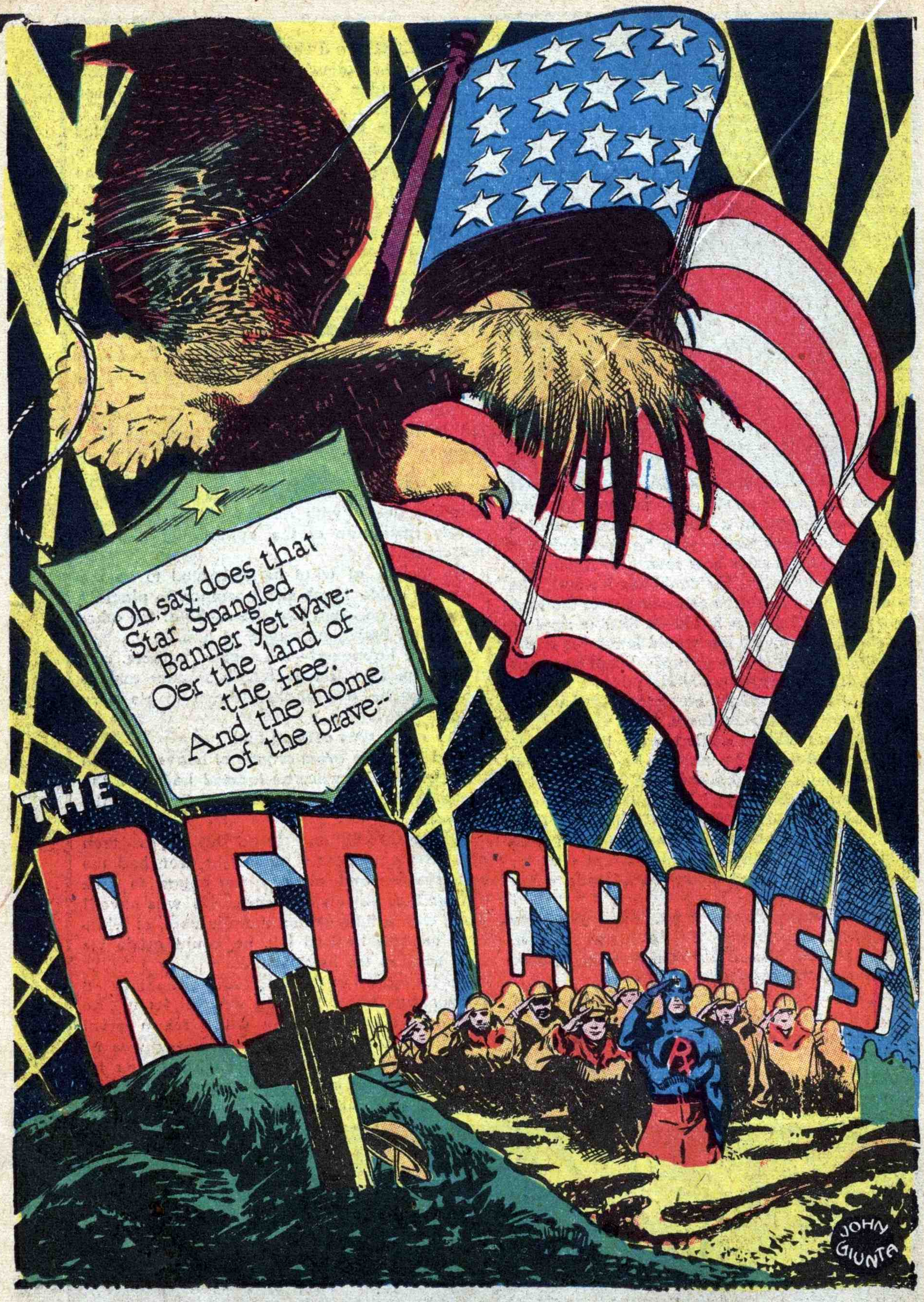
And as if the great organs of heaven pealed forth beautiful music, he fancied he heard the moon singing to him as it proudly rode the heavens.

Lieutenant Blaine closed his eyes, then opened them again. Moonlight drenched the countryside, and already he began to pick out familiar objects and sites. He was saved! Now, with a little skilled manipulation of whatever controls he had left, he could guide his ship back to the landing field.

He looked up at the moon and grinned. If prayer was hope, then he was all for it. He had hoped for something with such a fervor that it became a form of prayer—or was it? Anyway, he thanked some Higher Power for being alive, and resolved to have a long talk with his Chaplain in the morning.

**BUY WAR BONDS**  
... *now!*





Oh, say does that  
Star Spangled  
Banner yet wave--  
O'er the land of  
the free.  
And the home  
of the brave--

THE

# RED CROSS



JOHN  
GIUNTA



NIGHT-- SOMEWHERE ON EUROPE'S CONTINENT--A GROUND CREW NOW AWAITS THE RETURN OF A BOMBER SQUADRON--

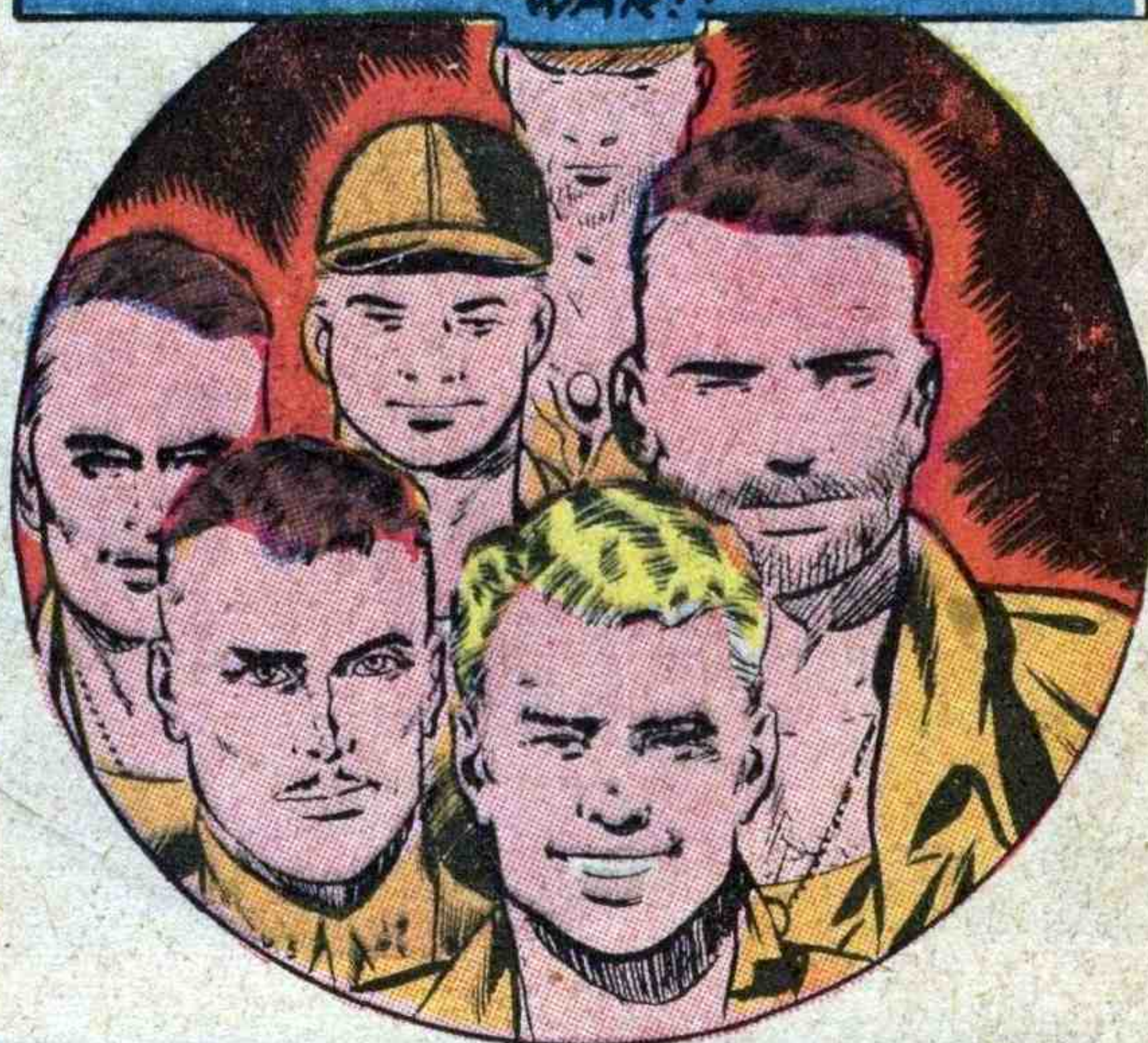
THEY'RE OVERDUE NOW--ALMOST AN HOUR--

STOP BEEFIN--! THEY ALWAYS COME IN--

YEAH--SHUT UP, LOU-- YOU KNOW HOW WE ALL FEEL-- THEY'LL COME IN--



THIS IS LOU, AND CHARLIE--AND EDDIE--AND JOHN--BOYS, ALL--BUT ENGAGED IN MAN'S WORK--WAR!!



--AND THIS IS CAPT. DRAKE--MEDICAL OFFICER IN THE U.S. ARMY AIR CORPS-- IN REALITY, RED CROSS, SAVER OF HUMAN LIFE--

RELAX, BOYS--THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE-- THE SOUND LOCATORS PICKED THEM UP!

NO KIDDIN', SIR, SWELL!

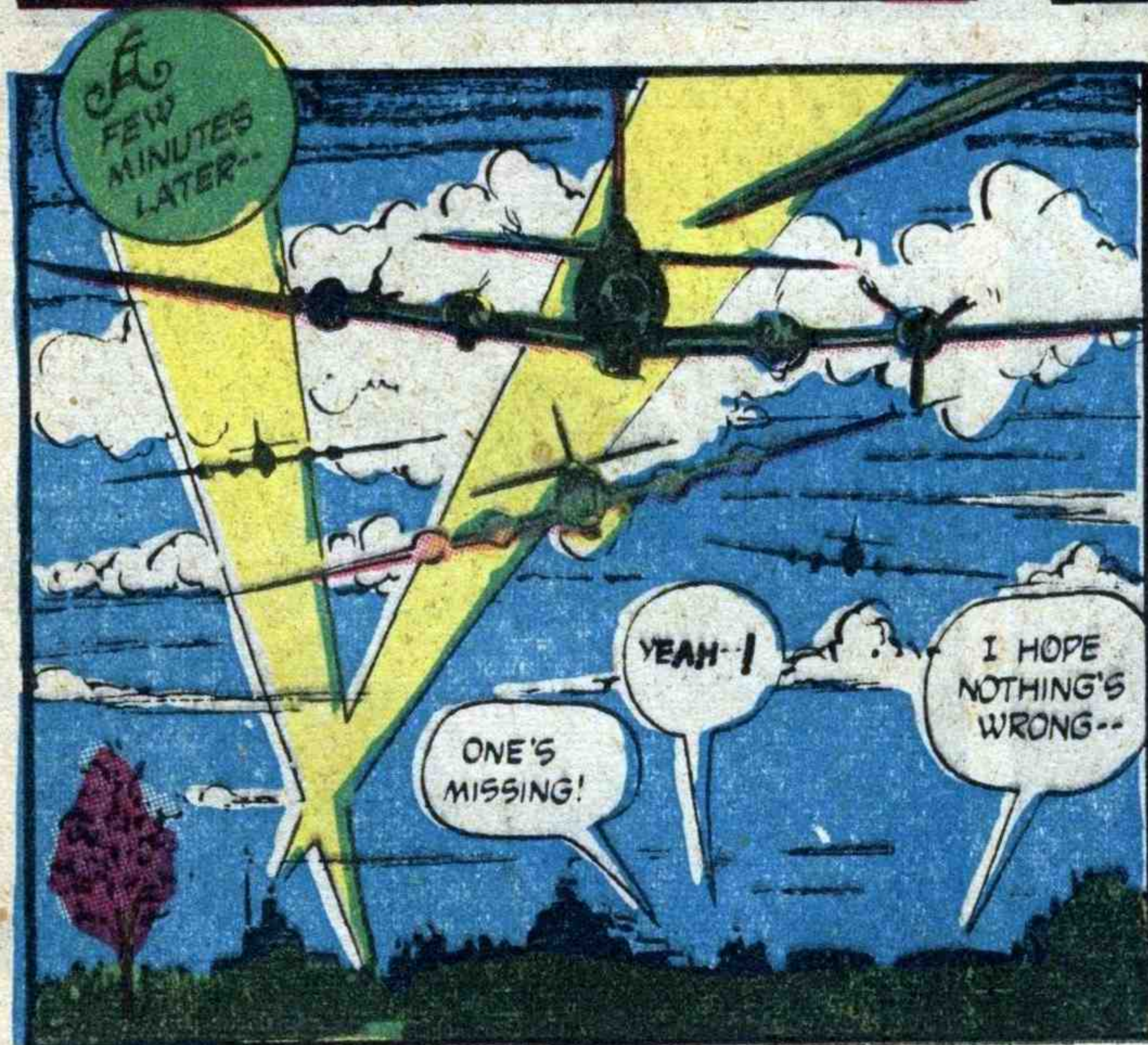
SEE-- I TOLD YOU!



THEY WERE HIT HARD-- PLENTY OF FLAK-- PLENTY OF ENEMY FIGHTERS--AND THEY'RE NOT ALL TOGETHER--

YOU MEAN--

SO WHAT? THEY'LL COME BACK--



YEAH--!

I HOPE NOTHING'S WRONG--

AFTER THE PLANES HAVE SET THEMSELVES DOWN ON THE FIELD--SCENES LIKE THIS TAKE PLACE--

EASY WITH HIM--BOYS-- HE'S HURT BAD--

GOSH-- HE SURE IS

HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT-- SO LONG AS CAPT. DRAKE IS AROUND--





LATER-- AT THE BASE HOSPITAL--

I-I--GOT IT, CAPTAIN--I KNOW--BUT IT AIN'T SO TOUGH WHEN YOU KNOW **WHY!**... IT'S FOR SOMETHING DECENT AND CLEAN-- AND-AND-- OHHH--



DEAD--!  
OUT OF REACH  
OF MEDICAL  
AID--

THE TIRED OFFICER THEN GOES OUT ON THE NOW DESERTED AND BLACKED-OUT LANDING FIELD--

I CAN HEAL BROKEN BODIES-- BUT, THERE'S NO NEED TO HEAL THE **MINDS** OF THESE BOYS-- THEY'RE WILLING TO DIE SO THAT OTHERS CAN BE **FREE!**



THEY ALL RETURNED EXCEPT ONE-- THE **BOUNCIN' BETSY!** WHAT A CREW!-- A GREATER BUNCH OF MEN YOU'D NEVER WANT TO MEET--



THERE WAS BILL WILLIAMS-- LIEUTENANT BILL, IF YOU PLEASE, BUT NONE WOULD CALL HIM THAT-- JUST BILL-- HE EXPLAINED **WHY, ONCE--**

WHEN WE'RE UP THERE, LET'S FORGET FORMALITIES-- WE'RE ALL IN THE SAME BOAT--

YOU BET-- HEY, BILL-- MEET OUR NEW TAIL GUNNER-- LARRY HASKELL--



HY'A LARRY-- READY TO GET WITH IT, SON--?

I SURE AM, LIEUTENANT-- ER-- I MEAN BILL-- GOSH, I WANTA GET MY LICKS AND HELP GET THIS THING OVER WITH SO WE CAN GET BACK HOME--



-- HOME-- THAT WORD MEANS MORE THAN A PLACE TO GO TO A SOLDIER-- HOME IS A HAVEN OF LOVE-- HOME IS WHERE HEARTS ARE-- THE HEARTS OF THESE BOYS--

YEAH LARRY-- I GUESS WE ALL FEEL THAT WAY I'VE GOT A SWELL WIFE AND A LITTLE KID-- HE'S ONLY A BABY--

YEAH-- REMEMBER WHEN YOUR WIFE SENT THE BLUE BABY BOOT TO YOU? WE ALL HAD SOME PART THAT NIGHT!

AND HOW!





--DON'T THINK THAT GROWN MEN CAN'T BE SENTIMENTAL--  
I'VE SEEN PLENTY OF THEM BRUSH AWAY A STRAY TEAR AS  
THEY THINK OF THINGS, LIKE WIVES, BABIES, MOTHERS, AND  
SISTERS--

OH WELL--WE'LL GET  
BACK--WE HAVE A JOB  
TO DO-- COME ON,  
FELLOWS--

SURE! WHAT IS THIS--? A  
WAILING WALL? COME ON--  
LET'S GIVE IT TO THOSE RATS  
WHO MADE US COME OVER  
HERE TO STRAIGHTEN 'EM OUT!



--THAT'S HOW IT GOES--WAR!--WHAT A FOOLISH  
WAY TO SETTLE A PROBLEM--I'M TIRED--I THINK  
I'LL GO BACK AND TRY TO SLEEP--I GUESS BOUNCIN'  
BETSY HAD A DATE WITH DESTINY--AND KEPT IT--



**S**UDDENLY--

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER--AND THE TIRED MEDICAL  
OFFICER PAUSES TO LIGHT A CIGARETTE, AND RE-  
FLECT ON MATTERS OUT OF HIS DOMAIN--

SOME DAY--SOMEONE WILL WRITE A SAGA ABOUT  
**WAR** AS IT IS ---AND WHEN EVERY HUMAN  
BEING READS IT, THERE WILL BE **NO MORE**  
**WAR--NO MORE!**



THAT'S STRANGE-- I HEAR A PLANE LAND-  
ING-RIGHT NEARBY-- WHO CAN IT BE AT THIS  
HOUR--? I THOUGHT THAT ALL SCHEDULES WERE  
CHECKED--



WHY ISN'T THE GROUND CREW OUT  
TO TAKE CARE OF IT--?

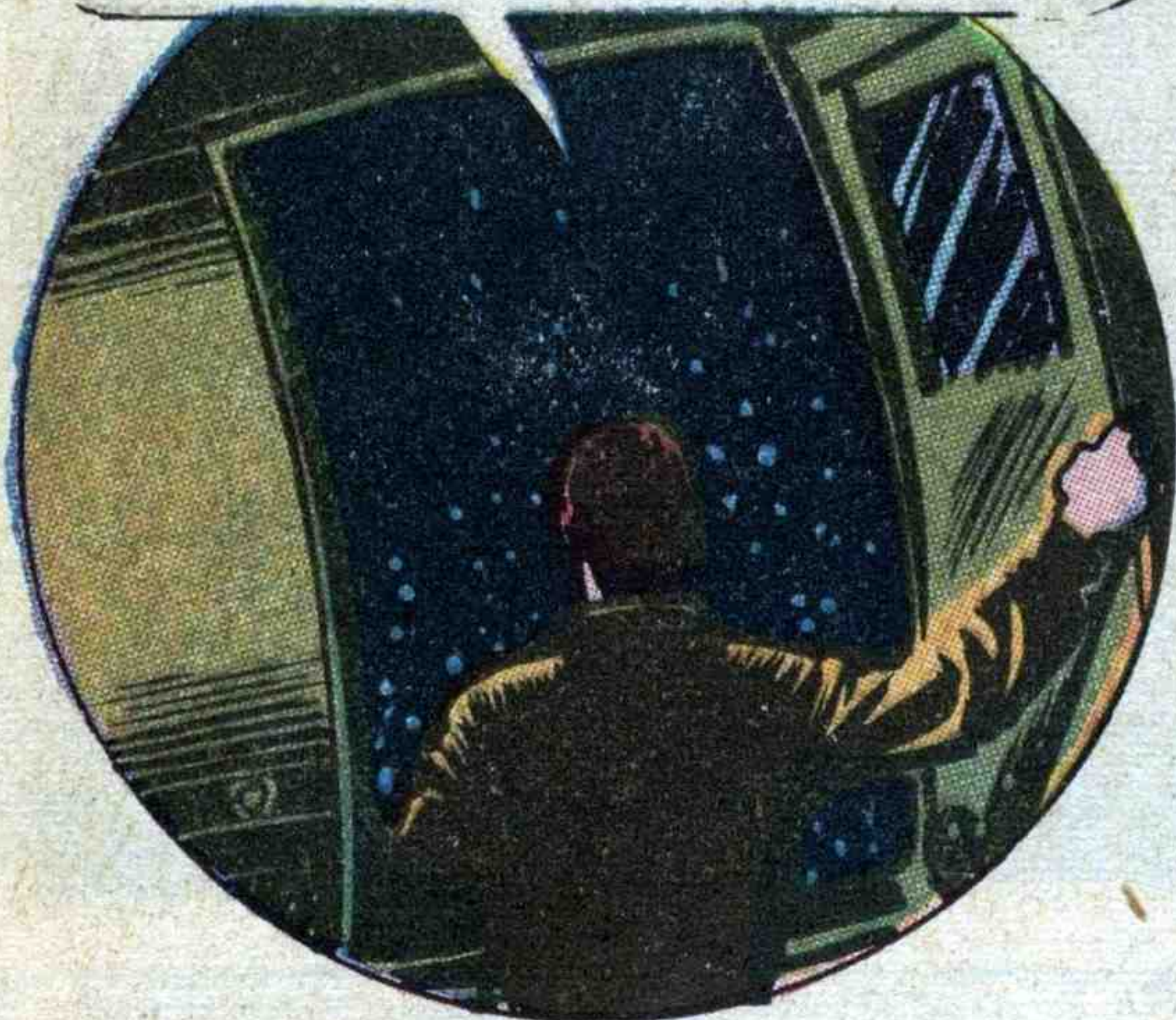


THIS--IS PECULIAR-- THE PLANE STOPS-- AND NO ONE  
GETS OUT-- I WONDER WHAT'S GOING ON--?  
**LOOK--! IT'S THE BOUNCIN' BETSY--?**





EMPTY--? IS THIS REAL--? I SAW  
IT LAND-- AND NOW I LOOK IN --AND  
NO ONE IS INSIDE-- I--I THINK THAT  
I'LL GET IN TOUCH WITH THE FIELD  
COMMANDER--



BUT I'LL GO TO  
MY QUARTERS FIRST  
AND GET THE DAY'S  
BRIEFING PAPERS--  
THIS IS ONE OF  
THE ODDEST  
THINGS I'VE  
EVER SEEN--



IT'S VERY PECULIAR THAT THIS PLANE  
COULD LAND AT ALL-- AND THE  
FACT THAT IT'S **EMPTY**-- !!  
I WONDER WHERE THE CREW COULD BE?



WE ARE HERE, CAPTAIN DRAKE!  
ALL OF US---

WH---?



DON'T BE AMAZED--  
CAPTAIN DRAKE--WE  
KNOW THAT YOU ARE  
THE **RED CROSS**--  
THAT IS WHY WE ARE  
HERE BEFORE WE  
TRAVEL ON--

TRAVEL ON? BILL,  
WHAT ARE YOU DO-  
ING HERE--? WHY  
HAVEN'T YOU  
REPORTED TO THE  
COMMANDING  
OFFICER?



IM AFRAID IT'S A BIT TOO  
LATE FOR THAT, CAPTAIN  
DRAKE-- YOU SEE WE ARE  
ALL **DEAD!** BUT WE  
LANDED OUR SHIP AS YOU  
HAVE SEEN!

**DEAD?** WHAT KIND  
OF AGHASTLY JOKE  
IS THIS--? WHO ARE  
THOSE MEN WITH  
YOU?





THEY'RE MY CREW--  
WE BAILED OUT-- OUR  
SHIP WAS HIT WITH FLAK--  
A LOT OF IT-- BUT THE EN-  
EMY GOT US ON THE WAY  
DOWN-- AS WE WERE  
DANGLING IN OUR PARA-  
CHUTES-- ARE YOU  
**AFRAID?**

NO--NO-- OF COURSE I'M  
NOT AFRAID--BUT--BUT--  
IT'S **UNREAL!** IT  
**CAN'T** BE! BUT WHY  
ARE YOU HERE TO SEE  
**ME?**

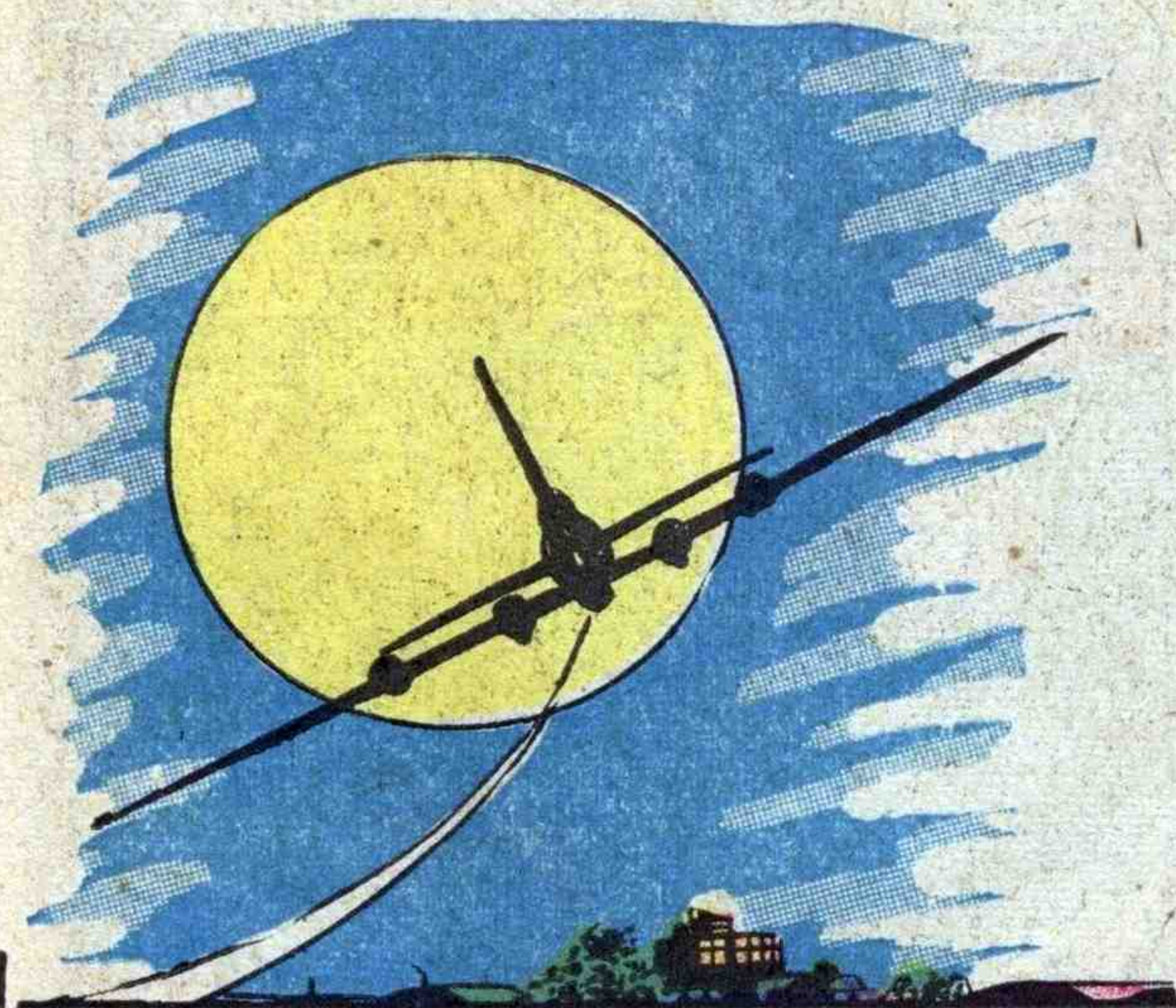


IF YOU WILL GRANT US A FAVOR--WE SHOULD LIKE  
TO HAVE YOU DON YOUR COSTUME OF THE RED CROSS,  
AND COME WITH US--  
WE HAVE THINGS  
TO SHOW AND  
TELL YOU--

OF COURSE--OF COURSE--  
HERE-- I HAVE IT ON--UNDER  
MY CLOTHES--



--YOU WILL SOON LEARN-- YOU SEE, IT WAS LAST  
NIGHT THAT WE STARTED ON OUR BOMBING MISSION--  
WE LEFT OUR BASE--AND SOON WERE OVER GERMANY--  
LOADED WITH BOMBS--



BECAUSE, AS THE **RED CROSS**,  
YOU CAN MAKE **OUR** MESSAGE  
**HEARD!** WE HAVE A STORY  
TO TELL YOU--WE WON'T  
TAKE MUCH OF YOUR TIME--  
AND THEN WE'LL BE ON  
OUR WAY--

THEN GO  
AHEAD--WHAT  
IS IT--? WHAT  
DO YOU WANT TO  
TELL ME? I'LL LISTEN



A FEW SECONDS LATER--

WE'LL ALL GET IN THE PLANE--AT OUR PLACES,  
AND RECONSTRUCT FOR YOU, WHAT  
HAPPENED ON OUR  
LAST FLIGHT!

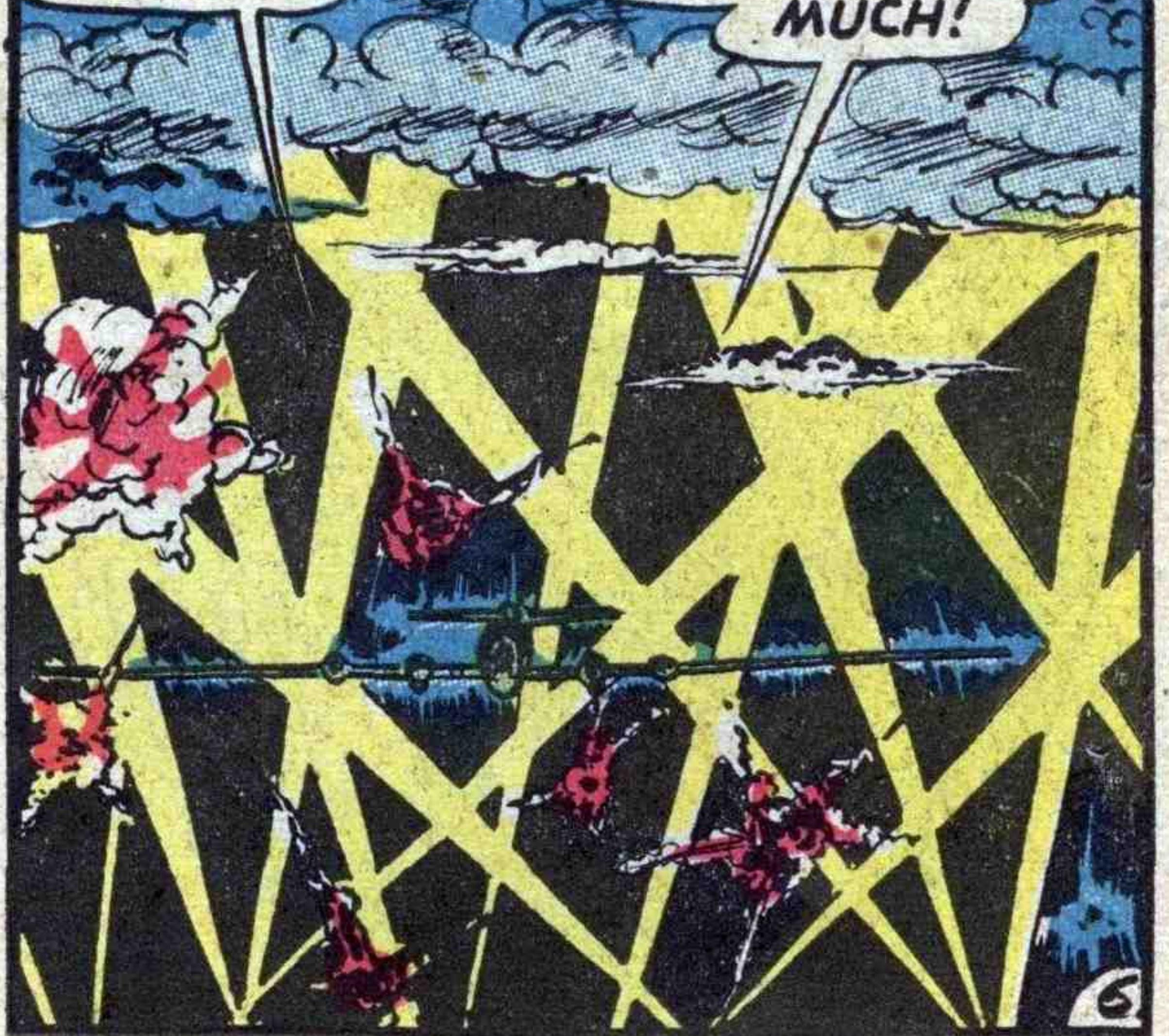
I'M WITH YOU-- I'M  
ANXIOUS TO KNOW  
YOUR MESSAGE!



--WE CAME TO OUR OBJECTIVE--UNLOADED OUR BOMBS,  
AND WERE STARTING BACK WHEN--

LET'S GET OUT OF  
HERE-- THIS PLACE  
IS **HOT!**

HOLD ON, GUYS-- I'M  
GOING TO **CLIMB!**  
THIS FLAK IS **TOO**  
**MUCH!**



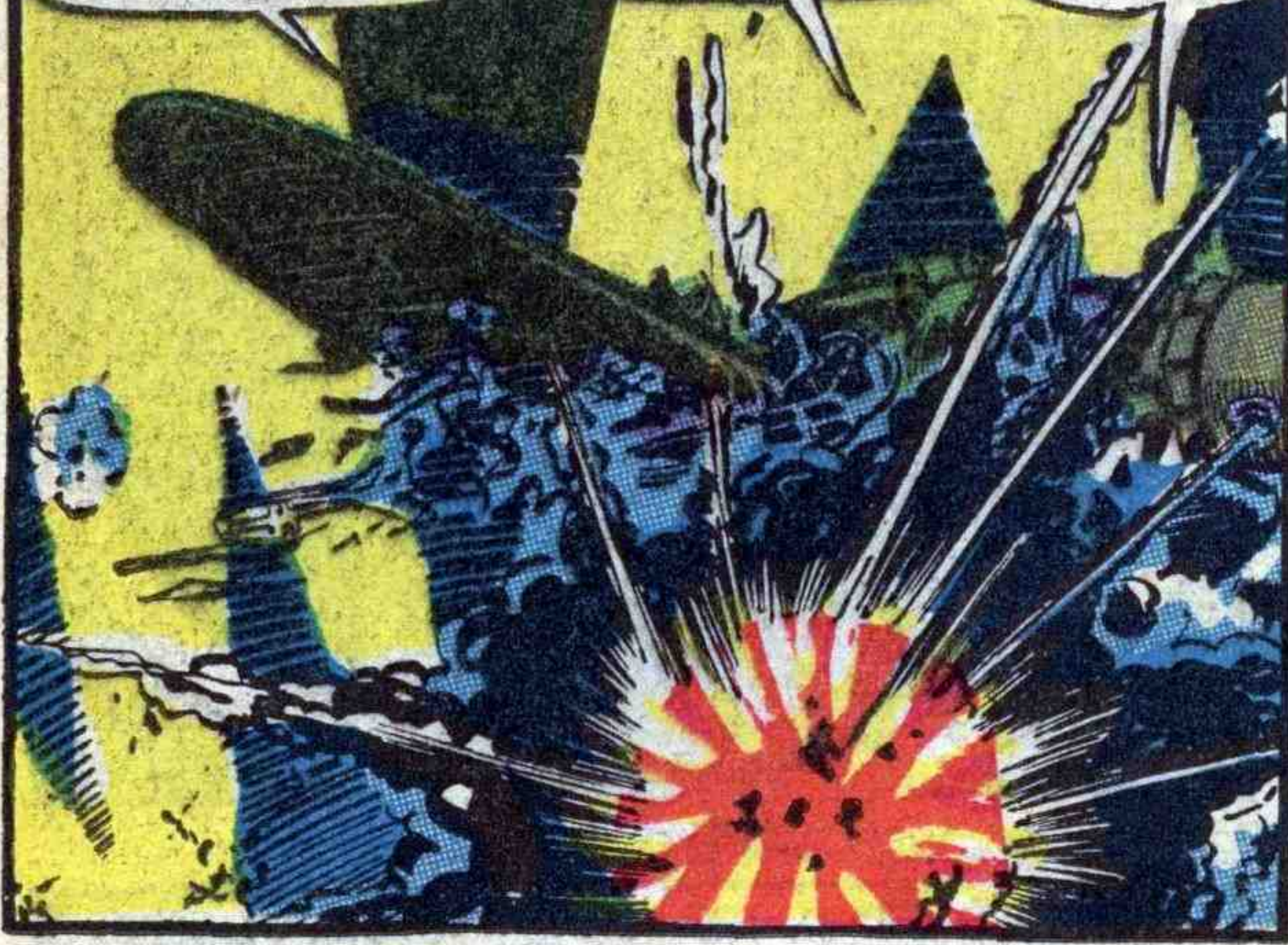


"AS WE TRIED TO CLIMB OUT OF THE RANGE OF THIS DEADLY FIRE-POWER, IT HAPPENED--OUR SHIP WAS HIT-- BUT HARD!"

THIS IS THE WORKS, BOYS! THIS SHIP WILL NEVER MAKE IT--LET'S GO OVER--

SWELL THOUGHT-- WITH THE AIR FULL OF FLACK!

SO WHAT--? IT'S WAR, ISN'T IT--?



"--IT'S WAR ALL RIGHT! WE FOUND THIS OUT AS WE WERE PARACHUTING TO EARTH--LIKE THIS--

UGH-H-

AGHH-H



"--WE FELL TO THE EARTH-- DEAD--WE KNEW IT-- BUT, SUDDENLY A STRANGE PHENOMENA TOOK PLACE--WE LOOKED AT EACH OTHER IN ASTONISHMENT--"

MAC-CHARLIE--SAM-- IS THIS **REAL**? --OR ARE WE DREAMING?

I-I-DON'T KNOW, BILL--I-I

WHERE ARE WE--W-- WHAT H-HAPPENED?



"--THEN WE KNEW-- BECAUSE A FEW MOMENTS LATER, WE WERE STANDING ALONGSIDE A GROUP OF NAZI GUNNERS-- THE ONES WHO SHOT US DOWN--"

GOOD SHOOTING, HANS--THAT MEANS **LESS** AMERIKANERS! IT MEANS THAT WE ARE HELPING TO SHORTEN THE WAR-- JA--?

JA--UND BRING A GLORIOUS VICTORY TO A **NEW** GERMANY-- IN THE NAME OF OUR FEUHRER!

**HEIL HITLER!**



THESE NAZIS AND JAPS ARE FOOLS! THE **ONE** THING WE **DID** LEARN WAS THAT THEY **DON'T KNOW** THAT THEY ARE BEING LEAD LIKE A PACK OF LAMBS TO THE SLAUGHTER

YOU MEAN-- THEY'RE BEFUDDLED WITH A LOT OF THEORIES?



"EXACTLY, RED CROSS-- THEY'RE **GOADED** INTO FIGHTING BY A LOT OF LOUD-MOUTHED TIN GODS, AND **FORCED TO KILL**-- BUT WE DID IT TO PROTECT OUR DEMOCRATIC PRINCIPLES-- AND OUR LOVED ONES AT HOME AS AN ANIMAL FIGHTS TO PROTECT THEIR VERY BEING FROM WOULD-BE OPPRESSORS!"







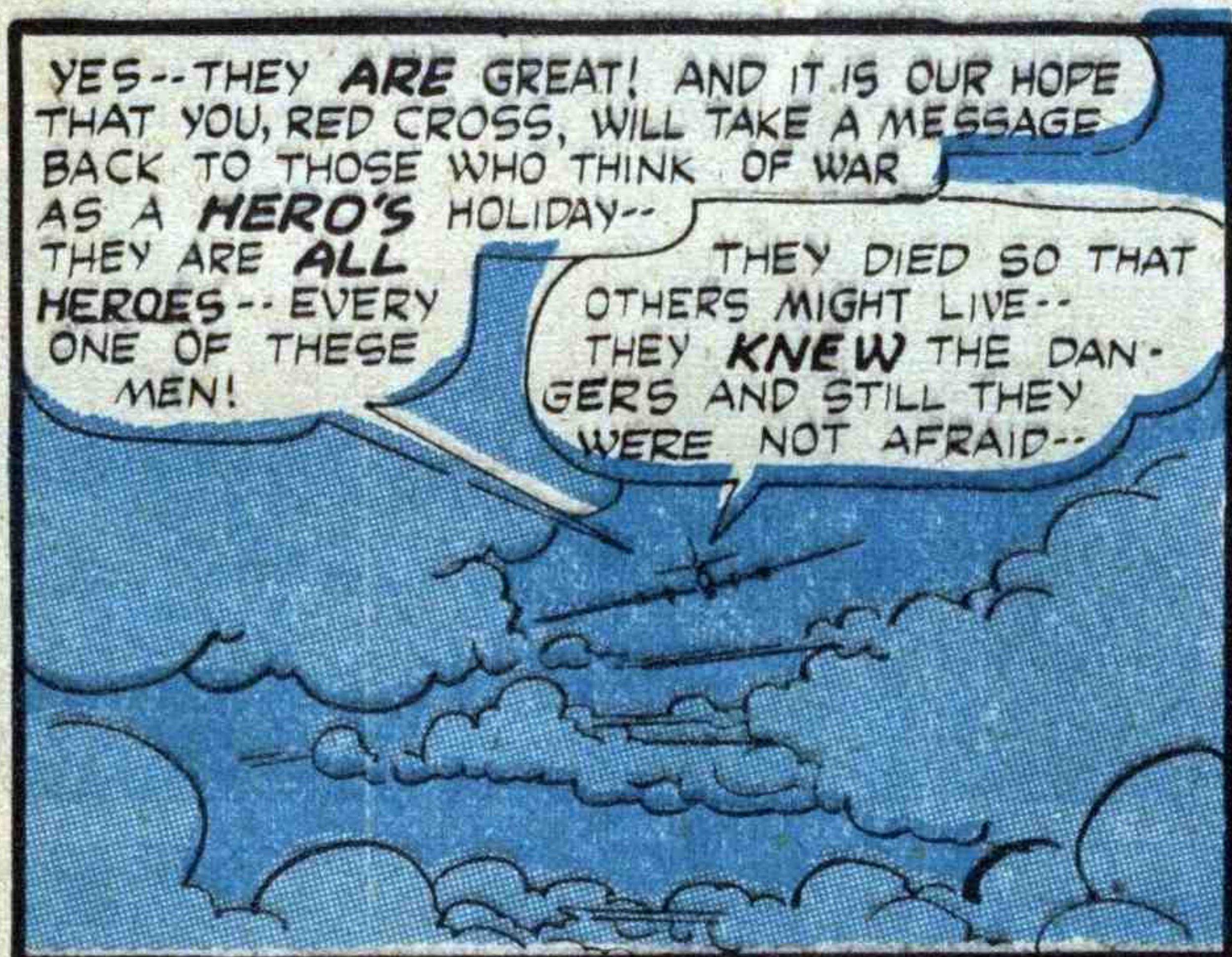
WE FIGHT TO **PROTECT** WHAT WE HAVE NOW--WE DON'T **CHOOSE** WARS -- THROUGHOUT TIME, AS YOU KNOW--THEY HAVE BEEN THRUST UPON US --

THEN THESE MEN ARE A CROSS-SECTION OF THOSE WHO ARE WILLING TO LAY DOWN THEIR LIVES FOR AMERICAN IDEALS?



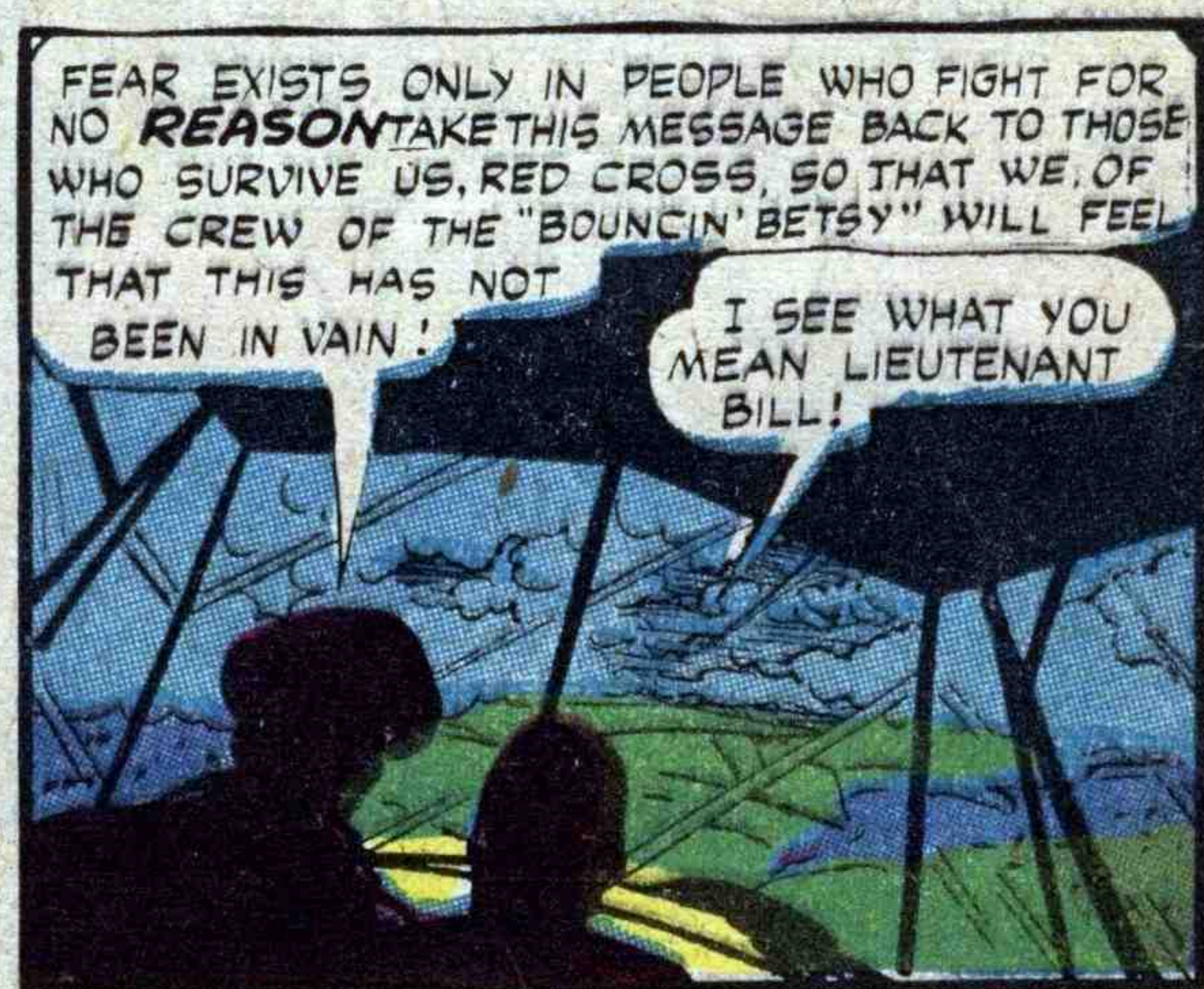
YES--THEY ARE! THEY ALL HAVE MOTHERS, FATHERS, WIVES, SWEETHEARTS AND CHILDREN WHO WILL MOURN THEM!

--AND THEY GLADLY GAVE THESE THINGS UP SO THAT A FUTURE GENERATION CAN ENJOY THE BLESSINGS OF FREEDOM-- HOW TRULY **GREAT** THEY ARE!



YES--THEY **ARE** GREAT! AND IT IS OUR HOPE THAT YOU, RED CROSS, WILL TAKE A MESSAGE BACK TO THOSE WHO THINK OF WAR AS A **HERO'S** HOLIDAY-- THEY ARE **ALL** HEROES-- EVERY ONE OF THESE MEN!

THEY DIED SO THAT OTHERS MIGHT LIVE-- THEY **KNEW** THE DANGERS AND STILL THEY WERE NOT AFRAID--



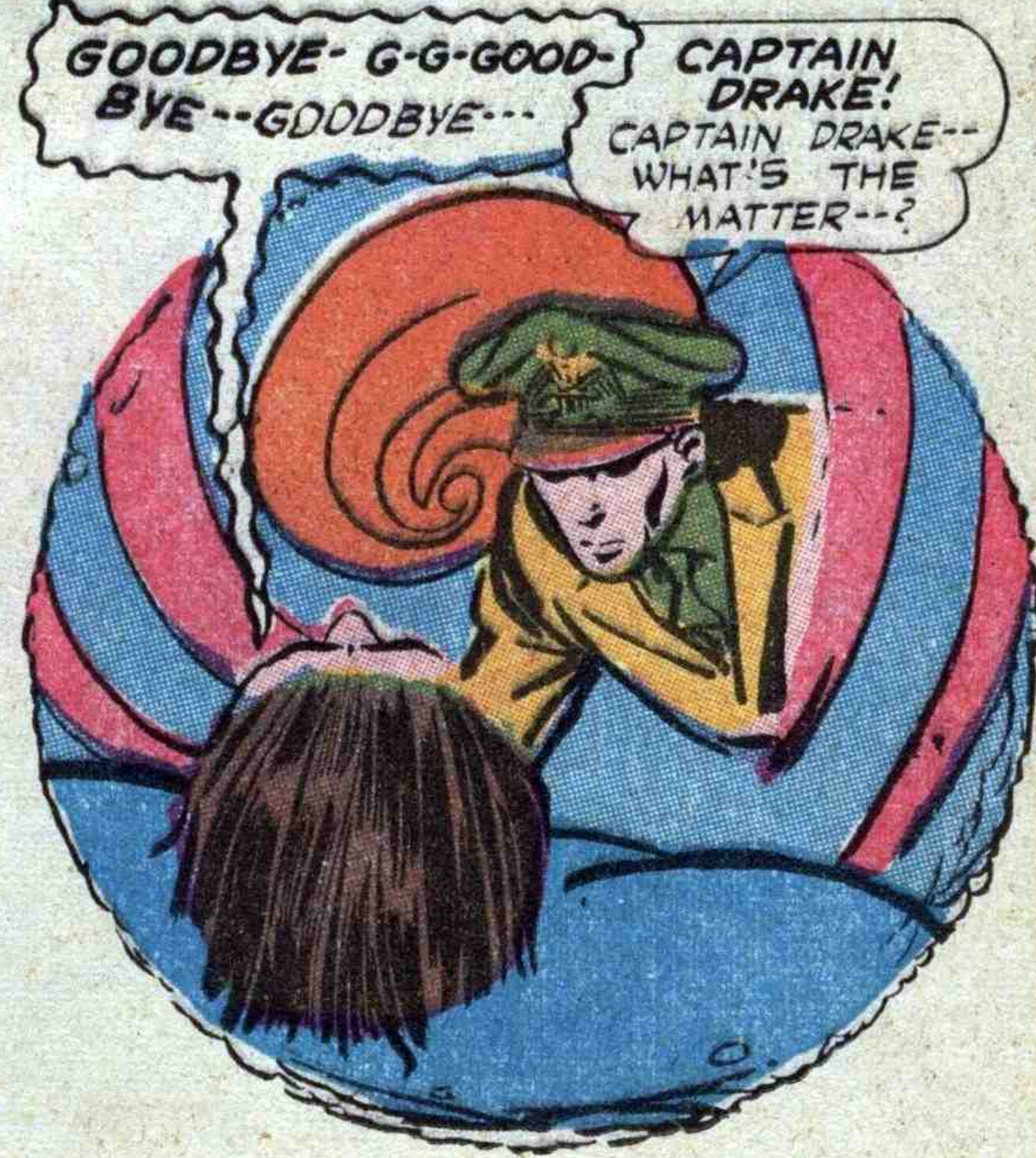
FEAR EXISTS ONLY IN PEOPLE WHO FIGHT FOR NO **REASON** TAKE THIS MESSAGE BACK TO THOSE WHO SURVIVE US, RED CROSS, SO THAT WE, OF THE CREW OF THE "BOUNCIN' BETSY" WILL FEEL THAT THIS HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN!

I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN LIEUTENANT BILL!



GOODBYE -- AND GOD SPEED YOU ON YOUR JOURNEY--

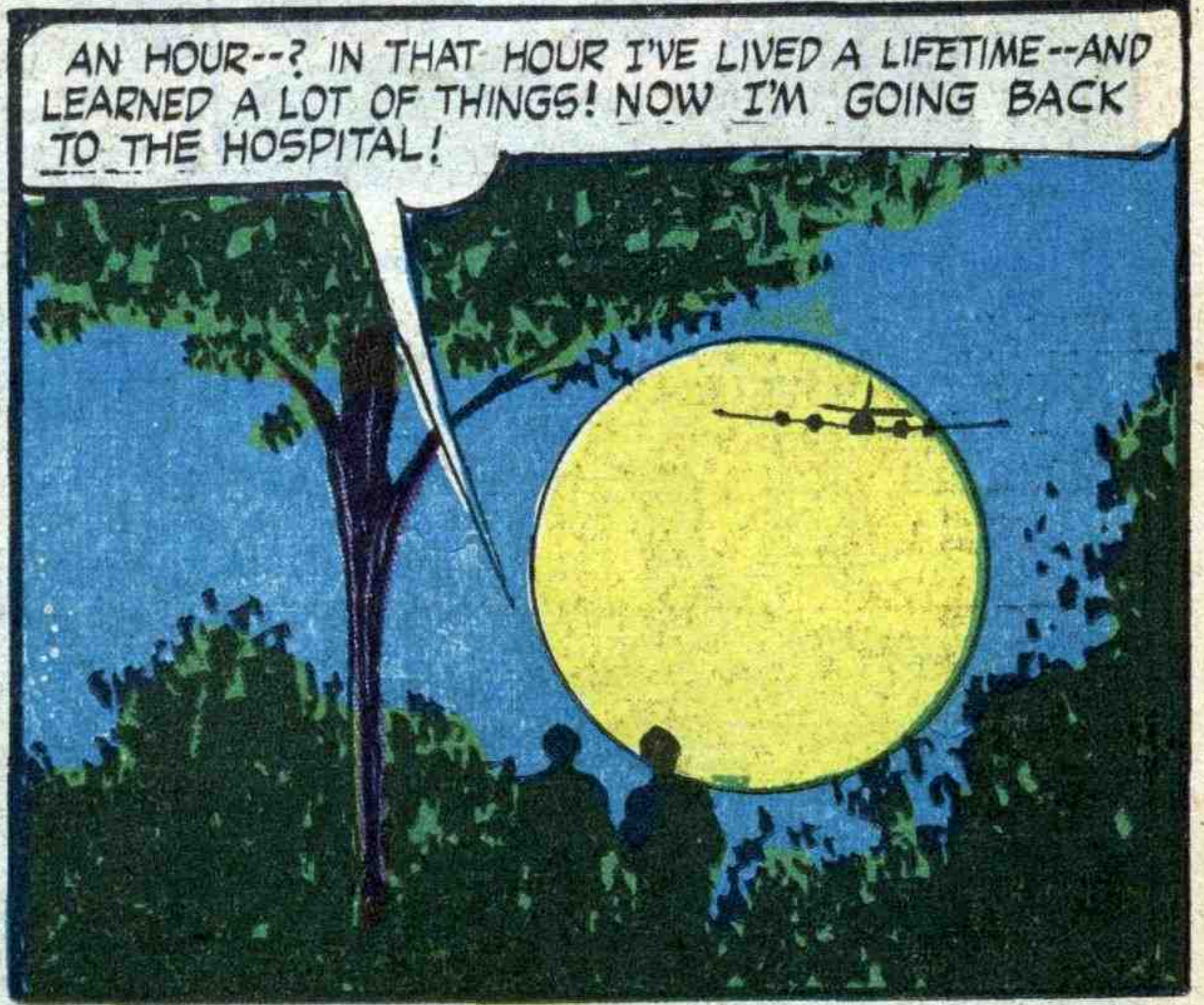
GOODBYE RED CROSS-- WE ARE GOING TO OTHER PLACES-- OUR MINDS ARE AT EASE NOW!



GOODBYE- G-G-GOOD-BYE--GOODBYE---

CAPTAIN DRAKE! CAPTAIN DRAKE-- WHAT'S THE MATTER--?





The *TOPS* in Punch and Power!

**TERRIFIC**  
COMICS  
WITH  
Kid Terrific  
and Jimmie  
and  
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and loads of others...

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THE CATMAN and the KITTEN



# Know Your Warplanes

**COUNTRY:** ITALY

**MODEL:** MACCHI C 202

ARMAMENT CONSISTS OF TWO HEAVY MACHINE GUNS FIRING THROUGH THE PROPELLER DISC, AND A LOAD OF SMALL BOMBS.

**MAXIMUM SPEED:** 330 MI. P.H.

**COUNTRY:** GREAT BRITAIN

**MODEL:** HAWKER HURRICANE 11B.

**NAME:** HURRIBOMBER

**ARMAMENT:** - IT'S GUNS HAVE GIVEN WAY TO TWO 250-LB BOMBS CARRIED BENEATH EACH WING.

**MAXIMUM SPEED:** ABOUT 350 M.P.H

**CRUISING RANGE:** 730 MI.

**COUNTRY:** RUSSIA

**MODEL:** I-26

**NAME:** LAGG 3

ARMAMENT IS KNOWN TO CONSIST OF TWO GUNS AND ONE CANNON

**MAXIMUM SPEED** IS IN EXCESS OF 300 M.P.H.

**COUNTRY:** U.S.

**MODEL:** LOCKHEED 322-61

**NAME:** LIGHTNING

ARMAMENT: CONSISTS OF ONE CANNON AND FOUR MACHINE GUNS, ALL CARRIED IN THE NOSE.

**SPEED:** OVER 400 M.P.H.; **CRUISING RANGE,** 1070 MI.



# Miss VICTORY

UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

**CONFIDENTIAL**-- WARN ALL PILOTS IN AREA B OF NEW JAPANESE PLANE OF UNUSUAL DESIGN FLOWN BY AN EXTRAORDINARILY SKILLED PILOT RESPONSIBLE FOR MANY AMERICAN LOSSES BECAUSE OF ABILITY TO SUDDENLY APPEAR WITHOUT WARNING AND OVERCOME OUR FLYERS WITH SUPERIOR GUN-FIRE....  
COL. F.C. McDERMOTT  
U.S. AIR FORCE

**Miss Victory**  
GOES TO THE COMBAT ZONE!! HERE WAS NEWS THAT STRUCK TERROR INTO THE LITTLE BROWN, SLANT-EYED NIPPONESE.. THAT IS, ALL EXCEPT ONE WHO DARED TO LURE OUR FIGHTING FEMALE INTO THE SKY! FOLLOW THE ADVENTURE OF JOAN WAYNE, THE FORMER STENOGRAPHER, AS SHE PUTS HER STRENGTH AGAINST THE CLEVER SCHEMING SUSU MENKA FROM TOKYO!

Nino Albright

"THIS IS JOAN WAYNE SPEAKING. HERE IS A GIRL WHO CAN TRACE HER ANCESTRY BACK TO THE GREAT AMERICAN SOLDIER 'MAD ANTHONY' WAYNE OF REVOLUTIONARY DAYS."

I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY, COLONEL McDERMOTT, AND I **STILL** WANT TO TAKE A TRY AT IT!

IT'S A BIG JOB, MISS WAYNE! IN THE COMBAT AREA-- THE NIPS WILL BE ALL AROUND YOU!

THIS SPOT IS WHERE MOST OF THE PLANES WERE SHOT DOWN-- THIS SPECIAL JAP PLANE MUST BE LOCATED ON ONE OF THESE SMALL ISLANDS-- THEY'RE ALL JAP HELD NOW--

YOUR ASSIGNMENT WILL BE TO MAKE A SURVEY OF THIS AREA WITH THE THOUGHT IN MIND FOR A BOMBER FERRY SERVICE BETWEEN HERE AND THERE!

YES, COLONEL!



ORDINARILY, THIS WOULD BE A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FROM HEADQUARTERS WITH A DETAIL OF OBSERVATION PLANES FLOWN TO THE SPOT--BUT THE APPEARANCE OF THIS NEW LONE MENACE CHANGES ALL THAT-- SOMEONE WITH **YOUR** ABILITY AND KNOWLEDGE OF FERRYING BOMBERS HAS TO APPEAR THERE **FIRST**, AND LAY OUT THE NECESSARY GROUNDWORK-- YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY TWO AIR-FORCE OFFICERS!



VERY WELL, COLONEL-- WISH ME LUCK!

THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, AT THE OFFICER'S CLUB IN SAN FRANCISCO--



HELLO, HARGRAVES-- RIGHT ON TIME -- SIT DOWN --

RIGHT, KERRIGAN-- DID SHE SHOW UP YET?

YEAH--AND WE ALL HAVE TO WEAR THESE "V'S" ON OUR SHOULDERS SO WE'LL ALL RECOGNIZE EACH OTHER!



KERRIGAN! **LOOK!** DO YOU WANT TO SEE SOMETHING **BEAUTIFUL?**

NO! WHEN DID YOU EVER HEAR OF A WOMAN WHO WAS ON TIME? BESIDES, I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE LOOKS LIKE --AND I DON'T CARE!



THESE CONFIDENTIAL ASSIGNMENTS SURE ARE **CONFIDENTIAL!** IMAGINE TWO LIEUTENANTS BEING ORDERED TO MEET A STRANGE GIRL IN THE OFFICER'S CLUB--!



SHE'S ALL RIGHT-- IT WOULDN'T BE BAD IF THAT FLYING FEMALE LOOKED JUST A LITTLE BIT LIKE **HER!**

NO SUCH LUCK-- JOAN WAYNE'S PROBABLY ONE OF THOSE BIG TOUGH OUTDOOR GIRLS!

GOOD AFTERNOON, GENTLEMEN! I'M JOAN WAYNE! I BELIEVE WE HAVE AN APPOINTMENT!



HUH??!! YOU'RE JOAN WAYNE?

SIT DOWN, MISS WAYNE, --RIGHT HERE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

THE INTELLIGENCE SERVICE HAS ITS REASONS IN ASKING US TO MEET HERE-- OBVIOUSLY IT IS THE MOST INCONSPICUOUS PLACE BECAUSE OF ITS INFORMALITY-- HOWEVER, I AM HANDING YOU SEALED INSTRUCTIONS-- WE ARE LEAVING TONIGHT--

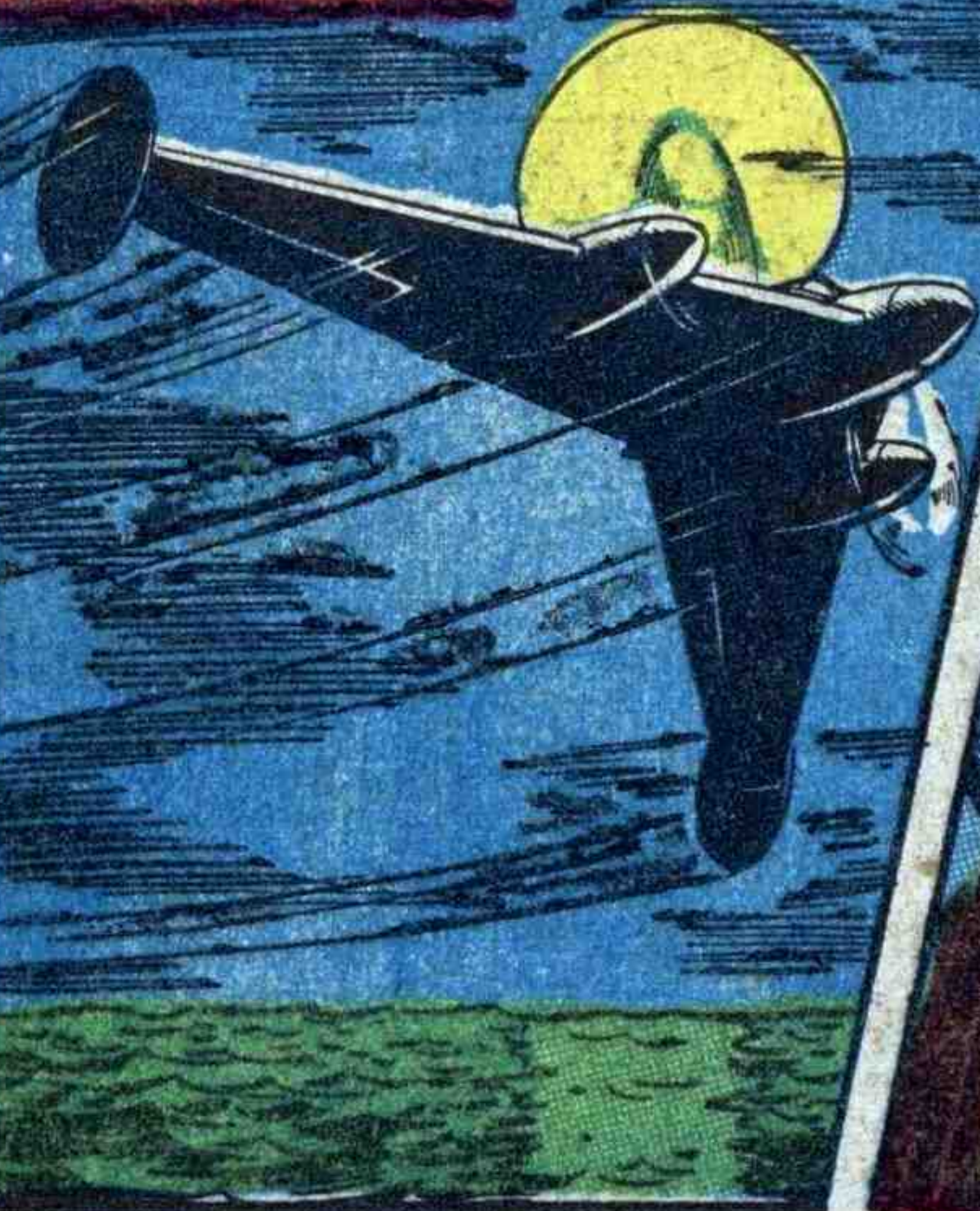


SUITS ME FINE!

ME TOO!



THAT NIGHT, JOAN WAYNE'S SLEEK PLANE WINGS ITS WAY OVER THE BROAD PACIFIC--



AND ITS OCCUPANTS MAP OUT THE ASSIGNMENT GIVEN THEM--

OUR JOB IS TO MAKE A REGULAR LINE SURVEY--CHECK WEATHER CONDITIONS, AND MAP OUT GOOD LANDING FACILITIES!

MOST OF THESE LITTLE ISLANDS HERE ARE CONTROLLED BY JAPS!

RIGHT! AND THERE'S **ONE** JAP IN PARTICULAR THAT I'D LIKE TO MEET!

IN THE AIR!



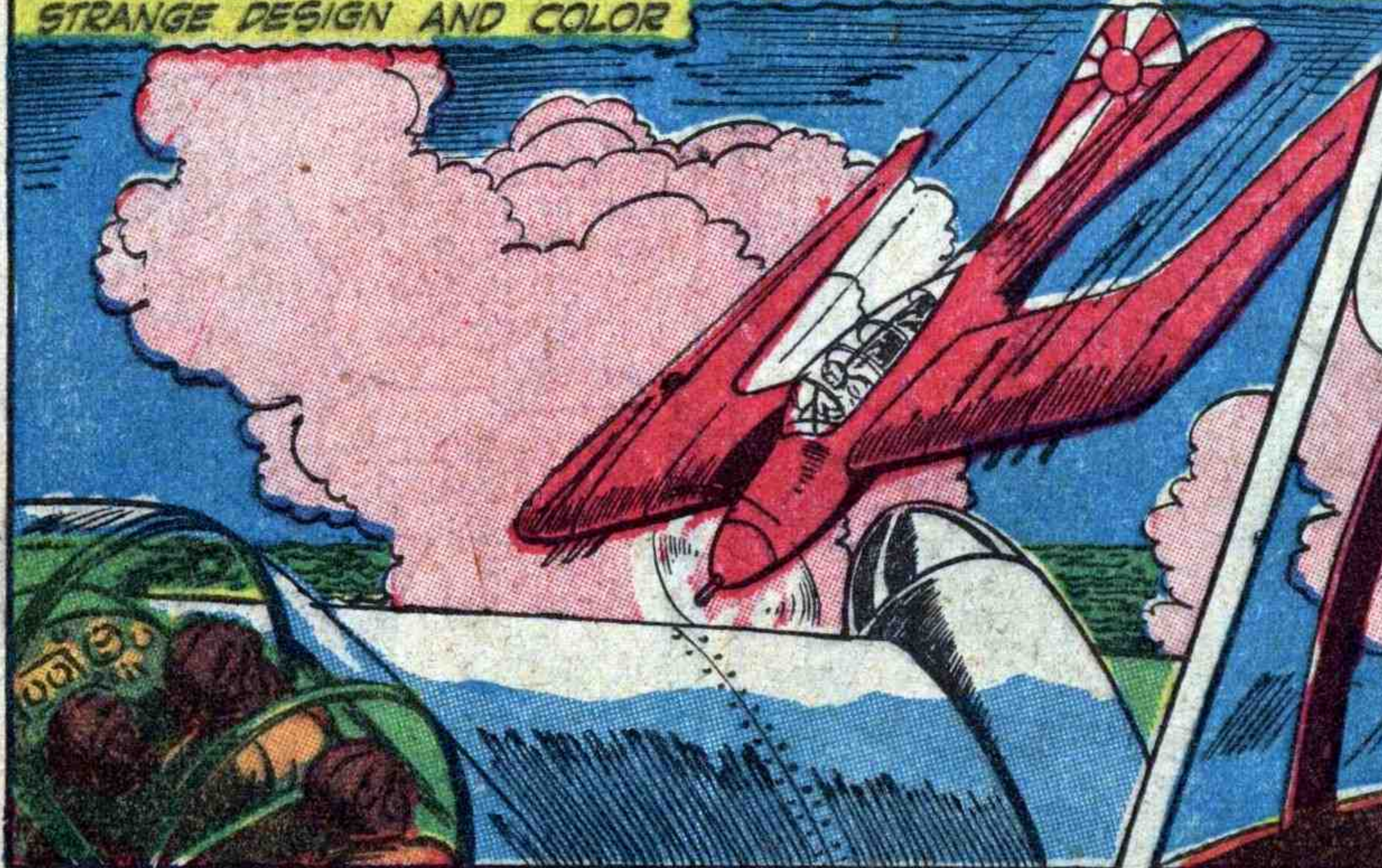
HOURS LATER--

WE SHOULD REACH SECTOR 'G' WITHIN THE NEXT HALF HOUR!

KERRIGAN! WHAT'S THAT FLYING TOWARD US--A **COMET**?



ALL EYES TURN TOWARD THE SPOT, AND, SWOOPING DOWN OUT OF THE HEAVENS AT A TERRIFYING SPEED COMES A PLANE OF STRANGE DESIGN AND COLOR



AND IN ITS COCKPIT SITS A GOGGLED, SILENT FIGURE WHO PEERS STRAIGHT AHEAD AT THE NEWCOMERS TO THE SOUTH PACIFIC SKIES

OH-HO-- THAT PLANE! I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT IT-- **MISS VICTORY!** THIS IS GOING TO BE A **PLEASURE!**



IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE **BATTLE** ON OUR HANDS! WILL YOU GENTLEMEN KINDLY TURN YOUR BACKS FOR A MOMENT?

SURE-- BUT WHY?

DON'T ASK QUESTIONS-- SHE KNOWS WHAT SHE'S DOING!



AN INSTANT LATER--

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! NOW YOU KNOW WHY!

**MISS VICTORY!**

**WOW! THIS IS DYNAMITE!**





"DYNAMITE" IS RIGHT, BECAUSE AT THE CONTROLS OF HER OWN SHIP, MISS VICTORY CAN PACK A MEAN WALLOP--

THAT GUY MEANS BUSINESS!

WHERE' YOUR GUNS, MISS VICTORY!

A FLICK OF A SWITCH, AND INSTANTLY MISS VICTORY'S SHIP BECOMES A FLYING ARSENAL--

THIS IS FANTASTIC!

AND I'M GOING TO **NEED** THEM TOO!

MISS VICTORY IS RIGHT, FOR IT IS APPARENT THAT THE LONE ENEMY IS POSSESSED OF SUPER SKILL AND EQUIPMENT.

TAC-A-TAC-A-TAC-A-TAC

THIS IS ONE TIME WHEN I'LL **HAVE** TO USE EVERY TRICK I KNOW!

AGGH-R-R-R!

HARGRAVES!  
HARGRAVES!

HE-HE-S  
DEAD!!

A FEW SECONDS LATER, THE SKY BATTLE IS UNDER WAY WITH TWO CLEVER DUELISTS IN THE COCKPITS OF TWO STRANGE SHIPS!

I CAN'T SEEM TO EVEN **REACH** HIM! HE'S THE **FASTEST** NIP I EVER SAW!

GAD! WHAT FLYING!

CLIMBING OUT OF THE RANGE OF MISS VICTORY'S FIRE-POWER, THE NIPPONESE SHIP EXECUTES A LONG STREAMING ROLL COMING IN FOR THE KILL!

HERE HE COMES AGAIN, MISS VICTORY!

I KNOW, KERRIGAN!  
**DUCK!**



ONCE MORE, A HAIL OF JAPANESE  
LEAD COMES POUNDING THROUGH  
MISS VICTORY'S CRAFT--



AND ONCE MORE FINDS  
ITS MARK--

UGH-H-H!!  
MY CHEST--  
UGH-H-H--!

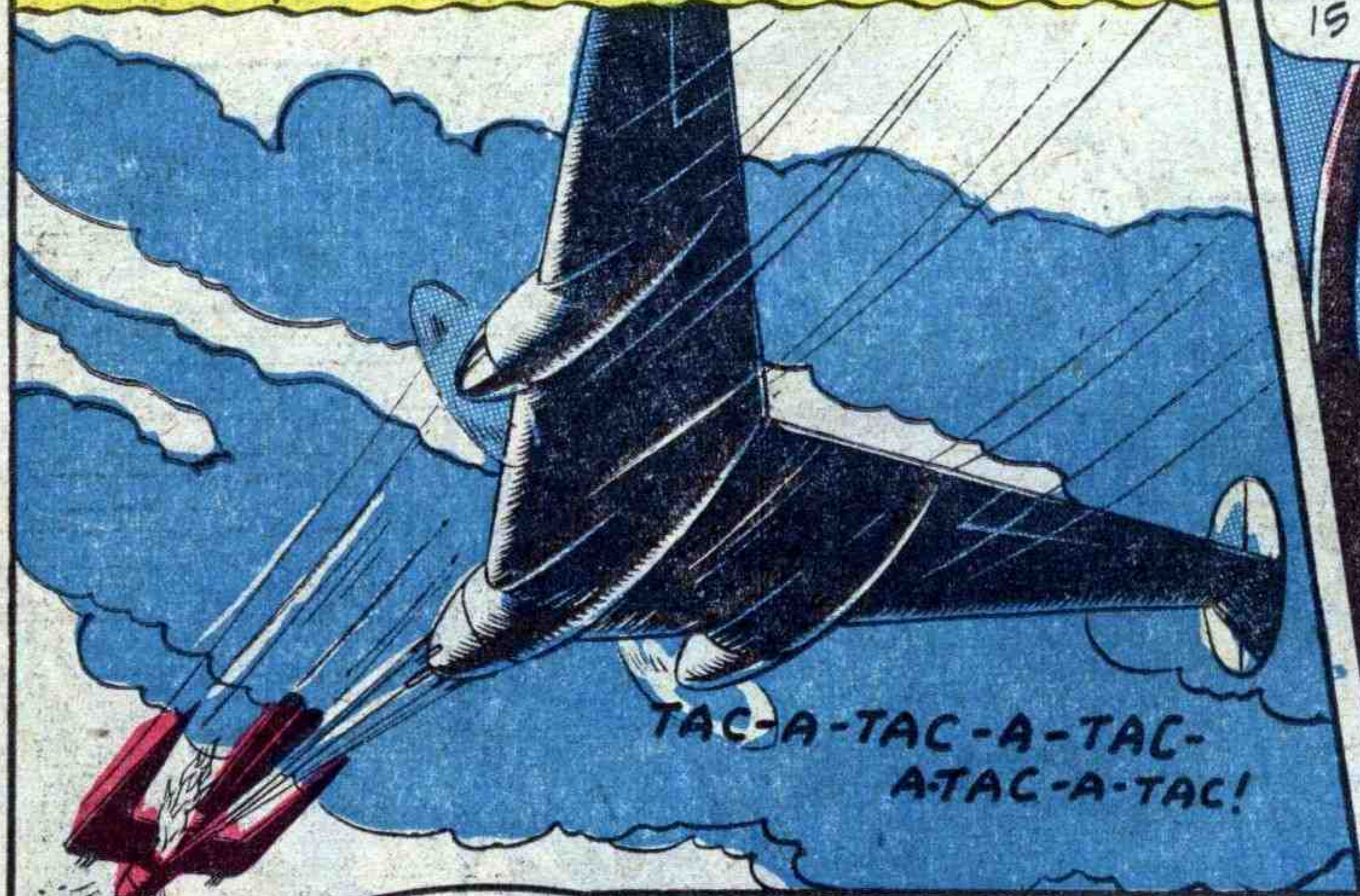
LIE DOWN  
ON THE FLOOR!



THAT'S BRILLIANT COMBAT  
FLYING, WHOEVER YOU ARE!  
BUT I'M IN NO MOOD FOR  
COMMENTS-- I'M  
GOING TO KILL  
YOU!



A SUDDEN SPARRING FOR AN OPENING --A QUICK  
CHANGE OF POSITION --AND THEN, THE FAMOUS  
"VICTORY PUNCH"!



A HIT!!  
HE'S GOING TO  
LAND! HIS ENGINE  
IS AFIRE!

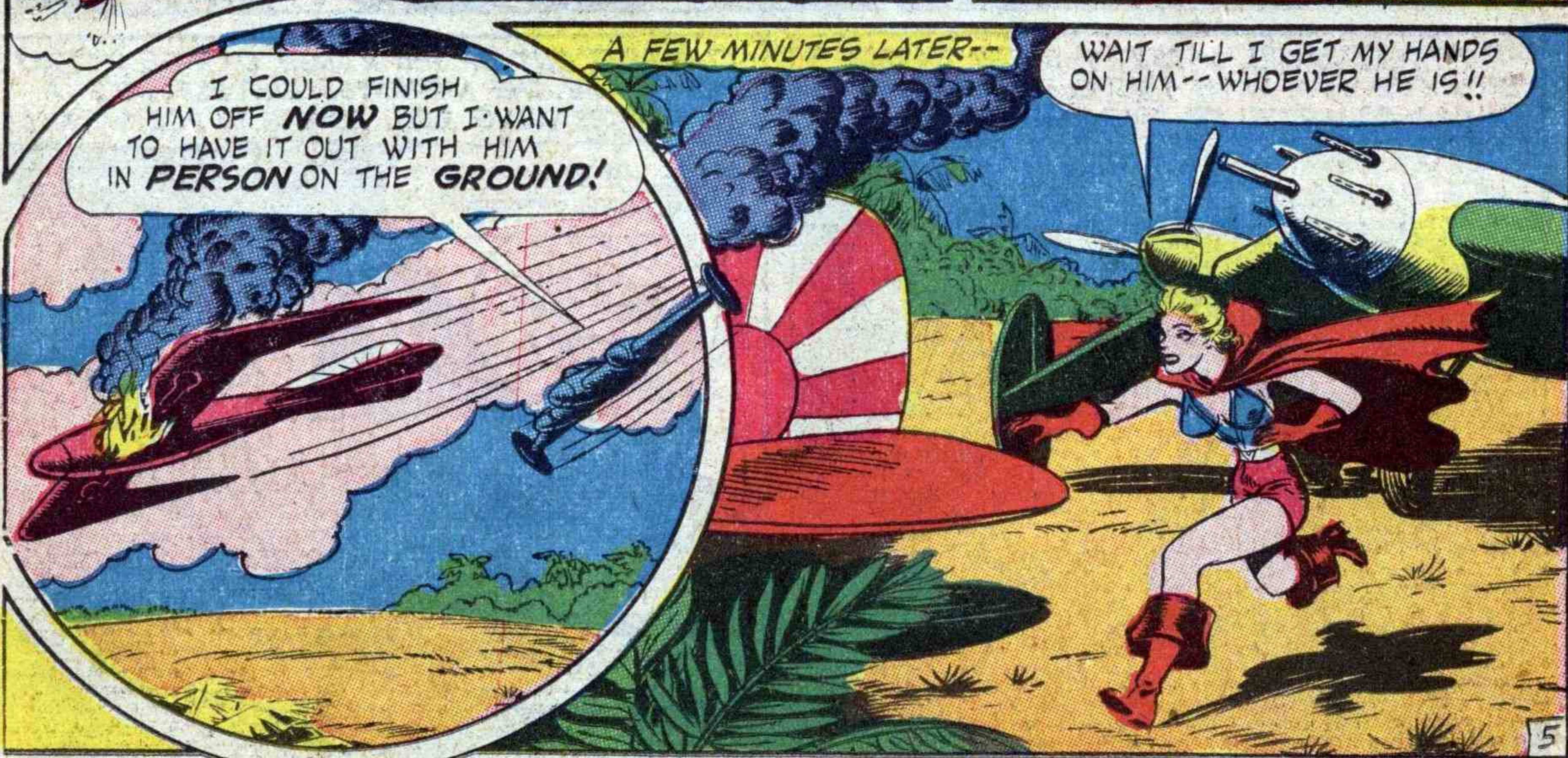
GOOD JOB, MISS VICTORY!  
YOU--SURE--KNOW--  
YOUR STUFF!



I COULD FINISH  
HIM OFF **NOW** BUT I WANT  
TO HAVE IT OUT WITH HIM  
IN **PERSON** ON THE **GROUND**!

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

WAIT TILL I GET MY HANDS  
ON HIM-- WHOEVER HE IS!!





SUDDENLY A FIGURE CLAMBERS PAINFULLY OVER THE SIDE OF THE SHIP, AND MISS VICTORY GASPS IN AMAZEMENT.

GOOD HEAVENS!! IT CAN'T BE--



SLUMPING TO THE GROUND, THE OTHER FLYER REMOVES HER HELMET AND GOGGLES--

IT'S A WOMAN!!

GO ON--SHOOT ME! THAT IS WHAT WE DO TO PRISONERS-- I LOST-- I AM A DISGRACE TO THE SON OF HEAVEN!



WHO ARE YOU? I DIDN'T KNOW THAT THE JAPANESE HAD **WOMEN** IN THEIR AIR FORCE!

THEY HAVEN'T, BUT, BECAUSE OF GREAT CASUALTIES INFLICTED UPON US BY **YOUR** ACCURSED COUNTRY, JAPANESE WOMEN HAVE VOLUNTEERED TO DO WHAT I'M DOING-- I KNEW I WOULD BE TRACKED DOWN-- SOONER OR LATER-- I'M VERY PROUD TO HAVE KILLED **MANY** AMERICAN PIGS!



I AM **SUSUMENKA** FROM TOKYO-- I AM WHAT YOU STUPID-AMERICAN GIRLS-CALL-- GLAMOR-GIRL-- I-- I--



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FROM THE NIPPONESE PLANE SENDS MISS VICTORY HURTLING BACKWARDS--



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF MILITARY INTELLIGENCE, BACK IN THE UNITED STATES--

THE VENTURE WAS A SUCCESS! BY ELIMINATING THIS FLYER FROM THAT AREA, WORK CAN GO ON UNHAMPERED-- AND-- BY THE WAY, LIEUTENANT KERRIGAN IS RECOVERING AND WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU--!

SHE MUST HAVE HAD A BOMB PLANTED IN THE PLANE IN CASE SHE SHOULD BE CAPTURED !!!

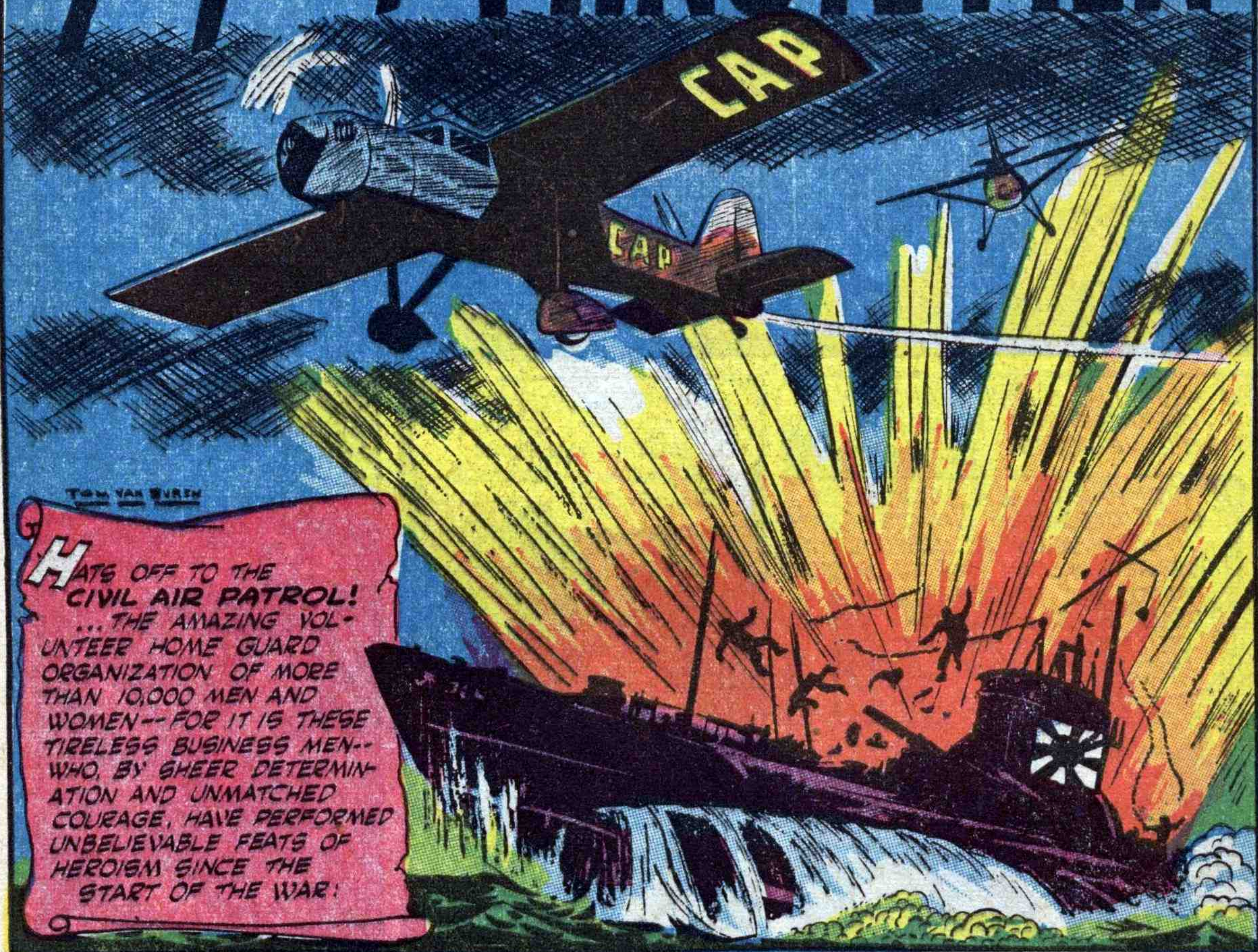


THANKS, COLONEL! I'M GOING TO VISIT HIM TODAY! WE HAVE A LOT TO TALK ABOUT-- THAT WAS ONE OF THE STRANGEST EXPERIENCES I'VE EVER HAD--





# Flying MINUTE MEN



TOM VAN BUREN

**H**ATE OFF TO THE CIVIL AIR PATROL! ... THE AMAZING VOL-UNTEER HOME GUARD ORGANIZATION OF MORE THAN 10,000 MEN AND WOMEN-- FOR IT IS THESE TIRELESS BUSINESS MEN-- WHO, BY SHEER DETERMINATION AND UNMATCHED COURAGE, HAVE PERFORMED UNBELIEVABLE FEATS OF HEROISM SINCE THE START OF THE WAR!

SENSING THE IMMINENCE OF CONFLICT, A GROUP OF CIVILIAN PILOTS STAGE A MASS MEETING ON DEC. 1, 1941--

I WARN YOU-- WAR IS COMING-- WE CAN HELP-- WE MUST HELP!



BUT WHAT CAN WE DO?

PLENTY! WE CAN ORGANIZE A CIVIL AIR PATROL TO GUARD AGAINST SABOTEURS AND SUBMARINES-- AND WE CAN ALSO ACT AS COURIERS FOR THE ARMY AND FOR WAR PLANTS!





**AFTER THE JAPS STRIKE AT PEARL HARBOR--**

ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND CIVILIAN PILOTS, 25,000 PRIVATE PLANES, AND MORE THAN 1,000 AIRPORTS IN 48 STATES ARE AT YOUR COMMAND, GENERAL!

EXCELLENT! YOU'LL WORK UNDER DIRECT ORDERS FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT!



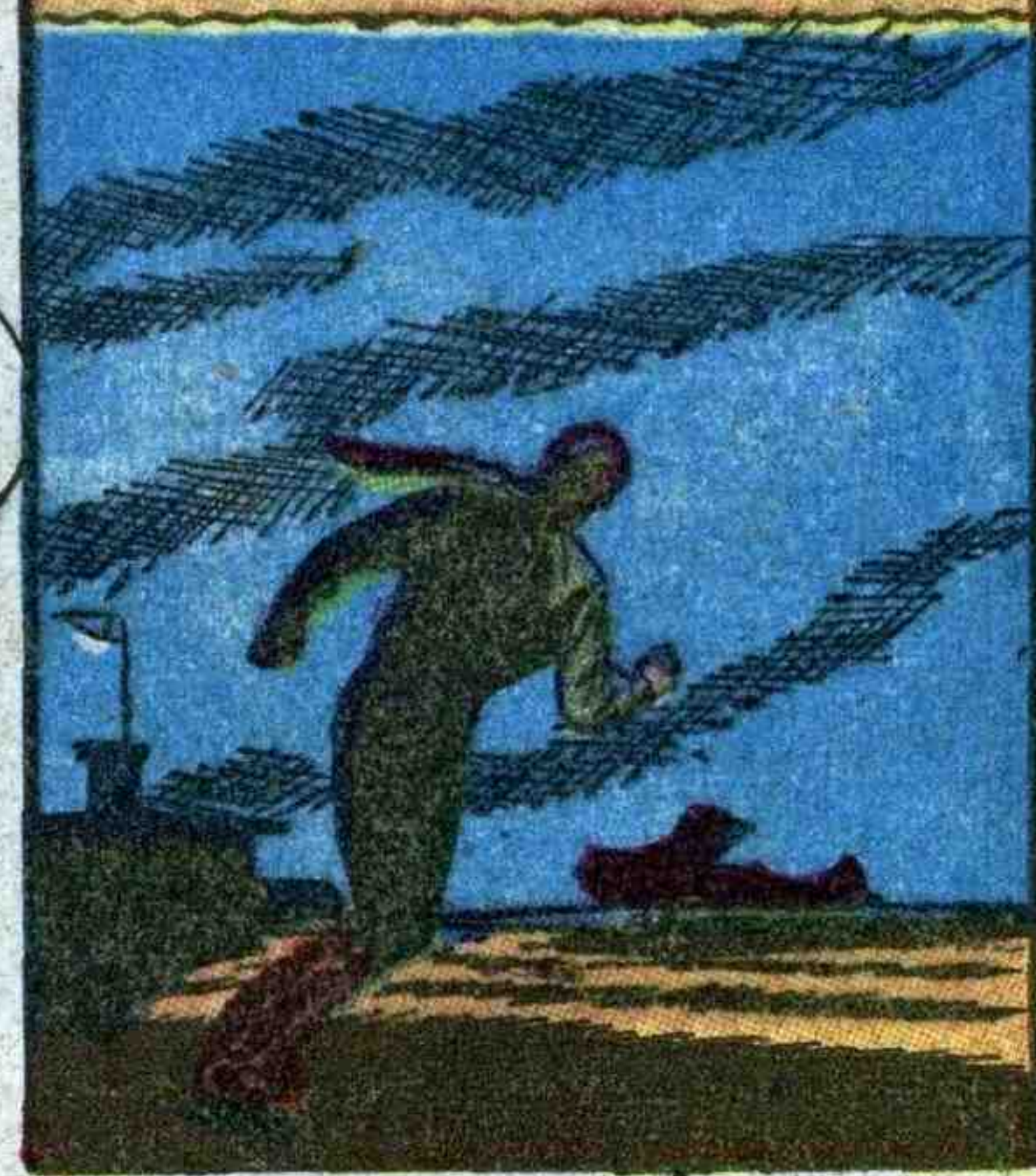
**LATER--LT. COL. EARLE L. JOHNSON, PRESENT COMMANDER OF THE C.A.R. VISITS WASHINGTON--**

I'M CONCERNED ABOUT THE SAFETY OF OUR AIRPORTS AND WARPLANTS-- THEY COULD EASILY BE WRECKED BY SABOTEURS!

IT'S NOT AS BAD AS ALL THAT--



**DETERMINED TO PROVE HIS POINT, COL. JOHNSON TAKES OFF FROM A CLEVELAND AIRPORT.**



**A FEW MINUTES LATER-- UNDETECTED HE DROPS A SANDBAG ON AN IMPORTANT WAR PLANT!**



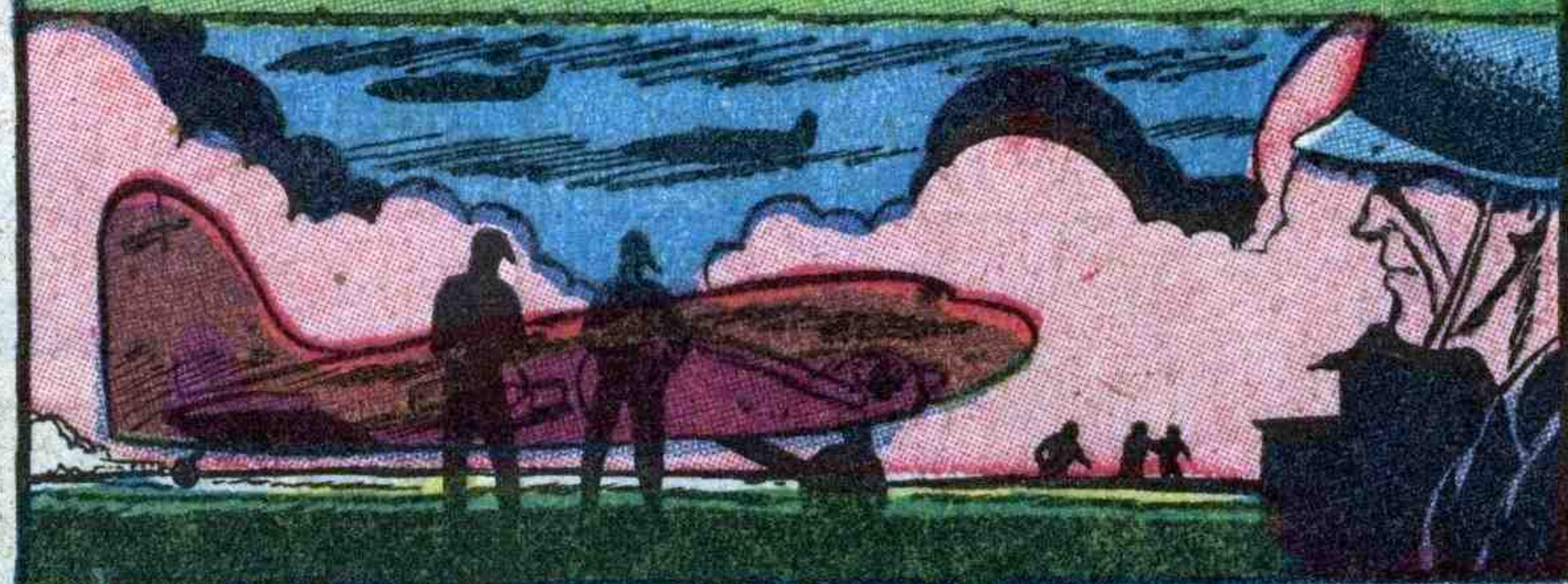
HELP! HELP!!

THE NAZIS ARE HERE!

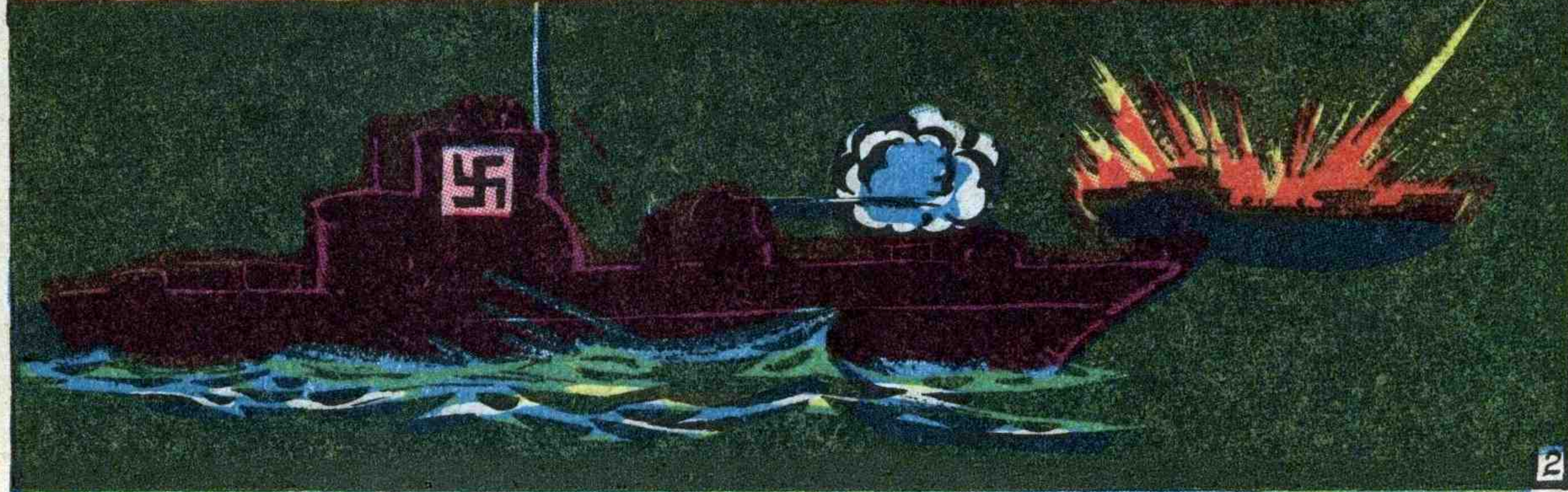
WE'VE BEEN BOMBED!!



**IMMEDIATELY WAR PLANTS AND AIRPORTS ARE PLACED UNDER STRICT GUARD-- AND NO PLANES ARE ALLOWED OFF THE GROUND WITHOUT CLEARANCE--**

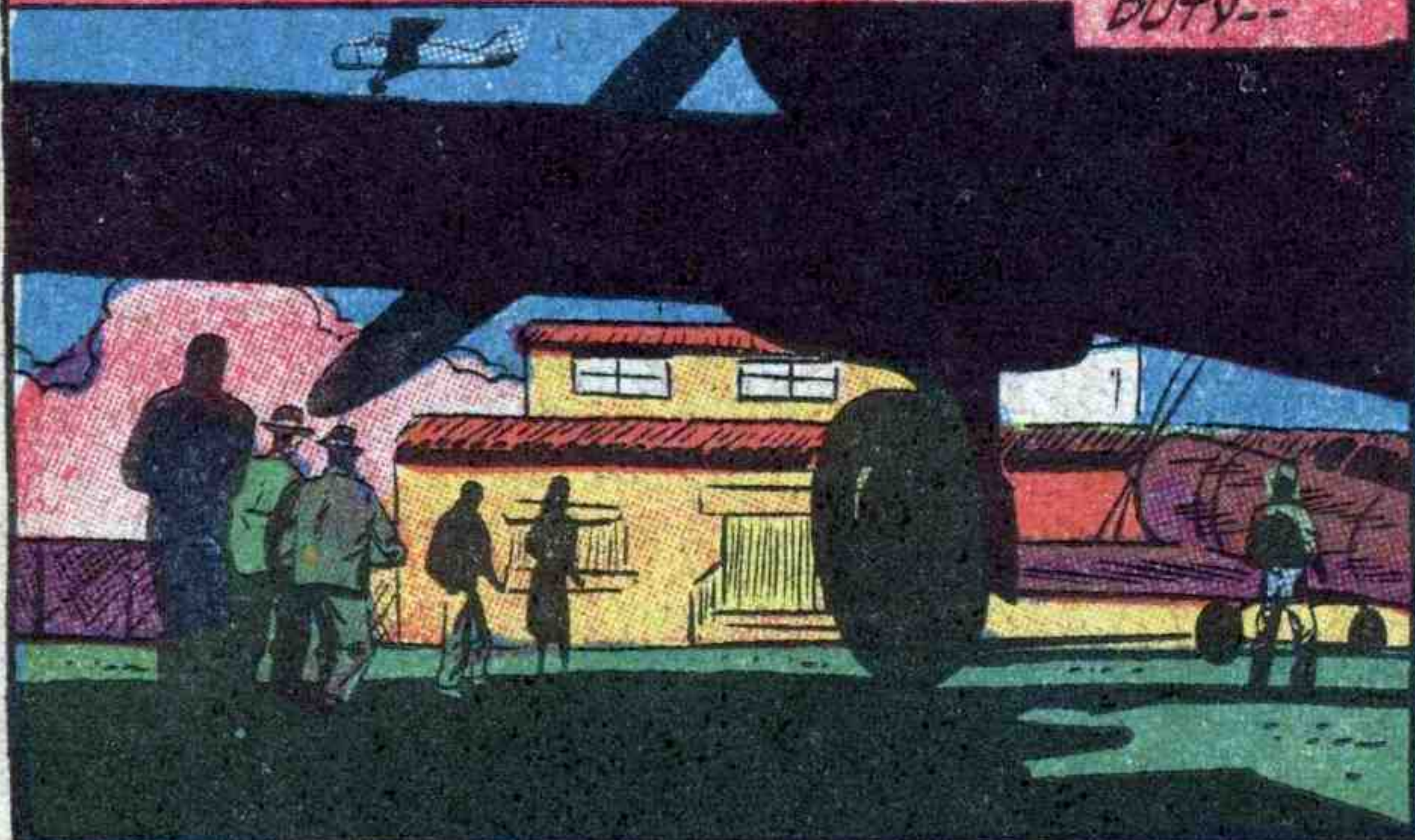


**THEN-- PACKS OF NAZI U-BOATS POUNCE ON SHIPPING ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST--**





SPRINGING INTO ACTION AT THE FIRST VOLUNTEER BASES AT ATLANTIC CITY, N.J., AND REHEBETH, DEL., COMPLETE UNITS, WITH THEIR OWN PLANES, RADIO EQUIPMENT, DOCTORS, NURSES AND MECHANICS REPORT FOR ACTIVE DUTY--



MAINTAINING RADIO COMMUNICATION WITH SHIPS AND SHORE-- THE PLANES PATROL THE SEA--

ENEMY U-BOAT 10 MILES OFF CAPE MAY, TRAILING MEDIUM SIZED TANKER!



TOM, I'M GOING AFTER THAT SUB!

BUT-FRANK-- WE'RE UNARMED!



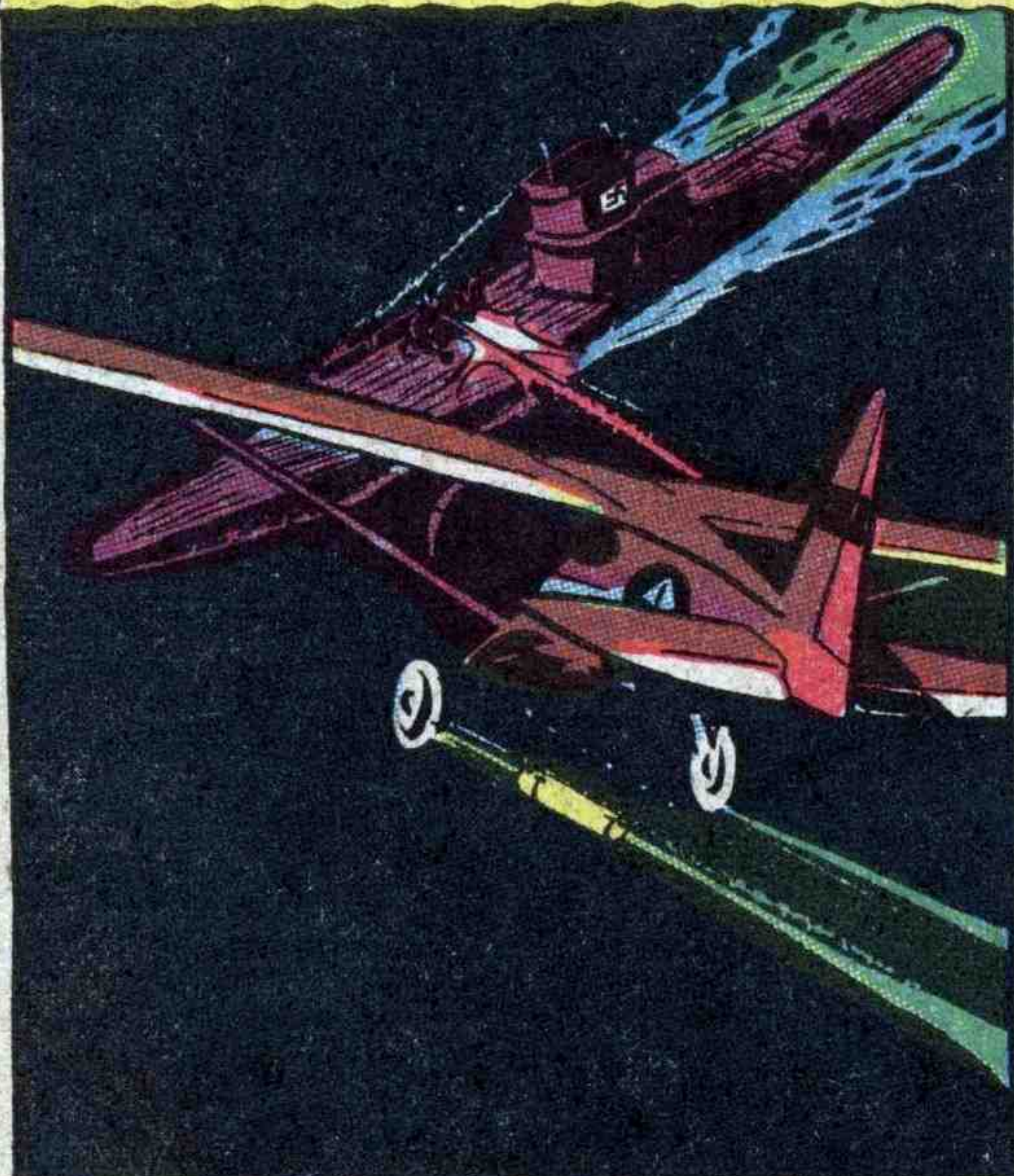
YEAH! BUT THE SUB DOESN'T KNOW THAT!



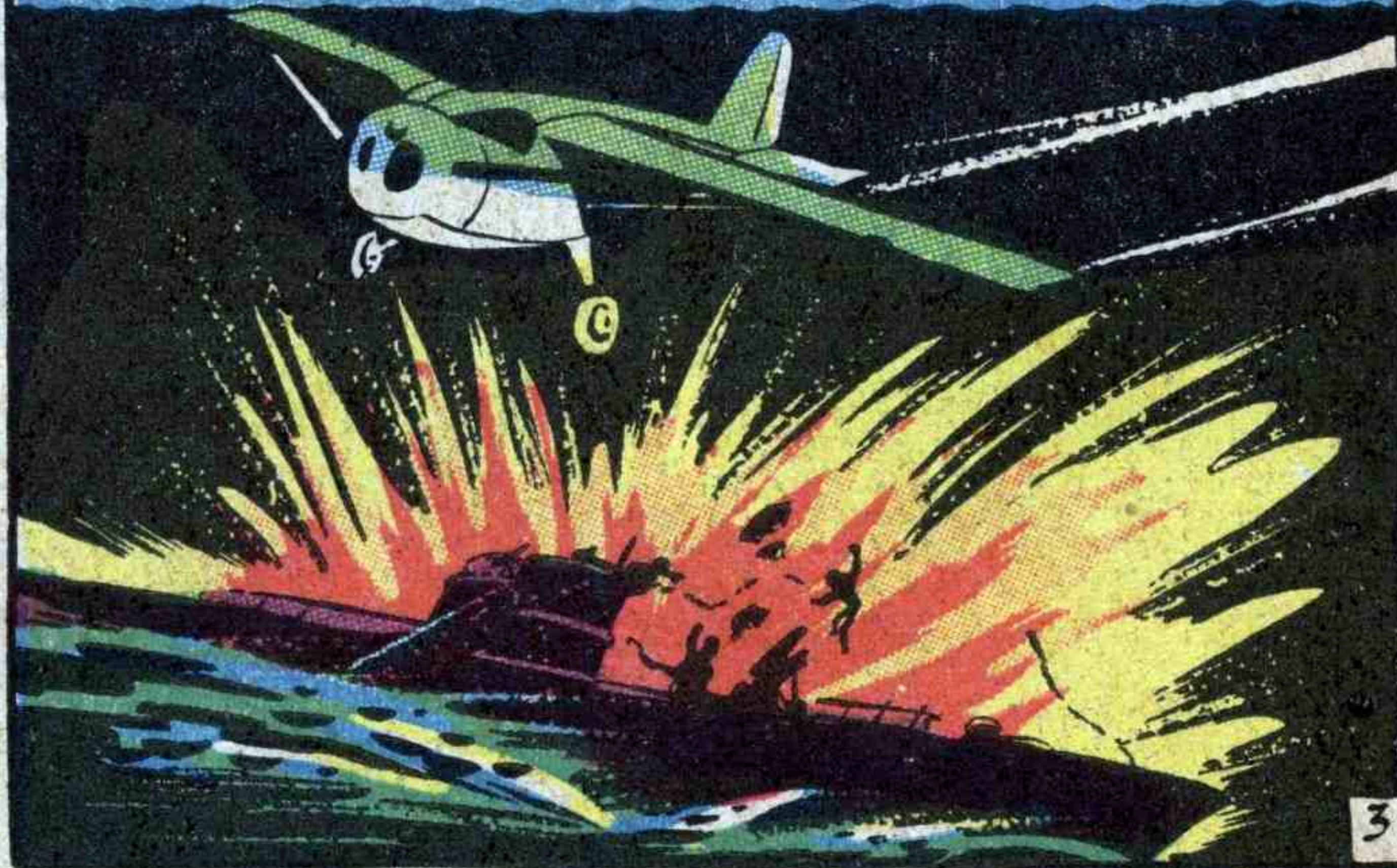
THE BIG U-BOAT CRASH DIVES, AND THE C.A.P. PLANE SAVES A VALUABLE OIL CARGO!



LATER-- PLANES ARE FITTED WITH LIGHT RACKS FOR TWO DEMOLITION BOMBS--AN ATTACHMENT FOR DEPTH CHARGES, AND AN INGENUOUS BOMBSIGHT COSTING BUT TWENTY CENTS!



NOT ONLY IS THE SUB DESTROYED, AND A MILLION DOLLAR CARGO SAVED--BUT SINCE THEN, MORE THAN 50 U-BOATS HAVE BEEN CHASED FROM U.S. WATERS!





EQUALLY IMPORTANT ARE THE INLAND ACTIVITIES OF THE C.A.P. WHICH FREES MANY ARMY PILOTS FOR MORE URGENT WORK..



FOR INSTANCE--RECENTLY AT YORK, PA.

A GRINDING WHEEL AT OUR WAR PLANT HAS BROKEN DOWN--IT WEIGHS 400 POUNDS, BUT IF YOU COULD FLY TO WORCESTER FOR ANOTHER--

DON'T WORRY, SIR, WE'LL GET YOU ANOTHER WHEEL IN A FEW HOURS!



THAT AFTERNOON--

YOU CAN'T LOAD THAT WHEEL ON YOUR PLANE--IT WEIGHS 400 POUNDS--YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO TAKE OFF!

DON'T WORRY--I'LL MANAGE--!

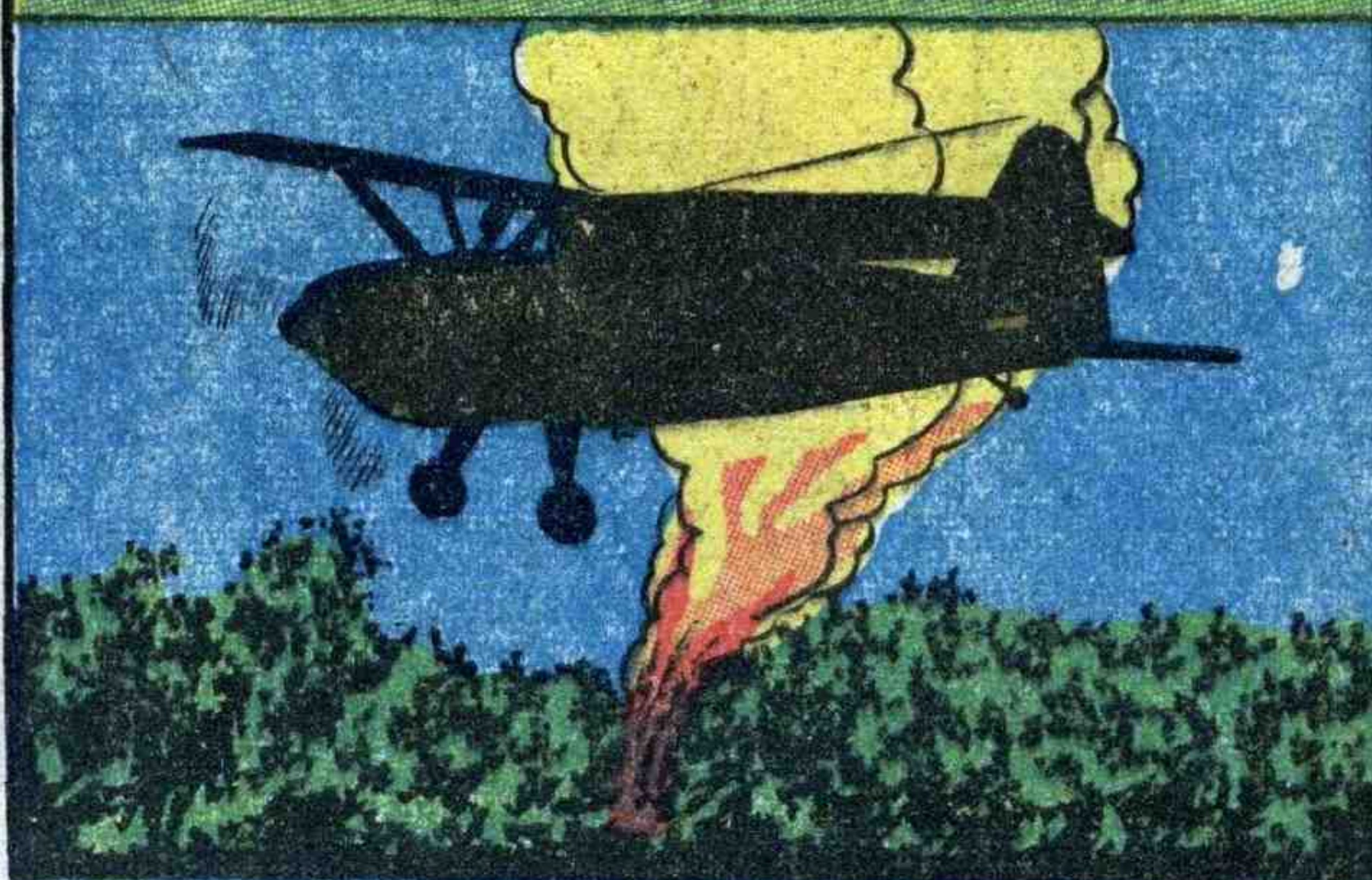


LATER--

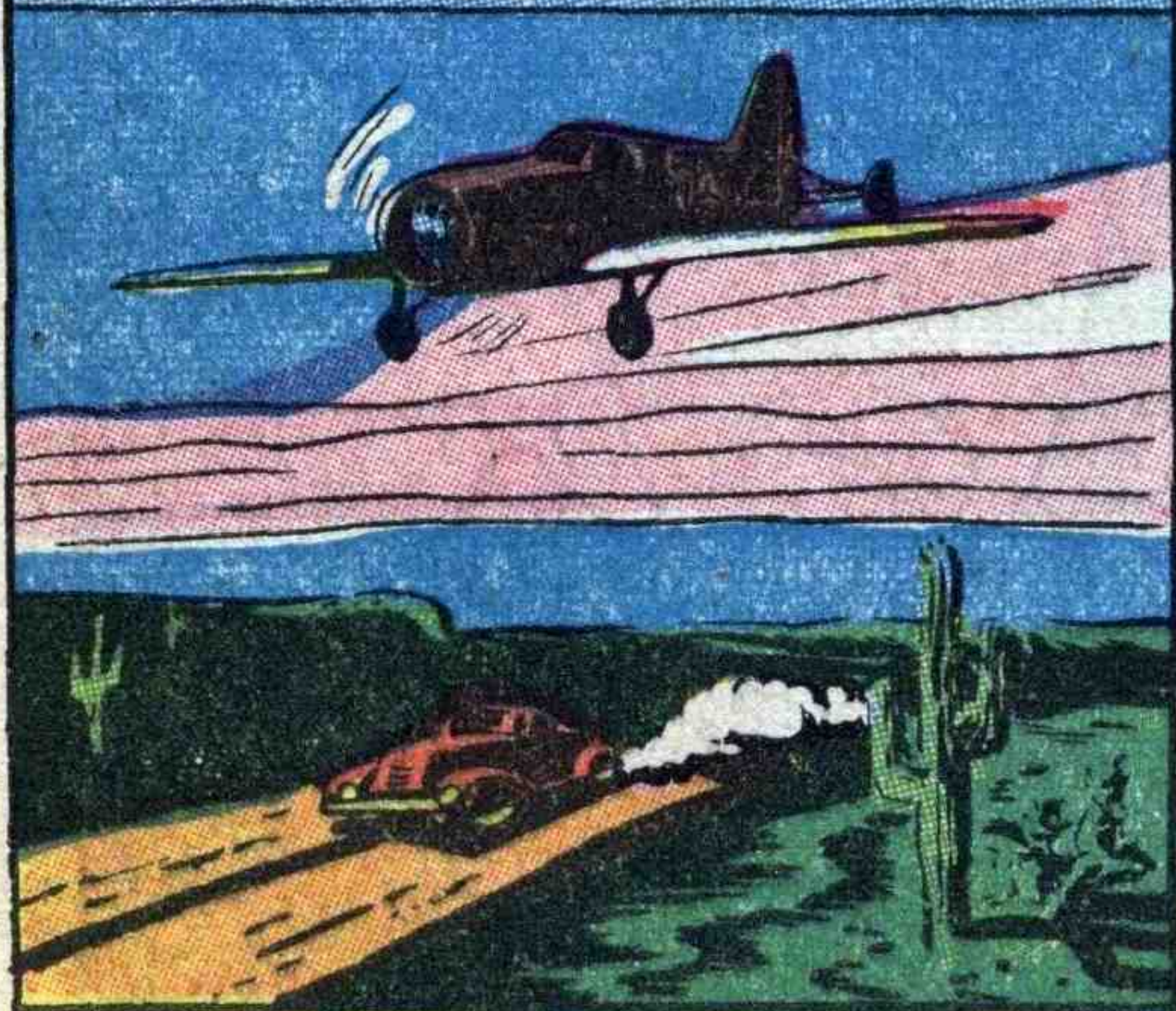
CONGRATULATIONS, JOE! YOU'VE PREVENTED A WORK STOPPAGE OF SEVERAL DAYS!



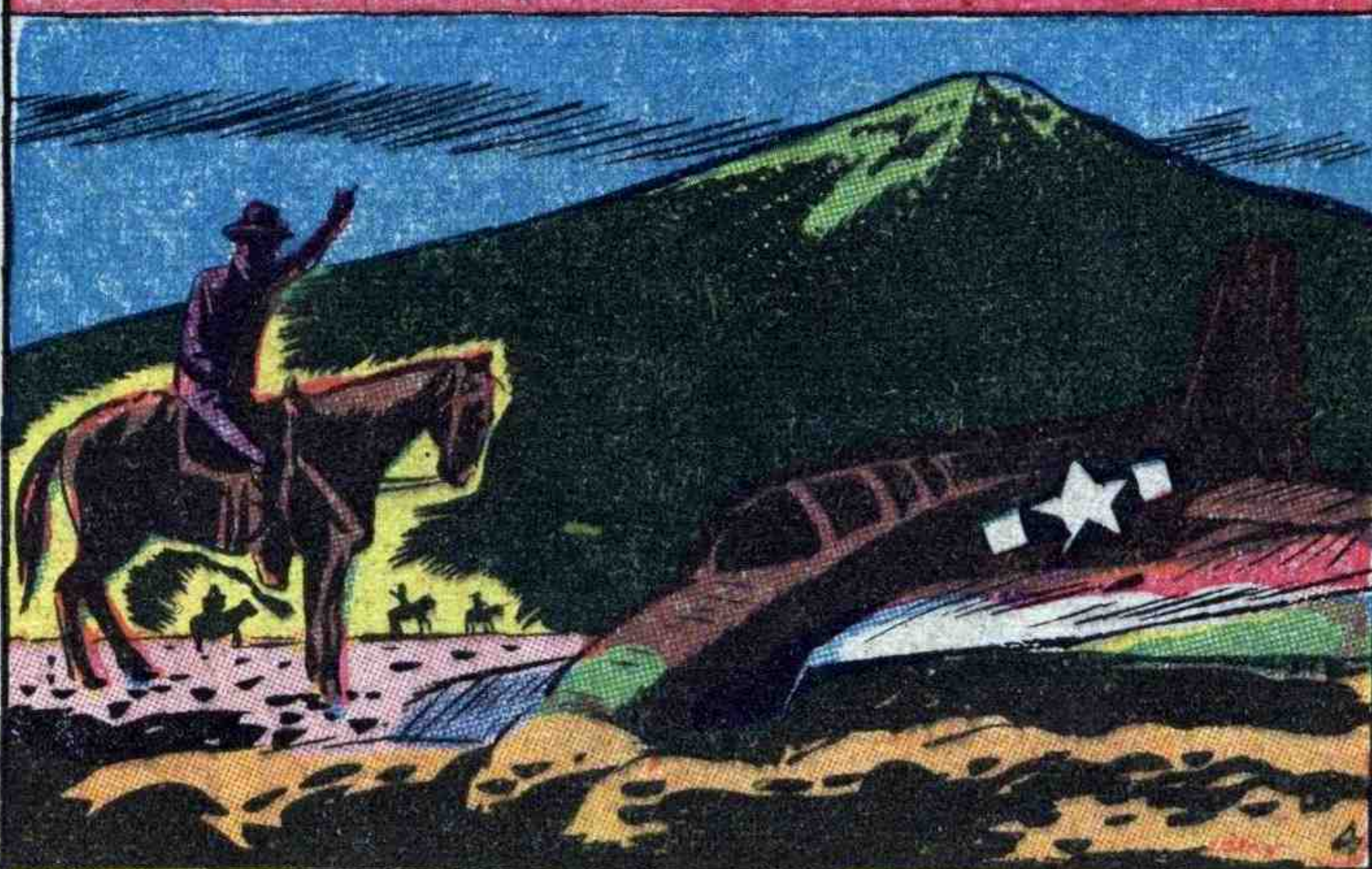
OTHER UNITS PATROL FORESTS REGULARLY TO PREVENT DANGEROUS FIRES FROM SPREADING!



COOPERATING WITH BOTH THE U.S. AND MEXICO, THE C.A.P. SOUTHERN LIASON PATROL KEEPS A WATCHFUL EYE ON BORDER MOVEMENTS--



IN NEVADA, A CAVALRY SQUADRON OF 160 HORSEMEN, EQUIPPED WITH SADDLE TO SADDLE STRETCHERS, CARRIES OUT SEARCH MISSIONS BY FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS FROM OVERHEAD PLANES....





NEW HAMPSHIRE BOASTS A TRAINED CORP OF SKI AND SNOW-SHOE TROOPERS...WHO HAVE AFFECTED SPECTACULAR RESCUES--



DURING SPRING FLOODS IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER REGION--C.A.P. PLANES QUICKLY SPOT SMALL LEVEE LEAKS WHICH THEY REPORT TO AIR CREWS, PREVENTING MAJOR DAMAGE--



THE LITTLE PLANES OFTEN PANCAKE DOWN ON SOGGY FIELDS, BRINGING DOCTORS, NURSES, PLASMA AND FOOD TO COMMUNITIES MAROONED BY RISING WATERS---



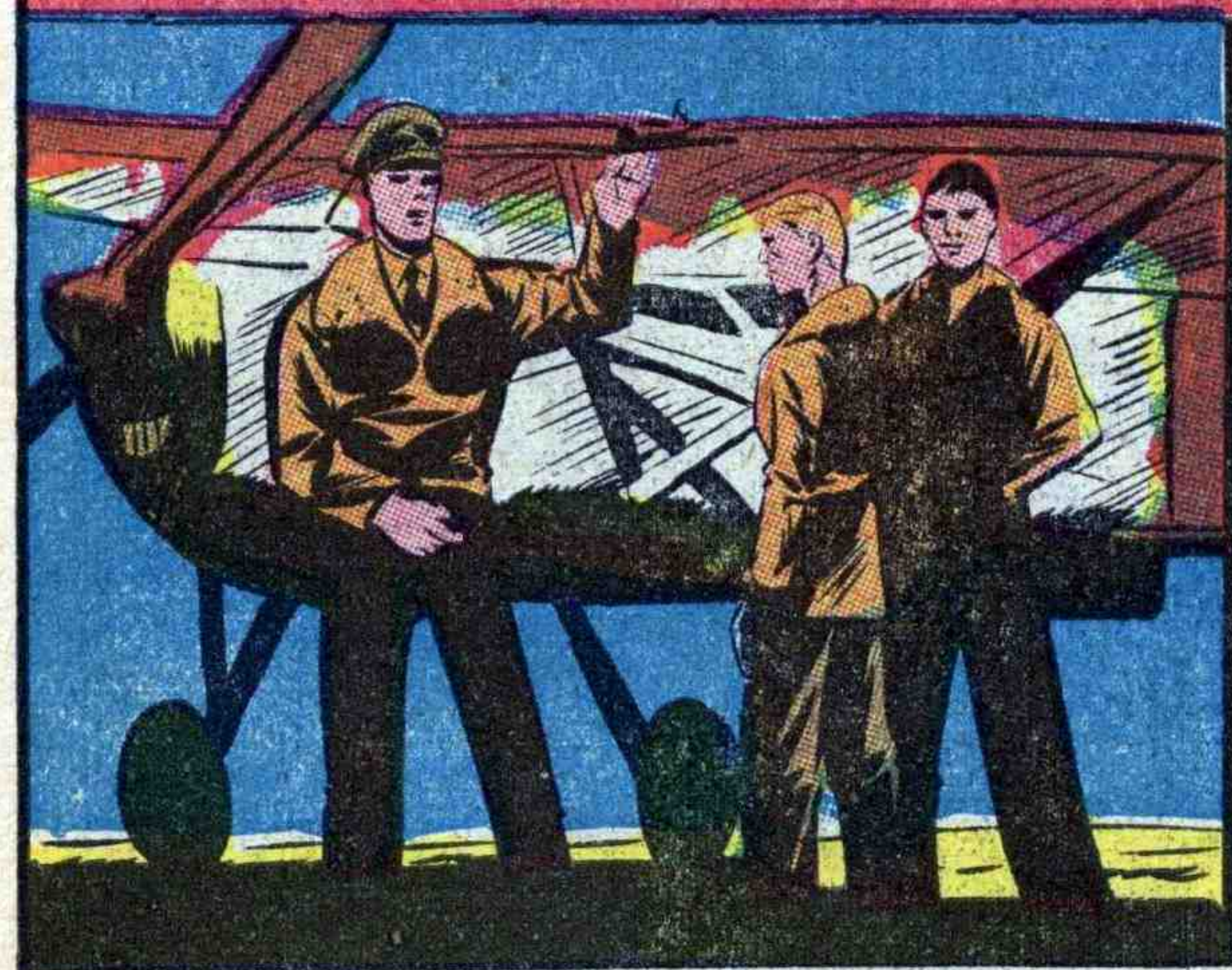
ALL C.A.P. MEMBERS ARE REQUIRED TO ATTEND WEEKLY EVENING DRILL SESSIONS AND CLASSES IN AVIATION AND MILITARY SUBJECTS--



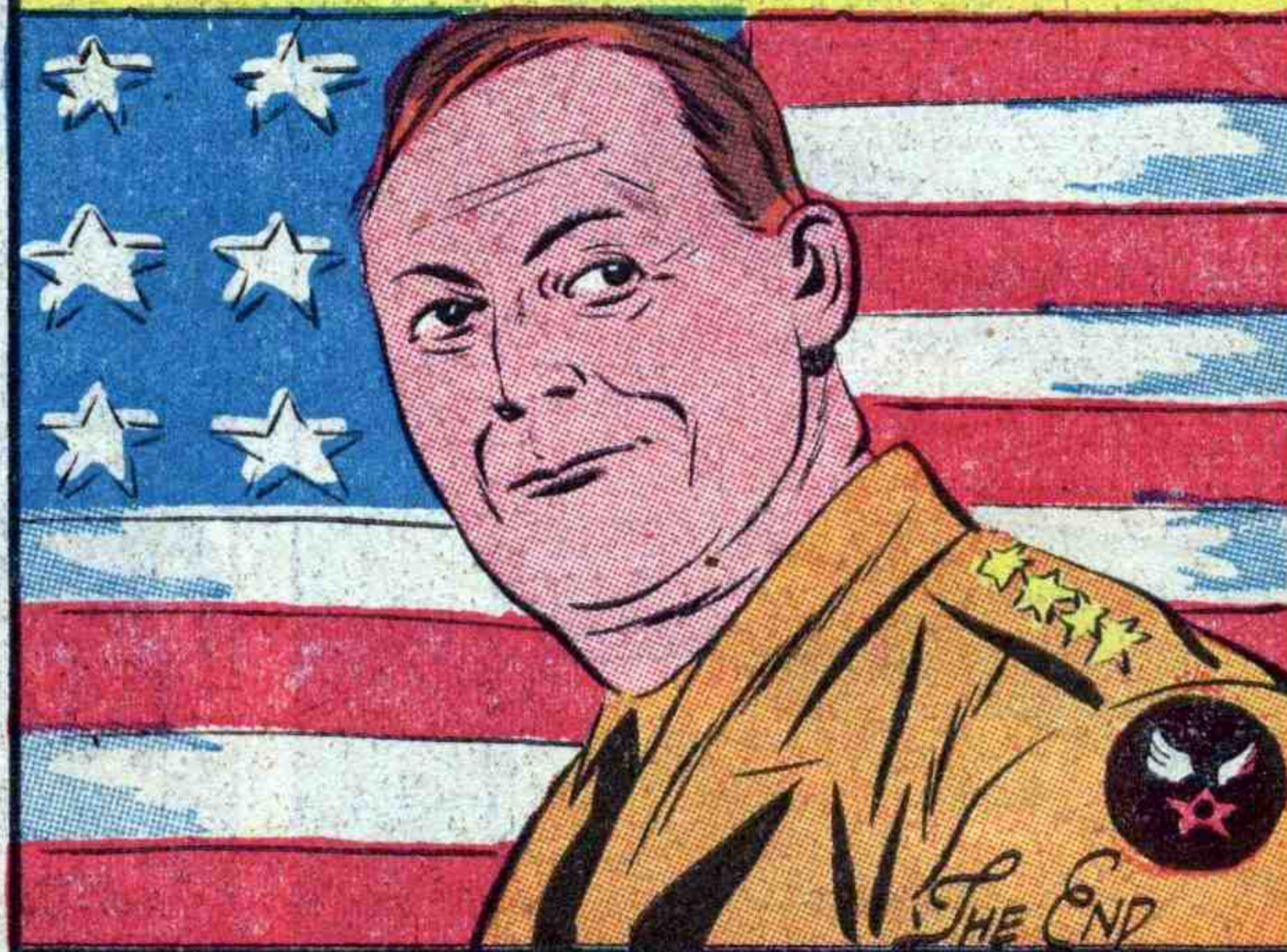
BY APRIL 23, 1943, THE C.A.P. BECOMES AN OUTFIT OF SUCH MAGNITUDE AND VALUE--IT IS TAKEN OVER BY THE WAR DEPT. AS AN AUXILIARY ARM OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE.



DURING 1943, THE C.A.P. ORIGINATES THE AVIATION CADET CORPS TO GIVE PRE-AVIATION TRAINING TO BOYS FROM 15 TO 18...AND BY THE END OF THIS YEAR EXPECTS TO HAVE AT LEAST 250,000 MEMBERS.



GENERAL H.H. ARNOLD OF THE ARMY AIR FORCE, DECLARES THAT THE CIVIL AIR PATROL WILL CONTINUE TO SERVE DURING THE WAR, AND AFTERWARDS, IT WILL SERVE AS A POTENT EMERGENCY UNIT READY TO SPRING INTO ACTION AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE...





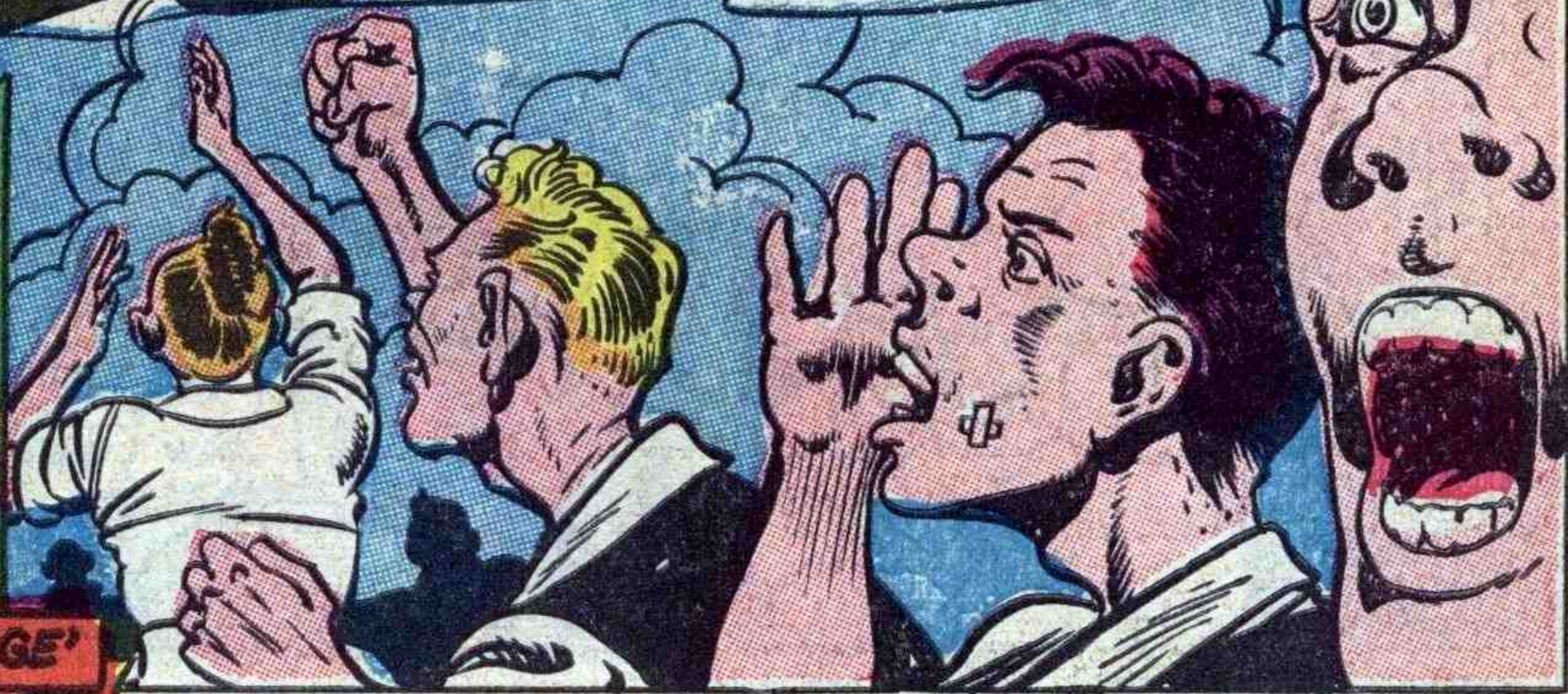


# Captain Aero's SKY SCOUTS

## CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY SCOUTS!!!

-- THE YOUTH OF TODAY  
WHO WILL BE THE AIRMEN OF  
TOMORROW... FOLLOW THESE  
JUVENILE TRAIL BLAZERS AS  
THEY RIDE THEIR SILVER WINGS  
TO NEW GLORY, AND DO A JOB  
THAT THEIR MIGHTY IDOL  
WOULD BE PROUD TO WITNESS

**THE RED BADGE OF COURAGE!**

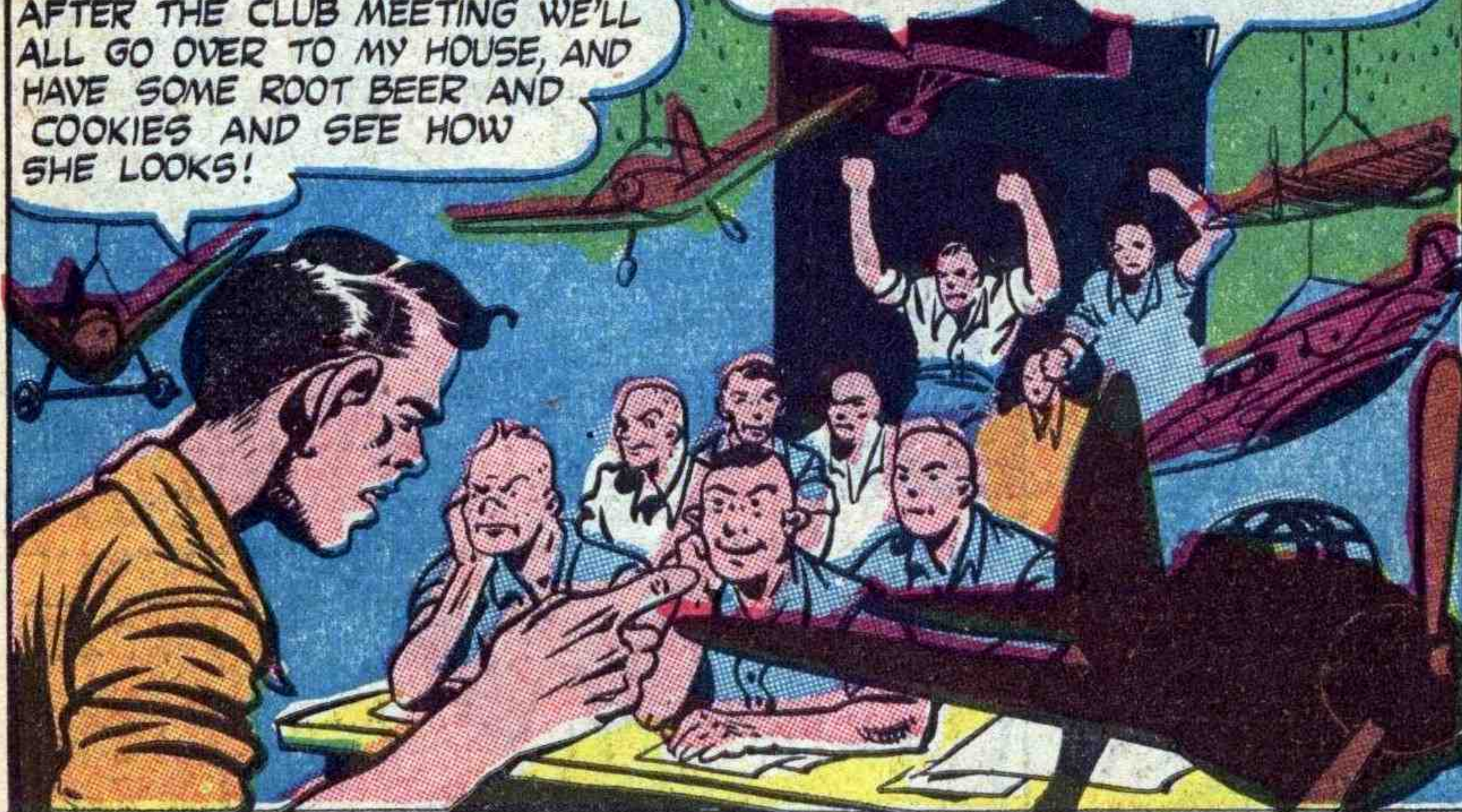


**SATURDAY AFTERNOON.... AND, AS USUAL, THE MILLVILLE MODEL CLUB IS IN SESSION-- JIMMIE HACKETT, PRESIDING--**

FELLOWS AND GIRLS.. BOBBY AND I HAVE JUST FINISHED IT-- AND IS SHE A **BEAUTY!** SO, AFTER THE CLUB MEETING WE'LL ALL GO OVER TO MY HOUSE, AND HAVE SOME ROOT BEER AND COOKIES AND SEE HOW SHE LOOKS!

'RAY FOR  
JIMMIE'S  
GLIDER!

'RAY FOR  
THE ROOT BEER  
AND COOKIES!



**AFTER THE MEETING--**

I JUST GOT  
MY NEW MOTOR  
FROM THE MAIL  
ORDER HOUSE!

YOU  
**HAVEN'T**  
SEEN  
**ANYTHING**  
TILL YOU'VE  
SEEN **THIS**  
THING WE'VE  
GOT!





LATER... IN THE HACKETT GARAGE...



GOSH!  
IT'S A  
BEAUTY!

YOU  
WEREN'T  
KIDDIN'!

WOW!  
WHAT A  
JOB!



WE THOUGHT  
YOU'D LIKE IT!

COME ON IN THE  
HOUSE, AND GET  
THAT ROOT BEER!

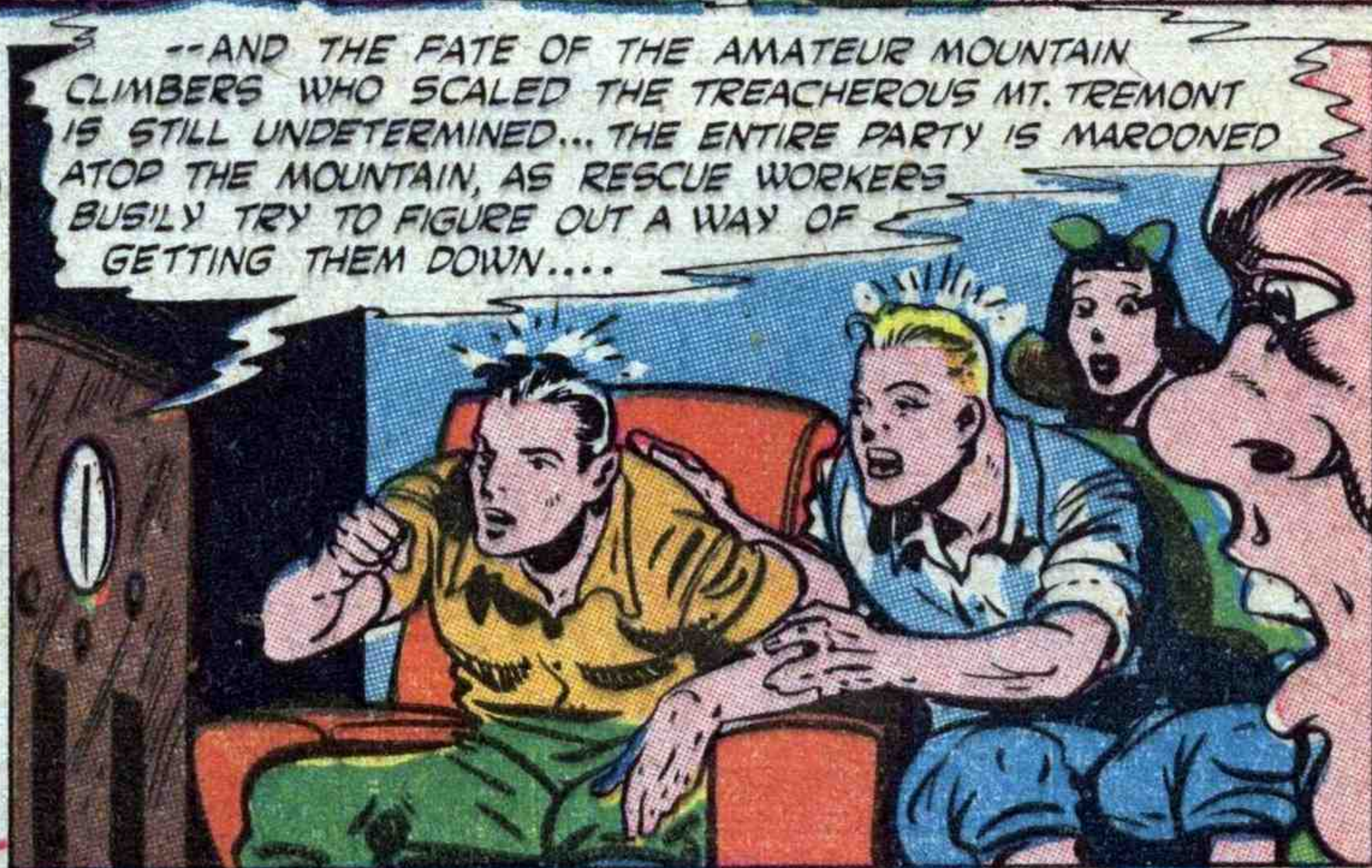


SEVERAL ROOT BEERS LATER...

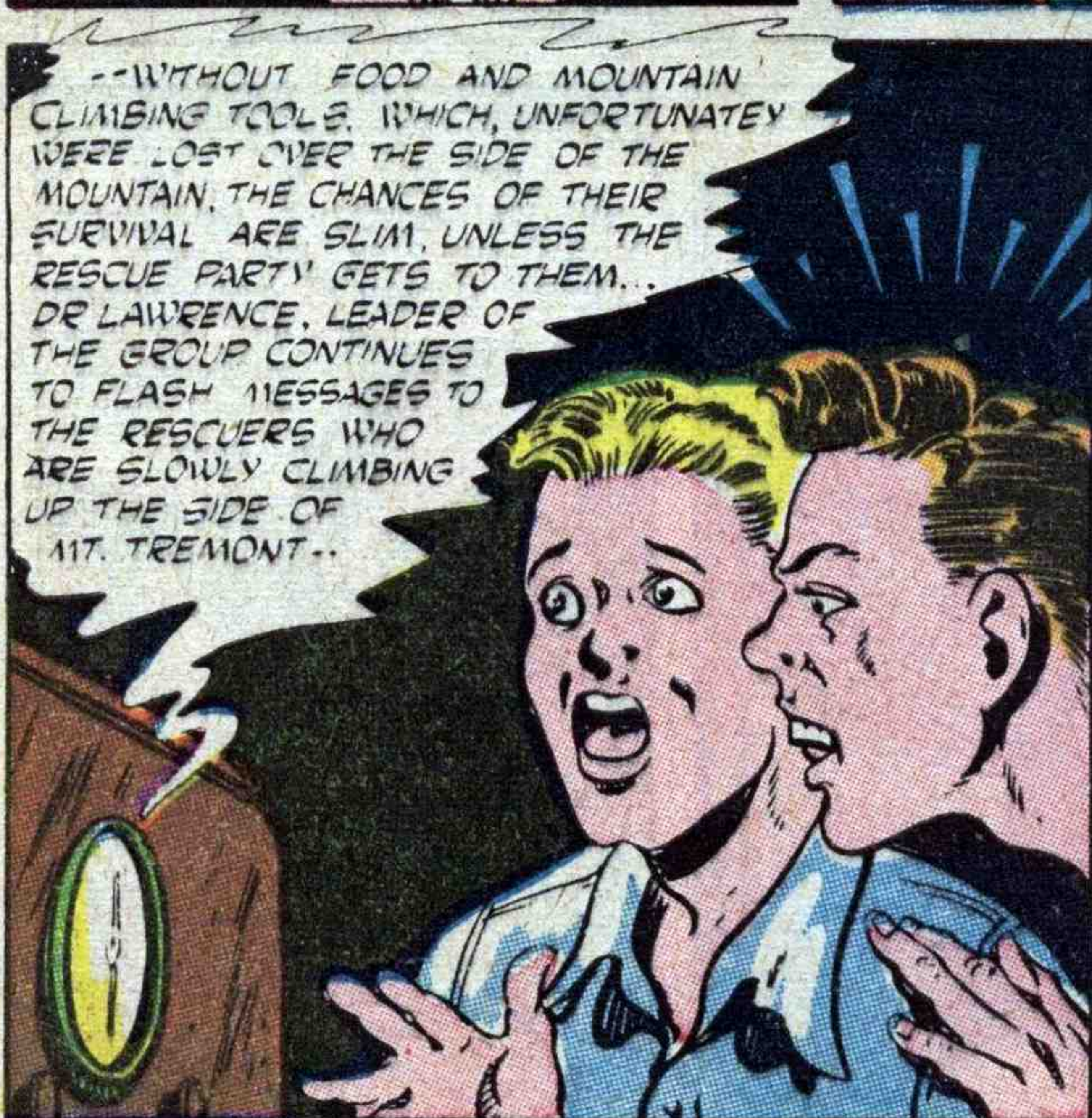
HOW ARE  
YOU GOING TO  
FLY IT?

FROM A TALL HILL!  
WE'RE GOING TO BUILD  
A CATAPULT...

I'LL SEE  
WHAT'S ON  
THE RADIO!



--AND THE FATE OF THE AMATEUR MOUNTAIN  
CLIMBERS WHO SCALED THE TREACHEROUS MT. TREMONT  
IS STILL UNDETERMINED... THE ENTIRE PARTY IS MAROONED  
ATOP THE MOUNTAIN, AS RESCUE WORKERS  
BUSILY TRY TO FIGURE OUT A WAY OF  
GETTING THEM DOWN....



--WITHOUT FOOD AND MOUNTAIN  
CLIMBING TOOLS, WHICH, UNFORTUNATELY  
WERE LOST OVER THE SIDE OF THE  
MOUNTAIN, THE CHANCES OF THEIR  
SURVIVAL ARE SLIM, UNLESS THE  
RESCUE PARTY GETS TO THEM...  
DR LAWRENCE, LEADER OF  
THE GROUP CONTINUES  
TO FLASH MESSAGES TO  
THE RESCUERS WHO  
ARE SLOWLY CLIMBING  
UP THE SIDE OF  
MT. TREMONT..



MT. TREMONT  
THAT AIN'T SO FAR  
FROM HERE... LET'S  
GO AND SEE WHAT'S  
GOING ON!

AND HOW!!!  
**LET'S GO!**



**A** SHORT RIDE IN THE HACKETT FAMILY CAR, AND THE SKY SCOUTS SOON REACH THE MOUNTAIN.

HE'S FLASHING A MESSAGE WITH HIS MIRROR---

WHAT DOES HE SAY?



NEED HELP BADLY-- INJURED--

THE RESCUE PARTY WILL NEVER GET TO THEM ON TIME--

SAY, SIR-- WHY COULDN'T A PLANE FLY OVER, AND DROP THEM SOME SUPPLIES?



THAT'S WHAT WE'RE WAITING FOR, SON-- WE TRIED IT EARLIER IN THE DAY, BUT THEY COULDN'T REACH THE SACK WE DROPPED-- THEY'RE GOING TO TRY AGAIN IN A LITTLE WHILE!

EVEN SO, JIMMIE-- HOW CAN THEY GET THEM **DOWN**--- ??? NO PLANE CAN LAND UP THERE-- AND EVEN IF IT COULD-- HOW COULD IT TAKE OFF?

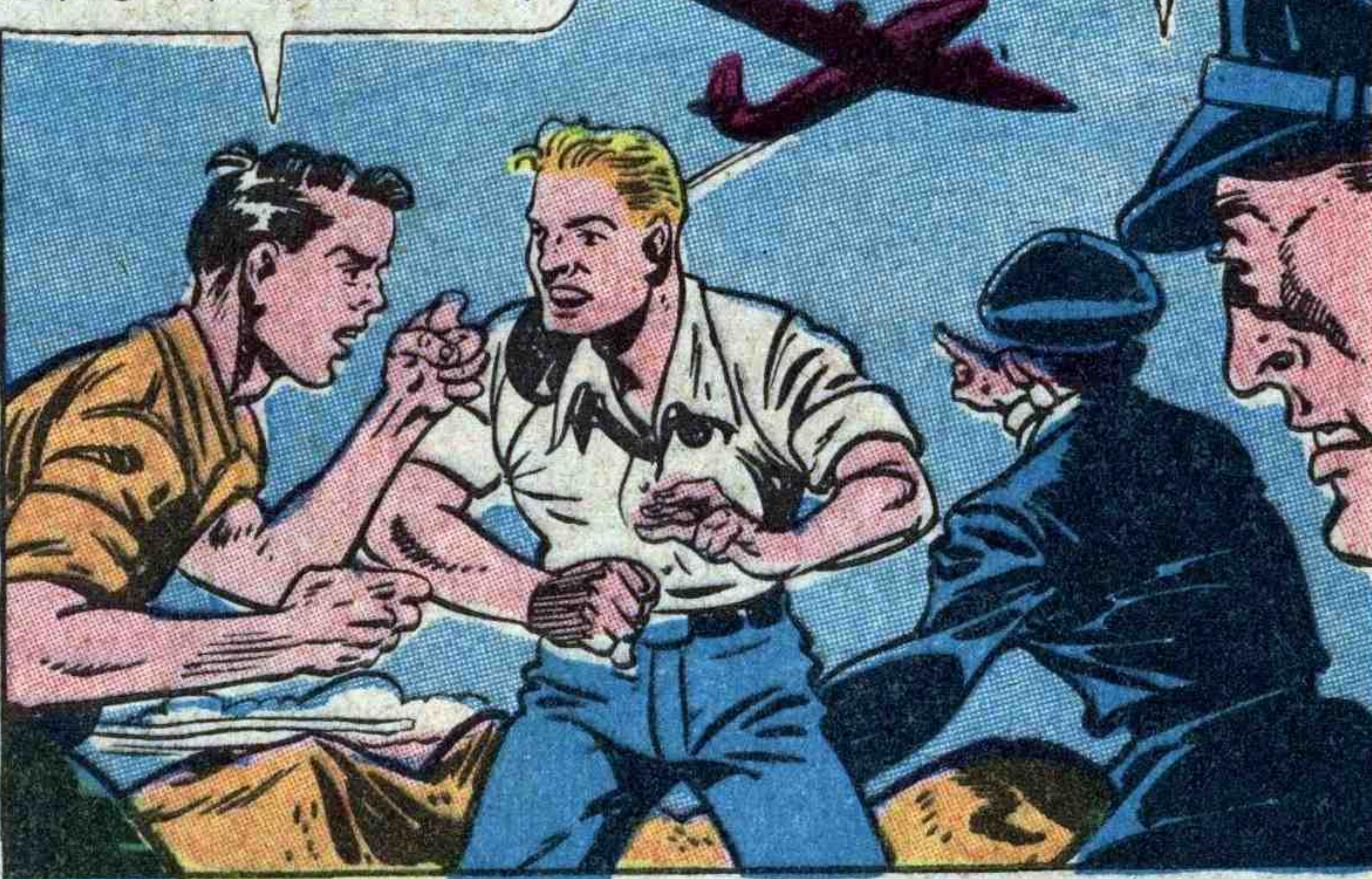


**I'VE GOT IT...! THE GLIDER!!**

WE COULD LAND ON THAT SPOT WITH OUR OWN CATAPULT... AND BRING EVERYONE DOWN!

GOSH!... YOU'RE RIGHT! BUT HOW DO WE GET UP THERE?

HERE COMES THE RESCUE PLANE FROM EL PASO!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... JIMMIE IS ENGAGED IN A SERIOUS CONVERSATION WITH THE PILOT OF THE PLANE--

**PLEASE--** LET US TRY IT! IT'S THEIR ONLY CHANCE... THEY MIGHT BE DEAD BEFORE ANY OTHER HELP CAN REACH THEM!

YOU SAY YOU'RE TWO OF CAPTAIN AERO'S SKY SCOUTS?

WE SURE ARE--



ALL RIGHT, THEN... I'LL TRUST YOU BOYS-- HOW FAR AWAY IS THE GLIDER?

OVER IN MY GARAGE-- WE CAN BE BACK HERE IN ABOUT HALF AN HOUR-- WITH IT!











A TRIBUTE TO CAPTAIN AERO'S SKILL AS A PILOT IS IN ORDER AS THE OLDER SKY SCOUT SETS HIS HOME MADE CRAFT DOWN IN AN ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE SPOT...



SKY SCOUTS, SIR--AT YOUR SERVICE!

WE'RE SURE GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOYS! CAN YOU GET US DOWN!

WE'LL HAVE A CATAPULT RIGGED UP IN A JIFFY!



A TAUT RUBBER STRETCHED BETWEEN TWO STURDY TREES... AND THE GLIDER IS READY FOR ITS LEAP INTO SPACE.



SECONDS LATER

THEY DID IT I TOLD YOU!

BOY-- THOSE BOYS SURE TAKE THE CAKE!



THE FOLLOWING DAY---

THAT WAS SOME RESCUE! EVERYONE'S TALKING ABOUT IT!

YOU TWO BOYS ARE HEROES!

NO, WE'RE NOT! WE JUST WENT TO HELP OTHER PEOPLE--AND AT THE SAME TIME MAKE 'EM REALIZE HOW IMPORTANT FLYING IS TO THE SKY SCOUTS!

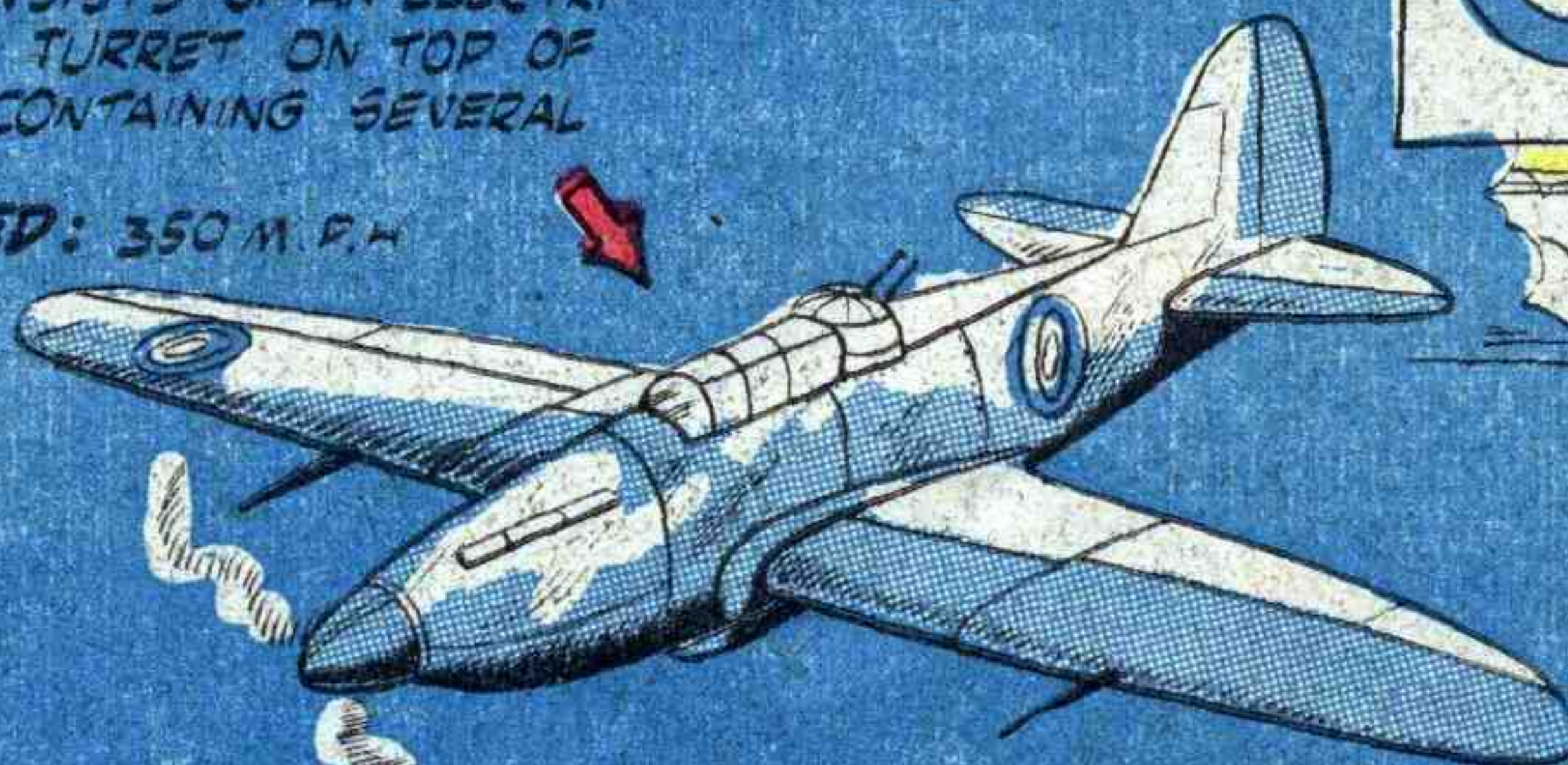
RIGHT--- LEARN AND HELP-- THAT'S THE MOTTO OF THE SKY SCOUTS





# FIGHTING ALLIES

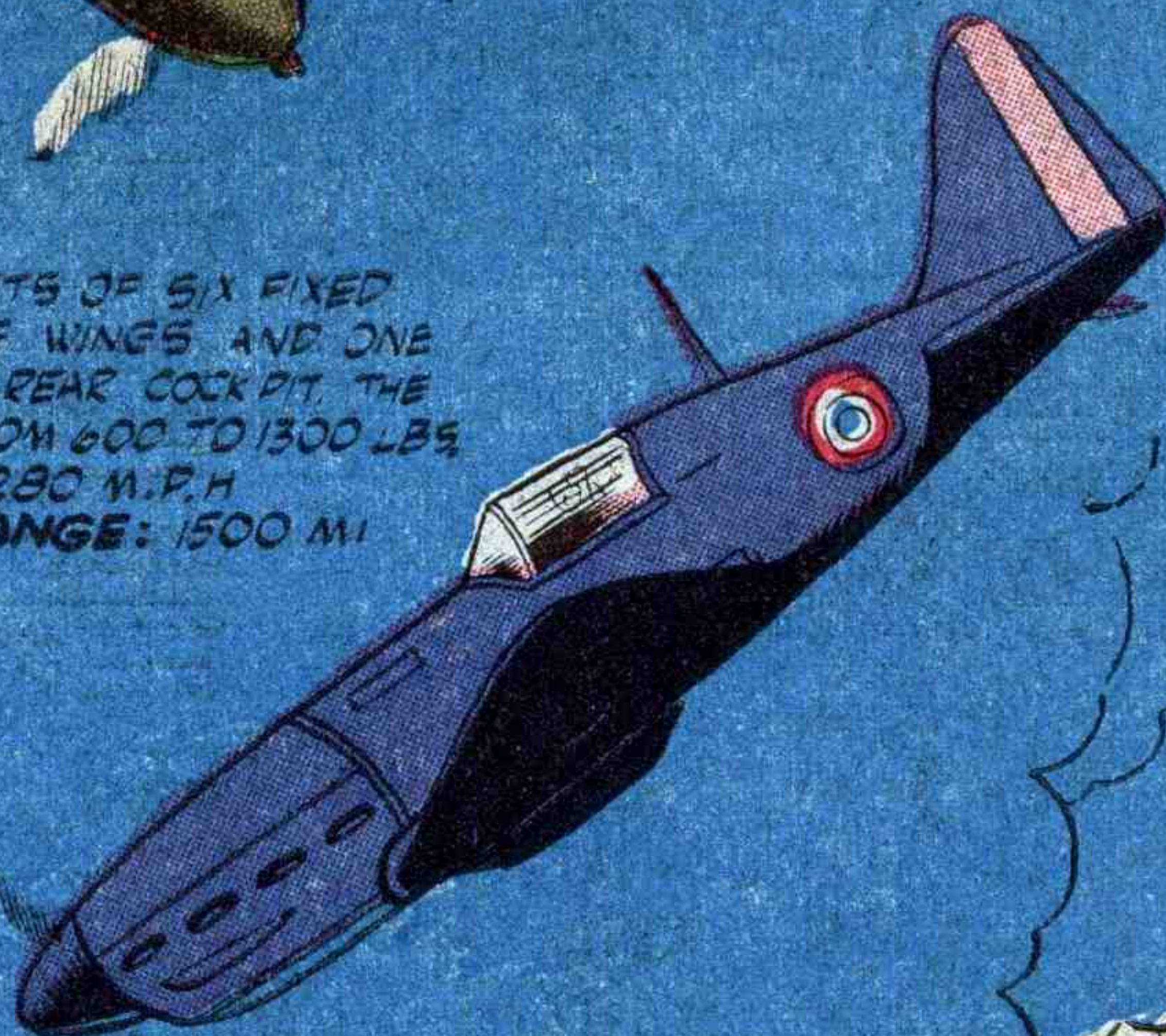
**COUNTRY:** GREAT BRITAIN  
**MODEL:** BOULTON PAUL DEFiant  
**ARMAMENT:** CONSISTS OF AN ELECTRICALLY-OPERATED TURRET ON TOP OF THE FUSELAGE, CONTAINING SEVERAL MACHINE GUNS.  
**MAXIMUM SPEED:** 350 M.P.H.



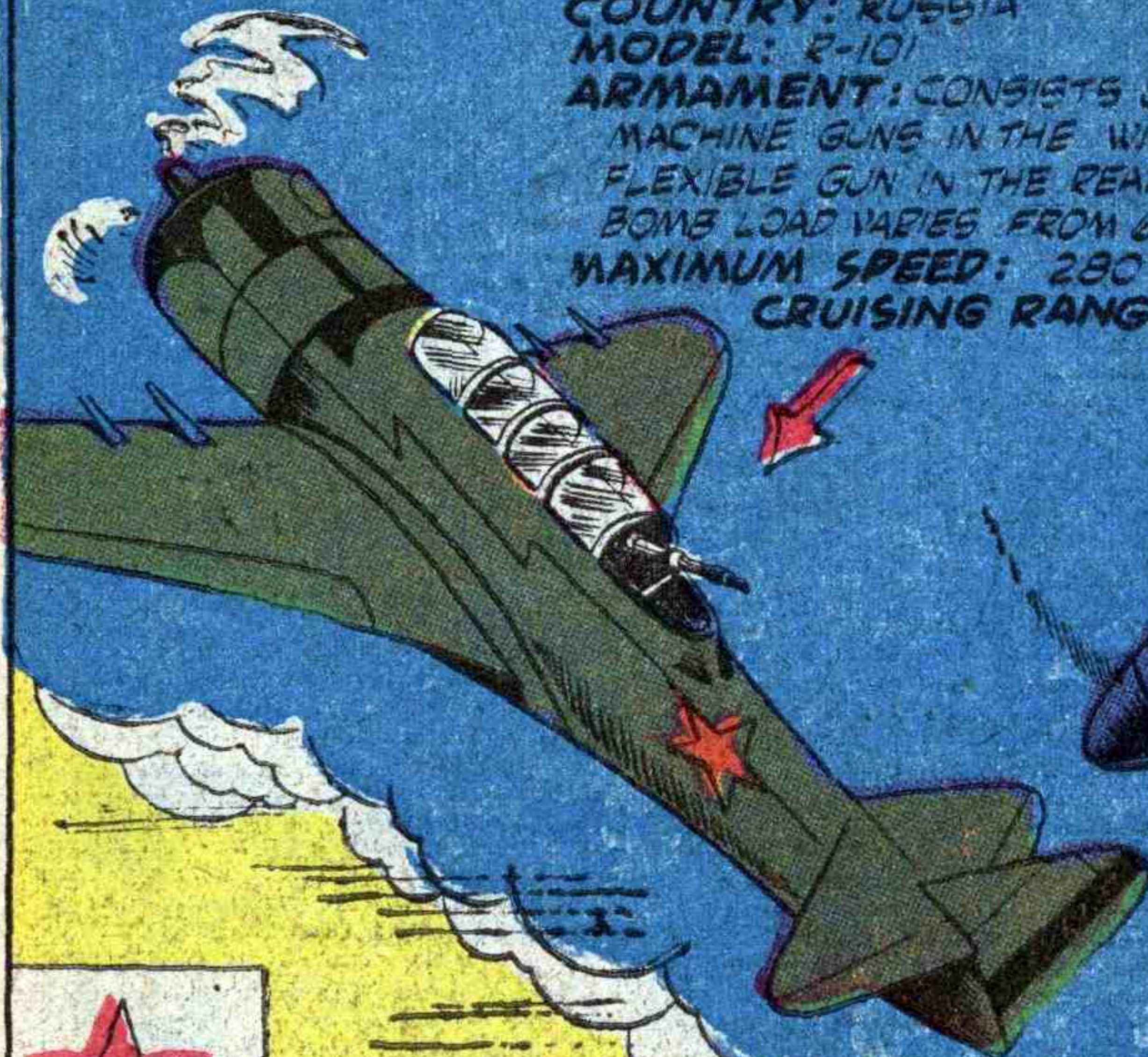
**COUNTRY:** U.S.  
**MODEL:** P-39  
**NAME:** AIRACOBRA  
**ARMAMENT:** CONSISTS OF A 37 MM CANNON IN THE NOSE AND MACHINE GUNS.  
**MAXIMUM SPEED:** OVER 375 M.P.H.  
**CRUISING RANGE:** 965 MI.



**COUNTRY:** FRANCE  
**MODEL:** MORANE SAULNIER 406  
**ARMAMENT:** ARMED WITH ONE 20 MM. CANNON AND TWO FIXED MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS. A CAMERA GUN IS CARRIED IN THE PORT WING.  
**MAXIMUM SPEED:** 310 M.P.H.



**COUNTRY:** RUSSIA  
**MODEL:** R-10  
**ARMAMENT:** CONSISTS OF SIX FIXED MACHINE GUNS IN THE WINGS AND ONE FLEXIBLE GUN IN THE REAR COCKPIT. THE BOMB LOAD VARIES FROM 600 TO 1300 LBS.  
**MAXIMUM SPEED:** 280 M.P.H.  
**CRUISING RANGE:** 1500 MI.





# Piano Playing

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**Mr. Dave Minor, Who Is On The Radio  
From Coast-to-Coast, Guarantees He  
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By Ear Without Knowing One Music  
Note From Another, Or No Cost**

Mr. Dave Minor, the man who guarantees if you can hum, whistle, or sing a tune, and if you are willing to spend a few minutes a day for three weeks at the piano, he can teach you to play the piano by ear, entirely without music notes of any kind. It sounds too good to be true, but it is true. You can prove it for yourself, just by mailing the coupon.

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HOME  
INSTRUCTION**

**FREE** DAVE MINOR'S FAMOUS  
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**DAVE MINOR, STUDIO 124-P**  
230 East Ohio, Chicago 11, Ill.

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City ..... State .....

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